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The works of Henry Ware, jr

H. Ware Jr.

THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY WARE, JR., D.D.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.
LONDON:
CHAPMAN, BROTHERS, 121 NEWGATE STREET.
1846.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by MARY L. WARE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY

ADVERTISEMENT.

This uniform edition of the Works of the late Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., has been prepared at the request of many of his friends, under the permission, and for the benefit, of his family. No one of the latter being in a situation to undertake this duty of commemoration, the peculiar relations which had subsisted between their deceased relative and his successor in the pastoral charge of the Second Church appeared to them a sufficient index to an editor who would esteem the selection of himself, for such an office, another mark of friendship, and who would not regard the labor — so far as he might be adequate to its performance — in the light of a burden. Another might have been found who would have discharged the duty more satisfactorily, but none who would have undertaken it more readily and affectionately.

All the manuscripts were put into my hands in December, 1845, with liberty of making a selection of such as it might appear desirable to publish; care

being used to conform, as nearly as possible, to the supposed intentions and wishes of their author. The most useful, the most interesting, the most characteristic, and the most finished of these manuscripts I have felt myself fully authorized to use, under the close restriction, as to *quantity*, which Mr. Ware's well-known delicacy of feeling and soundness of judgment imposed.

From the works already published, which are quite numerous, I have selected the most valuable, and, at the same time, the most suitable to these volumes.

The labor bestowed upon the selection, revision, and printing of these writings of my beloved instructor and predecessor, is a slight offering of gratitude and veneration to his memory; and if the volumes, when finished, shall appear to have been not unworthily edited, I shall unfeignedly rejoice.

CHANDLER ROBBINS.

Boston, 15*th April*, 1846.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF

HENRY WARE, JR., D.D.

VOL. I.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

This volume — the first of a series of Mr. Ware's Works — contains his Miscellaneous Writings, in Prose, of a lighter character, and selections from his Poetry. All the articles in prose are reprinted, with the exception of the lecture on the Poetry of Mathematics. A large portion of the poetry has never before been published.

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THE

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

JOTHAM ANDERSON,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

"I have been young, and now am old."
"O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

The following chapters are republished, with very slight alterations, from the "Christian Register," where they first appeared as they were written from week to week. The author has been gratified to learn that they are thought to be of good tendency, and has consented that they shall appear in the present form, although his plan is far from being completed. Whether it will be carried on to a completion or not, depends upon circumstances which cannot be foreseen. In the mean time, it will be a subject of grateful rejoicing to him, if his humble fragment shall be the means of doing any thing for that personal religion, which is the first and greatest concern of man.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

JOTHAM ANDERSON.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE lived long enough in the world to exhaust all its pleasures, and to be more than wearied with its cares. Like other old men, I look back upon a life of mingled joy and sorrow, light and darkness, and take an equally melancholy satisfaction in the remembrance of each. There is one light, as I look back, which I see shining every where; brighter than the sun of my prosperity, and casting the rainbow of peace on every cloud of my adversity; and that is the light of God's love. I cannot remember the hour when I have seen it hidden. O that I had always honored and loved it as became his child! And even now, when the infirmities of age are stealing upon me, and, to the outward eye of man, nothing remains for me but toil and sorrow — even now, that love is not withdrawn. It has lighted up, as I may say, a torch of hope, which dissipates all the present clouds of earth, and scatters the thick darkness of the valley of the shadow of death. He who was the guide of my youth, is the strength of my age. He who was my sun at the noon of life, is my shield at its close.

Why should I fear for the future, when the past, though checkered with ill, is yet one continued testimony of divine faithfulness?

Methinks, as I draw near the tomb, I am as much tranquillized and gladdened by my remembrance of the past, as by my hope of the future. And why should I not be? For my faith in the promises is always the clearer and brighter, when I think of my experience of past faithfulness; and my hope is never so steadfast, as when it is supported upon the arm of memory. It is when I reflect on the joy and peace of days gone by, that I feel most able to trust those which are coming. It is then that

> Religion bears my spirits up,
> And I enjoy a blessed hope.

I cannot remember the time when I had not a sense of religion, and a fear of God; and I have no doubt that it is owing to my early and habitual impressions, which became interwoven in my soul, as a part of its very fabric, or constitution, that I have enjoyed such quietness and steadfastness throughout a long pilgrimage. Little do parents consider, while they are forming their infants' hearts and characters upon other principles, and teaching them to act by other motives, how difficult they render a subjection to religious motives afterward, and how they subtract from the sum of their religious enjoyment. Were all mothers like mine, how greatly would the obedience of the young Christian be facilitated, and the peace of his pilgrimage insured! I love to dwell on the memory of that honored woman. My earliest recollection of her is in the act of teaching me to pray, — when she every evening took me on her knees, and, clasping my little hands, made me repeat after her my childish petitions. Methinks I still see the beautiful expression of her maternal eye, and feel the kiss, full of affec-

tion and piety, with which she closed the service. At such times, she would explain to me the purposes of prayer, and teach me to love the good Being, who gave me father and mother, and made me happy. It was her practice, also, to seize the moments when my young heart was overflowing with cheerfulness and good-will, to remind me of the Father above, and direct my gratitude to him. Thus his image became associated in my thoughts with all that was gladsome and delightful; with every satisfaction and every enjoyment. It was mingled with all my remembrances of maternal fondness; and the love of God grew upon the same branch with the love of my parents. I sought to please him, I feared to offend him, I loved to speak of him, and to him, in the innocent openness of my young heart, and to regard him, in all respects, as I did my parents. Thus there was nothing of severity, or gloom, or dread, in my early religious feelings. I knew nothing of the dislike of religion, which I have seen in many others. The judicious piety of my parents made it a delight to me, and not a burden. I saw it mixing with all their thoughts and pursuits; most evidently the ingredient of life which did most to make them happy; never casting a gloom over them, never arraying them in sternness, nor driving away innocent pleasures; and thus it found its way to my heart, and — blessed be He who has supported me! — it has never left my heart, or ceased to be its joy and peace. I have much inconsistency to be ashamed of, and many sins to lament; but — thanks to my pious parents, and the grace of God! — I have never failed to find religion a pleasure, and never withdrawn from my father's God.

O that parents would but take a hint of wisdom from this, and treat the young immortals committed to them as if they were indeed immortal! *I* have no children. It

hath not pleased my Father that I shall leave my name behind me. I cannot, therefore, repay to my own offspring the debt which I owe to my parents. I can only entreat others to do it. And I do most earnestly solicit them to drive austerity from their religious teachings, and to make the idea of God not only one of the earliest, but one of the *happiest* of the infant mind. Let it be presented, not rarely, with ceremony, and on occasions of sadness and alarm, — as if a fearful object of dread, which shuns all that is happy, — but let it be a familiar thought, beloved, because always connected with happiness, and to be feared only by those who do wrong.

Thus passed the years of my childhood — happier were never known. I was made early familiar with the history and truths of revealed religion, and taught to act, every day, from a regard to them, before any other motive. My parents were very seldom known to employ other motives with their children than those of religion; and the consequence was, I was always made to inquire, *Is it right? Will it please God? Would Jesus approve this? Is this doing as I would be done by?* — till such questions formed the standard of my conduct, just as, *What will people think? Is this genteel? Is this for my interest?* are the inquiries which decide the men of the world. They referred me, on all occasions, to the life and example of the Savior, and taught me to contemplate, with admiration and delight, the purity, benevolence, and piety, of that holy pattern. They tried to make it my ambition to imitate him; and never shall I forget how I was sometimes affected by the earnest and feeling manner in which they told me the wonderful story of his love and sufferings, and urged me to begin young and follow him.

Such, in general, was something of the system of parental instruction to which I owed so much; for it gave me a

religious propensity, which, in all the after struggles and sins of life, I never lost. Truly, God's greatest blessings are pious parents.

CHAPTER II.

In the account which I gave, in the former chapter, of my religious education, I rather described the method of my parents, and the design they had in view, than its actual effect on myself; for I can by no means think that I at any time became altogether such as they wished to make me. But assuredly their labor was not lost; for the seed which they so faithfully planted, and assiduously cultivated, never has died, however feebly it may have flourished. The trunk has grown old, and begins to decay; it will soon fail; but there is hope that it "will sprout again, though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground," — that it will spring up with new vigor and eternal beauty in the garden of God.

My childhood passed like that of other children who have tender and watchful parents, and has left as few distinct traces which are worth recording. The waves of time have flowed over the track which my little boat made, and I can discern its path no longer.

I was in my fourteenth year when I lost my mother. This is one of the events which made a lasting impression. She had been, for a long time, gradually wasting away, and I had seen the anxious countenance and manner with which my father watched her. But a boy, even of thirteen, is not likely to understand or realize such signs, and I remember I had no foreboding of the coming calamity. But, at length,

I observed an altered tone in the morning and evening prayer of my father, which impressed me. I began to suspect the truth. I observed more narrowly. I discovered that the form was wasted, the cheek had grown pale, the eye had sunk, and disease had made a fearful onset, while my childish eyes had been blinded. And I do not wonder that they were blinded; for the calm and cheerful manner of my mother was unaltered, and she spoke and smiled as she always had done. But I now saw the truth, and every hour served to make me see it yet more plainly. My solicitude soon betrayed itself, and then my father summoned resolution to speak upon the subject to his children. The others were younger than myself. They were frolicking in all the unapprehensive lightness of childhood, when he called us around him. There were four of us. The youngest sprang upon his knee, and playfully put her lips to his mouth; while the rest of us, who perceived the emotion upon his face, gazed upon him, and gave him our hands without speaking. As soon as he could command himself, "My children," said he, "God has given you a good mother; but he is about to take her away from you. You will not see her much longer. She is visited by a disease which is hurrying her to the grave, and we can do nothing but weep, and give her back to God. But we must not weep," said he, bursting into tears, "for she is only going home; going to be happy, which she has not been here. It would be wrong to mourn, for she is only going to sleep a sweet sleep; and we shall all, by and by, sleep too, and then shall all rise together, if we have been good."

Not many days after this, my mother called me to her, as I sat in the chamber, and, kissing my cheek, "You are old enough," said she, "to know what death means, and to learn a lesson from it. I am soon to die. I have known it

for a long time, and have perfectly prepared my mind to meet the event. I have no longer reluctance or fear. And now, my dear son, while I speak to you, perhaps for the last time, hear my parting counsel. I have tried to teach you your duty, and to fill your mind with religious principles. Do not swerve from those principles. They are my support now, they always have been my support. You will need them as much as I do. And if you would cherish them, and have them strong, I charge you never pass a day without prayer. Promise me this, and I shall feel easy." I kissed her hand, and bowed my head; for I could not speak. She put her hand beneath the pillow, and, taking thence a locket, containing a braid of her own hair, she gave it to me. "I do not know," said she, "that departed spirits are acquainted with what happens to the friends they have left on earth; but if they are, I shall never cease to watch your life with maternal solicitude. Think of this whenever your eyes meet this memorial of my love. Reflect that perhaps I see you, and remember the promise you have made me; or, if not so," — she added in a voice of inconceivable expressiveness, — "reflect that *God* sees you, and bears witness whether you keep that promise or not. My dear son, farewell! A mother's parting blessing is on your head; and do Thou, O Father, bless him, and make him thine!" She kissed me again, and sunk back exhausted.

It seems as if I still heard her voice, and gazed upon her composed, but animated features. And it is one of the joyful anticipations of my approaching removal from earth, that I shall again see that face, and be united to her pure spirit, never to part more. I had no spirit, after this, to leave her side, or to engage in any occupation. I was suffered to remain near her, to see the gradual approach of dissolution, and to witness the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which

Christian faith can await the appalling summons. She was too weak to say much, but sometimes gave a word of encouragement, admonition, or blessing, to those who were near her; and after she became unable to speak, she still looked unutterable things, and smiled upon those who did her any little offices of kindness. All was peace, within and without; and gently, at last, did she sink asleep in Jesus, without a groan or a struggle, and with an expression upon her face, as if she had already caught a glimpse of the glory to come.

There are some who would keep children from the chamber of death, and remove from their minds, as soon as possible, the impressions which sorrow may have made. They little consider the natural buoyancy of the mind, and the tendency of all feeling to pass away from a young heart. My father was one of those who think that the solemn impressions of such a season should be deepened, and pains taken to make them lasting. He thought that much might be done to give right views of the value and purposes of existence, and to get ready that frame of mind which is best fitted to meet and endure the changes of the world. By his conversation, therefore, and instruction, for a long period, he kept fresh the feelings to which this sad event had given birth. He did not converse a great deal in the formal way; it was not his habit, and he rather avoided it, from a persuasion that it was not an effectual mode of addressing young persons. I do not think that he ever made a long harangue to his children upon any subject. His custom was to seize moments when their minds were cheerful and at ease, or when any remarkable event had excited their attention, and, by a few concise, pointed remarks, sometimes by only one single emphatic expression, convey the important lesson. He would then leave it to work upon their minds. And it would often happen that the words would

sink down into their hearts, and never be forgotten. I can recall many examples of forcible sayings thus uttered, which were of great use to me afterward; but I am certain that the same sentiment, diluted into a formal speech of fifteen or twenty minutes, would have made no impression, and been altogether lost.

Upon the present occasion, he pursued his customary course. He spoke seldom; and because seldom, I dwelt the more upon what he did say. I forgot nothing. And as he directed my reading, and the whole occupation of my time, I was, for a long season, prevented from returning to the sports of childhood, or regaining the frolicsome disposition of boyhood.

CHAPTER III.

The education of his children now became the favorite employment of my father. His parish was in a small and retired village, and his parishioners of that humble class who require nothing more of their minister than an affectionate interest in their welfare, and the plainest instructions in the plainest truths. His duties as a minister, therefore, were not burdensome, and afforded him ample time for the superintendence of his children's education. He was a man of excellent understanding, and admirable love of learning; and well do I remember how delightful he made those years of instruction, by orally communicating the various knowledge with which his mind was full. It was the dear wish of his heart that I should follow him in the ministerial profession; and, while he strove to give me settled principles of religion and habitual devotion, he strove zealously, also, to store my

mind with every variety of knowledge that could adorn and strengthen it. He had a great abhorrence of an ill-educated ministry, and kept me from college till I was eighteen, with the express design of teaching me many things which he thought I could not learn there. But I doubt not that he was, at the same time, influenced by the wish to gratify himself, by so pleasant an occupation of his lonely and widowed time.

As the time approached when I was to go to college, it became necessary to provide some additional means for supporting me there. A country minister may manage with his children at home pretty well, for they may aid him on his little farm. But it is not so easy to support them abroad. It was, consequently, necessary that I should try to earn something for myself. A school was found for me in a town thirty miles distant; and I left home in November, to spend the winter in this new and anxious employment. My little wardrobe and a few books were tied together in a handkerchief, and slung over my shoulder with a stick; and so I trudged along, as many greater men have done.

This winter was an important one to me, as it left its traces upon my whole after life.

I was a very bashful young man, wholly unaccustomed to the society of men, and quite ignorant of the world. Great, therefore, were the sufferings I endured, both in school and out of school. I was anxious, from principle, to do my duty; but, from timidity and inexperience, I failed to give perfect satisfaction. My own anxiety exaggerated my deficiency to my own view, and often did I wet my pillow with the tears that were wrung from my oppressed heart. Such trials, however, did me good, as they helped me in learning to face the world, and cast me more exclusively on my religious convictions for support and happiness. I have always

found that seasons of removal to strange places and new duties, have been those in which my faith and sense of duty have been most rapidly improved. When all others were strangers around me, I went the more frequently to God, as a Father and accustomed Friend.

But what I remember particularly in this season is, the trial I underwent in learning the stress that was laid upon the differences among Christians. My father, as I have said before, lived in a retired village, to which the noise of the polemic world did not reach; and whose inhabitants, happy in the simplicity of good and holy lives, felt no interest in the *questions of words*, on which the faith and charity of so many are suspended. They read their Bibles, attended public worship, and lived soberly, righteously, and piously in the world. There was nothing among them of the pride either of orthodoxy or heresy. My father held, himself, and was laborious to instil into his people, the most enlarged charity toward all. He was disgusted at the spirit of narrowness and bigotry, which he had always seen accompanying a vehement zeal for particular forms of faith. He therefore rarely alluded, either in preaching or in conversation, to the differences among Christians. He seldom even named the names of theological parties. And thus it happened that, strange as it may seem, I grew up almost ignorant that there were parties in religion, entirely unacquainted with their badges of distinction, and with none of that prejudice for and against names which is often the earliest lesson in religion. It had not escaped me, in the books which fell in my way, that there had been divisions and strifes in the church; but I saw and heard nothing of them in the world around me, and I felt as though nothing of them existed.

On the evening of my arrival at my new quarters, I was greatly struck with the tone and language of my host and

hostess in speaking of religion. It was different from any thing I had ever heard before, and it puzzled me. Mrs. Hilson was so frequent in her scriptural allusions and phrases of piety, as to introduce them, sometimes, very improperly and irreverently; but in her husband there seemed constantly a half-suppressed sneer, and disposition to throw ridicule on the subject. Both were so different from the serious, manly, intelligible, and reverent manner in which I had always seen the subject treated at home, that I was not a little perplexed to know what to think. One of the school committee, who was also deacon of the church, came in, during the evening, to see the new master, and give his instructions. As I was too diffident to talk much, and the deacon had but little to say on the business of my profession, the conversation took a turn but little different from a catechetical lecture. After many common-place questions, such as an inquisitive stranger naturally puts first, Deacon Lumbard inquired what were the opinions of my father. I felt ashamed not to be able to give a direct answer, and waited for him to put the question in a different shape. "I mean," said the deacon, "is he Arminian or Calvinist?" This question was hardly more intelligible to me than the former; but, thinking it would never do to say I did not understand him, and feeling tolerably confident that I should speak the truth, I replied, "I believe he is an Arminian." The deacon gave a *hem!* of surprise, and walked across the room. Mrs. Hilson dropped her knitting, and fixed upon me a look of sad concern; and her husband stopped poking the fire, and turned round with a half-merry stare, as if to know whether he had heard aright. I felt my face color suddenly all over, and I thought I must have made some dreadful blunder. No one spoke for some time. At length the deacon said, "An Arminian! — We don't think much of Arminians

here." The tone of his voice went to my heart, and the sound of it rung in my ears for weeks. I never had before witnessed this abhorrence of a name; and such a crowd of feelings rose within me, that I could do nothing but remain silent and confused. Mr. Hilson relieved me by saying, "But, deacon, there may be some good men amongst the Arminians." "That's more than you know, or I either," said the deacon. "But you think it's possible they may be saved, don't you?" rejoined my host. "It is not promised," replied the deacon; "it is not in the covenant; and as they do not hold the true faith, they are certainly in a dangerous way. I should not expect I could be saved myself, if I was one of them." "But all things are possible with God," said Mrs. Hilson, mildly. "True," said the deacon; "and if any of his elect be in this error, he will snatch them from it before they die."

The course which the conversation had thus taken led to the statement of all the tenets of Calvinism, to which I listened with amazement, sometimes mingled with horror; for many things were so new and strange, so apparently contradictory, so repugnant to my most cherished feelings of religion, that I seemed to be in some region of romance, rather than among Christians. Of one thing I felt certain, that if I had wrongly called my father an Arminian, at least he was not a Calvinist. But what is there so much an object of horror in an Arminian? Why so difficult for him to be saved? I was lost in the perplexity of my own thoughts.

Before the deacon went, he proposed to join the family in prayer. He first read the eighth chapter of Romans, and then poured out a long and earnest prayer, of great vehemence and minuteness, in which I was made an object of special supplication. The loudness and fervor of this act of

worship, so different from the calm and subdued tone of my father, thrilled and agitated me with a new feeling; and when the deacon, as he went out, put his hand solemnly on my head, and, with an affectionate emphasis, wished me God's blessing and success in my new office, I was overpowered, and burst into tears. I cannot pretend to explain my feelings. They were a chaos of confusion. I was young, every thing was novel, my situation was such as to render me uncommonly susceptible, and religion was presented to me in a form altogether new, and with something inexplicably solemn in the manners of its professors. Those who have been ever placed in a situation in any measure similar, will understand something of the feelings which kept me many hours awake that night, and will easily perceive that I could come to no conclusion, except that of writing to my father, as soon as possible, to inquire what was an Arminian, and what he himself was. Being quieted by this determination, and comforted by my prayers, I at last fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

Under some circumstances, the feelings I have named would soon have passed away, and my mind have returned to its usual state. But my situation was such as to keep me agitated and harassed in spirit for a long season. I have always, however, seen cause to rejoice in that trial of my faith, and to render thanks to my heavenly Father, who thus established, strengthened, and settled me in the true and living way.

It was expected of the master that he should pray in the

school, morning and evening. I knew it to be the custom, and had been greatly disturbed in the anticipation of being called to its performance; for, as I have said, my natural diffidence was extreme. As the time drew near, the dread of it weighed upon my mind with an oppression which I cannot describe; and when the moment came, upon the first morning, my resolution failed me, and I commenced the ordinary business without a prayer. This, however, was no relief, for I felt that I had done wrong. My conscience severely reproached me, and for several days I was made wretched by the struggle to overcome what I thought a sinful timidity and shrinking from religious duty, which could not fail to bring upon me the heavy displeasure of God. At length my religious sense of duty got the victory, and on Saturday morning, I, for the first time in my life, addressed my Creator in the presence of fellow-beings.

I was so engrossed by my own feelings in this affair, that it had not occurred to me that I might draw upon myself the displeasure of the village. It had not even suggested itself to me, that what was done in school was known abroad. I returned to my lodgings at noon, happy in the triumph I had gained over myself. I was hardly seated, when a gentleman entered, who was introduced to me as Mr. Reynolds, the minister of the parish. He saluted me coldly, and, after a momentary pause, began the conversation by saying, with some sternness, "Young man, I understand that you do not pray in your school. The duty never was neglected before in this town; and if you are not sensible enough of its importance to attend to it, you are unfit for the place. How can we expect a blessing on our children, if God be not remembered in their instructions? and how can he be fit to teach, who will not seek wisdom from above?"

This unexpected address confounded me, and, after all

that I had suffered in my mind, was more than I could sustain. I burst into tears, and, as well as I was able, stated the exact truth. Mr. Reynolds was not a man to appreciate the diffidence which had caused my error, and he rebuked me for yielding to it. He expressed his satisfaction, however, that I had conquered it. "I have heard of your father," said he, "though I do not know him personally. I am not solicitous for the acquaintance of those who are not perfectly sound in their views; and I am not surprised that the religious faith, in which he has educated you, is too weak to overcome your fear of the world. Nothing but the genuine gospel can subdue that false pride of the natural heart. But I trust you will learn better. God has sent you here at a propitious season for the interests of your soul, and I do not doubt you will find it blessed to you. There is a powerful work of grace going on amongst us. The Holy Spirit is evidently in the midst of us, and there is a great rattling among the dry bones. Our meetings are frequent, full, and solemn. You must attend them, of course, as many as you can, and you will see such operations of divine power as are wonderful to behold."

Much more, and more earnestly, he talked on this topic, and at length pressed me with close and trying questions respecting my own religious opinions and experience, and drew from me a minute account of negligences and failures, which he represented to me as glaring and dangerous defects. My conscience was a tender one, and easily joined in accusations against myself. I had a horror of displaying myself to greater advantage than the truth, which led me to conceal almost every thing in my religious character which he would have approved. I could not bring myself to speak of those secret exercises of my spirit, which I accounted sacred to the inspection of Heaven. Mr. Reynolds argued

warmly, and warned me earnestly. His tone of expostulation was powerful in itself, as well as new to me. I felt it to my heart's core. My timid spirit shrunk and trembled. He left me in a state of amazement and anxiety, which robbed me of the perfect possession of my faculties for the remainder of the day.

In the afternoon, when, of course, I was unengaged, several friends of my host called in, who were interested in the religious state of the village, and made it the subject of their conversation. They talked of the meetings which had been held, of the cases of those who had been affected, and described at length the situation and exercises of some of the converts. A wholly novel scene was thus unveiled to me. Religion and religious feelings were presented in a new light. And the eagerness with which the matter was discussed, the breathless curiosity and sympathy expressed in the eye, the flushed cheek, and the impatient attitudes of speakers and listeners, were calculated to make a deep impression upon a novice like myself. The comparison of this exhibition with what I had always seen, and reverenced, and loved, as true religion, perplexed and distressed me. I could gain no peace, after many hours of anxious thinking, but by remembering that longer observation would teach me what was right, and that it was my duty to wait patiently. I gave myself, therefore, to the reading of the Scriptures, and, at length, laid myself down calmly to await the opening of the Sabbath day.

On this occasion, and on thousands since, I have derived peace from prayer, when every thing else conspired to vex and distress me — a proof of itself, that devotion of spirit is the essence of true religion, and that he who has this cannot be lost to God, nor be a stranger to his favor, however he may err in controverted truths.

CHAPTER V.

It is impossible for me to follow minutely my recollections of this memorable winter. They would fill a large volume, instead of the few sheets which my trembling hand is able to write. It must suffice to say, that the new scenes into which I was thrown, continued to be occasions of severest perplexity and anxiety for many weeks. I had been bred religiously, I had been scrupulously conscientious, I had thought myself a lover of God and man, and had rejoiced in the hope of heaven. But my religion had been noiseless and secret. I had seldom conversed respecting it, except at particular moments with my father. I had never been excited by crowds assembled, nor had I ever been conscious of any extraordinary change in my dispositions, or feelings, or life. I had gone on quietly from childhood to youth, conscientiously, but calmly, and with no display of zeal. I had seen in my father precisely the same operation of religion which I had witnessed in myself, except that it was far more perfect. I had thought this the true Christian character; and although often I had sighed over my imperfections, yet I never had suspected that I was wrong in principle.

But if what I now saw and heard were the genuine exhibition of religion, then I had been entirely and wofully deceived. If I must believe what was perpetually urged in my ears, then I was only a hypocrite, without Christ, and without hope. Nothing can exceed the distress with which this thought was attended. Many nights did I pass sleepless and weeping with uncontrollable anguish of spirit. I became almost unfit for any duty. My thoughts preyed on my health, till my robust body wasted under the torture of the mind, and my cheek was pale and sunken.

For why, thought I, should I not believe all that I see and hear? I cannot deny the existence of the sincerest, heartiest religion here. Earth cannot contain a purer and meeker spirit than my hostess possesses; and where is there more real and actuating piety than in Deacon Lumbard, though he be a little narrow? and where a nobler benevolence, and more solemn concern for Christianity, than in Mr. Reynolds, though he be a little rough? and then how general and deep is the religious impression that prevails — how serious, how anxious, how devout is the whole village — how indefatigable in teaching and learning — what a sense of the evil of sin, and dread of the divine displeasure! — and not my own father could discover more anxiety for my good than my friends do here.

Yet, while I thus looked with reverence upon the zeal and piety I witnessed, I could not listen to the representations of gospel doctrine, which were perpetually made, without a certain horror. This, I was told, was an infallible sign of an unrenewed heart; and this served to aggravate my distress. I never had studied controversy, nor heard it preached; but my father had always implied something very different from what I now heard, and I could not reconcile the representations I now met with the impressions I had received from the Bible. My blood chilled when I heard the arbitrary decree of election announced, and connected with it the joy of the righteous in the sufferings of the wicked. I was most distressingly bewildered in the contradictions about depravity and accountability, irresistible grace, involuntary faith, and changes, rung, without end, on justification, adoption, sanctification, and imputation. It was a wilderness to me; I turned on every side, and could find no relief. If I had only seen these things in books, I should have passed them by as wild speculations. But I found

them filling the minds and thoughts of men, whose religious zeal was more imposing to my mind than any thing I had ever met with; men whom I honored and loved, who treated me with assiduous kindness, and who assured me, with the earnestness of the most solemn asseveration, that they built all their religion and all their hope on these doctrines, and that they could conceive of no salvation on any other ground. Thus beset, what could I do? Who would wonder if I had yielded?

I at length told those who had interested themselves most warmly in my behalf, that there was but one course for me to take, namely, to examine the Scriptures anew with fresh care, and abide by the result. To this proposal they warmly assented, not doubting, as they said, that the Holy Ghost would teach me; and they left me, with solemn prayer, to pursue this design.

I look back to the execution of this purpose with highest gratitude and satisfaction. Every leisure minute found me at my Bible, and the morning often broke while I was yet studying. Earnest were my prayers for light, and sincere my wish to be instructed; and He who heareth prayer heard me, enlightened me, and gave me a happy confidence in the result of my labor. My opinions became fixed and grounded on the sure testimony of God; and I no longer felt embarrassment at the very opposite representations of gospel truth which were prevailing around me. They could still sometimes blind my eyes, for a moment, with the dust of metaphysical subtlety; but the breath of the divine word soon blew it away, and I saw clearly.

I now became tranquil and happy. My cheerfulness of spirit returned, and with it health. My anxieties ended in a serene and settled peace, no more to be disturbed by the tumult round about me. I came out of the trial in every

respect the better for having passed through it. My opinions were more clearly defined and more solidly grounded. My devout feelings were become deeper and more ardent; while, at the same time, my intimacy with the sentiments and characters of those who differed from me gave me a juster view of them, and a more real regard for them, than under any other circumstances I could have attained. This has been of incalculable benefit to me through life. I have been preserved by it from a great deal of false and censorious judging, and enabled to discriminate between the merits and weakness of my more orthodox brethren, so as to maintain for them a sincere respect and unchanging charity. And I have always found that those are least bigoted, who are best acquainted with those whom they oppose. Nothing destroys uncharitableness and censoriousness so certainly as an intimacy with the habitual feelings and characters of men of other sects. Bigotry is the offspring of ignorance.

Such was the end, and such, in few words, have been the consequences of the scenes which I have described. But my trials were not yet over. My own mind was satisfied, but others were dissatisfied; and I was doomed to endure coldness, reproach, suspicion, and alienation from many who had been forward to instruct me, and who had professed the warmest and most disinterested friendship. I was made the subject of village gossip and scandal; a thousand false and calumnious reports were spread abroad; and I became little better than a heathen and a publican to the zealots, who, a few weeks before, seemed ready to sacrifice even their lives for me. But of these things I must speak in another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

The trials to which I alluded in my last chapter, as coming upon me in consequence of my decision in regard to religion, were of several sorts. I can name them but in few words. I had supposed that all who professed a friendship for me, and had so zealously interested themselves in my behalf, would rejoice with me in the relief of mind I had gained, even though they might have wished that my conclusions had been nearer to their own. But in this I was disappointed. From the moment it became known in what manner my concern of mind had terminated, and that I was not to be *brought out* as a convert, after their fashion, there was a manifest change in the manners of many toward me. Instead of cordiality, I found coldness; instead of a welcome, I met a repulse. And I soon found that all their zeal for my soul's welfare was little more, at bottom, than a desire to have the *éclat* of the schoolmaster's conversion; that there was a grievous disappointment, not at the danger in which my soul was placed, but in this frustration of a party object. I had too much proof of this to fear that I charge them wrongfully.

But this was not the case with all. Some were truly and benevolently afflicted for my own sake. Amongst these was my excellent hostess, Mrs. Hilson. I had all along held the most free communication with her; she knew the whole state of my mind, and acted toward me the part of a mother. She was too gentle and meek to be bigoted; but, as all her own rich treasures of religious comfort and hope were built on the doctrines she had been taught, and as they were dearly associated with every pious and benevolent sentiment of her soul, she, very naturally, could conceive of no real religious

happiness from any different source. When she found that I could not draw from this, she was troubled, for she thought there was none other. She did not question my sincerity, but lamented my blindness in not seizing what, from *her own experience*, she knew to be the only secret of happiness. Wiser persons than she have made the same mistake, of trying all others by their own experience; while, in fact, men's experiences differ as much as their faces.

I shall never forget the kind and tender interest she expressed toward me, to the last day of my residence in the village. She was in all my solicitudes a faithful friend. To her I could unbosom myself without restraint, and find relief from her sympathy. Our hearts could feel and pray together, however we might vary in our creeds. And to the last of her life, while her friends and my friends were zealously accusing each other of corrupting the whole gospel, she ceased not to feel that there might be Christians who were not Calvinists; and I, for her sake, have always been able to see the spirit of the gospel reigning, even among those whose speculations were most hostile to its truths. Indeed, who that has ever formed an intimate acquaintance beyond the narrow pale of his own sect, does not feel the wicked meanness of that bigotry, which confines piety and salvation to those who agree with one's self?

"I still hope," said Mrs. Hilson, the evening before I returned to my father's house — "I still hope and trust that you will see reason to think differently."

"I pray that I may," said I, "if I am wrong. I have no wish but to learn and follow the truth; and I say, sincerely, that I think I could, in a moment, embrace any opinion which could be proved to be of divine authority. You have yourself seen how anxious I have felt, and how diligently I have sought."

"Certainly, certainly," she replied; "you have done your duty well, and I think God will not leave so sincere a soul in darkness. It is this that makes me sure you will, by and by, be brought right. We must wait his good time."

"But why," said Mr. Hilson, who was a blunt, good-natured man, "why, Betsey, should you wish Master Anderson to change? I am sure there is not a cleverer, honester man, nor a better master, to be found. And as for his religion, he's as serious and prayerful, and studies his Bible as hard as any of them, though, to be sure, he is not for making such a noise about it. Now, to my mind, this is the right way; and I am sure that if any body could make me a Christian, it would be just this Mr. Anderson; and his quiet sort of religion, now, would do more to work upon the minds of one half the people here, than all the stir that's been made this winter. Why, there's a great many been driven away from all kinds of religion, by the confusion we've had about it. I believe I should have been, myself, if it had not been for the master. And there's many a one that will never get over his disgust, but is made, I warrant it, profane for life."

"You astonish me," said I, for this was entirely new to me; "it is not conceivable that men should be so unreasonable. What, fly off to irreligion, because their neighbors are so engaged in religion? They must be very ill-disposed persons."

"No," replied he, "not so ill-disposed neither. Some very conscientious men have been affected in this way; and if I was to speak my mind, I should say that this stir has cooled as many friends to religion as it has made."

"Husband, husband," cried Mrs. Hilson, "how can you say so? I am truly ashamed of you."

"Look here, my dear," said he; "who is likely to know most of it — you, who see only one side, or I, who see both

sides? Now, I know all that's going on, and all that's said, every where in the village; while you only know what passes at meeting and among go-to-meeting folks. And I can tell you, beyond all doubt, that the devil has gained some disciples as well as Christ. I'll tell you a few things. I've heard more swearing, and seen more drinking and ill-temper, amongst the men, because of this thing, than I ever knew in the village before, in my life; and from some very reputable folks to. There's the Joneses and the Malcolms have not been calm this two months; and there's no doubt their wives would do more for religion by staying at home, and making their houses happy with it, than by running away, and causing their husbands and children to hate it. Then, besides those that are hurt in this way, you know there are some of the converts that are said to be none the better since their zeal has cooled. You know how **, and ***, and **** turned out; and there are more too."

"You ought not to triumph over this," said I.

"And I do not," said he; "but there are them that do; and it has afforded more joy and jests to infidels and blasphemers than I can tell you of. Now, does not this do harm to real religion? and would not it all have been prevented, by permitting matters to go on quietly and soberly, as in times past? For, take five years together, there would have been as many Christians made in the usual way, as by all this extraordinary movement; while, at the same time, none of this extraordinary evil would have been done. This is not all. It is incredible what sin has been committed in the way of slander and lying, and that by very pious people too. I'll tell you what reports have been spread about you, Master Anderson, just by way of specimen. First, it got about that you were under deep concern of mind, and had written home to your father, who told you not to be troubled, for

the people were mad, and religion would spoil you for a schoolmaster: that you became afterward more earnest, and when you could get no comfort from your father's principles, he sent you to Mr. Reynolds, and you found peace; that then, your father too became anxious, and came to see Mr. Reynolds, and confessed to him that he had never felt religion, and was more than half an infidel; and that he was converted and went home, and got up a revival in his own parish. All this, and much more, was made up out of the whole cloth, and circulated, as so much gospel, by those who knew it was all false. And when it was discovered that your mind was settled another way, then it was said, and is believed to this day, that you have got another Bible, different from ours; and that, a good part of the time you pretended to be studying the Scriptures, you were playing cards in your room with R—— and E——. For a whole day, it was believed that you had told the children it was all nonsense to pray in the school, and you should do it no longer. I could tell you a great deal more of the same sort; and so you must not wonder that some folks think there is no religion in what bears so much bad fruit."

Mrs. Hilson appeared as much disconcerted at this disclosure as I was amazed. She said, however, that it was fair to look on both sides, and count the wheat in the field, as well as the tares. "True," said her husband; "but will every body do that? Most persons will not do it; and, consequently, most persons will be injured."

"But you and I must do it," said I. "Religion is a solemn reality, whatever imperfections there may be in its friends; and surely you will not, on account of those imperfections, refuse to strive for your own salvation."

Mr. Hilson has since told me that this sentiment struck him more forcibly than any preaching he had ever heard. I

am happy to add, that he became, in after life, one of the most enlightened and sincere Christians I have ever known.

I parted from my friends the next morning, amidst the most affectionate wishes. Deacon Lumbard came to give me his parting blessing, and to say that he did not doubt he should yet see me all which he could wish, for he loved me too well to think otherwise. As I passed the minister's door, I stopped to bid him farewell. He shook me by the hand, saying he loved me none the less for my honesty, and doubted not God had a blessing for me. The kindness of these two good men was a cordial to my spirits. I left them, better and happier for having known them; rejoicing that there was a better world, where imperfection would be done away, and where the holy light of unveiled truth would dissipate the little cloud that now hovered between us.

CHAPTER VII.

My college life, on which I now entered, was like that of many other young men. I applied myself zealously to the duties required of me, and became ambitious of distinction. My thirst for knowledge increased, and, with it, my desire of eminence. I allowed myself little time for sleep or recreation. I denied myself even food, that I might sit at my books without the necessity of exercise to help digestion. I know not how it was, but, gradually and insidiously, literary distinction became my ruling passion. My Bible was consulted less frequently, my seasons of devotion were hurried over, and even the worship of the Sabbath came, at last, to be attended by me with little interest or feeling.

I was sometimes uneasy at perceiving the change which had taken place in my affections, and felt alarmed for the result. But I satisfied myself with saying, that as soon as I should be relieved from my present hurry, or have finished the study I had now on hand, I should have leisure to resume my religious vigilance. But this leisure did not come, and I suffered myself still to go on. I quieted the remonstrances of my mind with the persuasion, that a man cannot feel equally engaged at all times on any subject; and that, at any rate, I was preparing myself for the duties of life; and why was not this as acceptable service as the performance of my religious duties? Then, if conscience answered, that the preparation for future duty is no excuse for neglecting present duty, I stifled the suggestion by burying my thoughts in study.

I tremble to this day, to think of the hazard I was running, and in how dreadful a ruin it might have ended, if it had not pleased God to send me a rebuke. I had already entered my senior year, and, with a heart full of ambition, was pressing on to realize, in the honors before me, the darling object of my hope. I had overplied my powers, and they gave way. My body refused to sustain the labors of my mind, and, after four weeks' severe illness, it was thought I must sink to the tomb.

Of the early part of my sickness I have no recollection, except of a confused feeling of disappointment and vexation, at being thus stopped and frustrated in my career. It seems to me like some long dream, in which I was struggling with envious and malicious foes, who were conspiring against my improvement and reputation. I seemed at length to awake from the dream, and found myself a feeble and helpless man, stretched upon my bed, and attended by friends, whose anxious countenances revealed to me their fears.

"What is that bell for?" was the first question I asked.

"It is tolling for the exhibition," said my friend.

"The exhibition," said I, starting with surprise; "how long have I been sick?"

"Nearly four weeks."

"Exhibition!" I repeated — "and I am not ready; I cannot be there; — when I had so depended on it — so longed for it — and here am I shut out from ——. When shall I be able to go out, Thompson?"

"You must lie still," said Thompson; "you are too weak to talk; keep yourself quiet." And he withdrew from the bed.

Thompson's voice and manner struck me, and I at once suspected the truth. Never shall I forget the feeling that came over me, as the conviction flashed across my mind that I was dangerously ill. A cold thrill ran through my frame, and the sweat issued upon my forehead. "And is this," thought I, "the end of my hopes? Is it all to end in an early grave and a forgotten memory? Spare me, O God, that I may recover strength before I go hence to be seen no more."

As soon as my first surprise was over, I set myself to collect my thoughts as well as I was able, and to prepare my mind for the event. And now, the wide extent of my folly became visible at once. I saw the full measure of my negligence, and the whole unworthiness of my delusion. I felt the emptiness of that ambition for which I had sacrificed my religious affections, and would have given the world to return to that spiritual frame which I had possessed two years before. Then I thought of my privileges, my opportunities, the discipline I had passed through, the early instructions of my mother, the faithful counsels of my father; — and as I thought of him, I involuntarily spoke out, "Has my father been sent for, Thompson?"

Thompson looked at me with surprise, and, after a few moments' hesitation, answered, yes, and that he was expected to arrive to-morrow.

To-morrow came, and at the expected hour my father entered the chamber. He had evidently come from a hurried journey, and wore a countenance of anxiety and grief. I held out my hand, and he took it without speaking. We both were thinking of a separation, and, for some moments, could not trust ourselves with our voices. At length I broke silence; for I had been fortifying myself for the interview, and had my powers under my control.

"My father," said I, "I rejoice to see you. I know why you are come, and shall feel the easier for your presence. You led me in the beginning of life; and if my life must close, it is a consolation to lean on you at the last."

"The will of God be done," said he. "I had hoped it would be otherwise ordered, but the will of God be done. I am glad to find you look upon it so calmly. Your religion supports you, as I thought it would."

"I trust in God's mercy," said I; "I need it. O my father, you do not know how foolish I have been, and how nearly I have lost myself in the love of worldly honors." And I told him the state of my mind for some time previous. "But," I continued, "I have humbled myself before God, and cast myself on his compassion. I have thrown away my false ambition, and renewed my vows and prayers, and I hope I have found pardon and peace. I have given up every thing to my Maker, and trust I may depart in hope. Father, give me your blessing."

He knelt down by my bed and prayed. My soul was thrilled by the sound of that voice, so familiar and so loved, and a thousand tender recollections crowded upon my mind. I was refreshed and strengthened as I listened, and lifted nearer to heaven.

A long silence continued after he had ended, while we both pursued our own reflections. At length I untied from my neck the locket containing my mother's hair, and handed it to my father. "I wish to leave this," said I, "to my sister Jane, with the same injunction with which my dear mother gave it to me. Tell her that it has been a talisman to me in many a difficulty and temptation, and that, if I had never suffered myself to be unmindful to it, I should have been spared the only pain I feel at this time. Bid her, therefore, wear it, in memory of her deceased brother and mother, and as a pledge that she will never pass a day without prayer; remembering that if *we* cannot see how she fulfils the pledge, GOD DOES; and the day is coming when we shall know also."

I was too feeble to pursue the conversation, and soon became faint. I thought myself dying. After I revived, I could catch, from the occasional whispers in the room, that it was thought I could not live through another night. I had nothing further which I wished to say, and I lay quietly, in the perfect possession of my powers, waiting the signal to depart. O the indescribable sublimity of that hour! Words cannot picture the solemnity of feeling which pervaded my mind, as my thoughts flew, in the pressure and excitement of the season, with the rapidity of lightning, to the past and to the future, — to my own life, to the truths of Christianity, to the perfections of God, to the promises of Christ, to the prospects of heaven, — and the whole was framed, with an intense energy of which I can now hardly conceive, into a perpetual mental prayer. Thus I was occupied until sleep overcame me, and I was lost in forgetfulness.

It was ordained that we should be deceived. He who had brought me low, intended but to chasten and heal me;

and when I had learned all that a death-bed could teach, he again breathed into my frame, and bade me live to praise him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Seek first the kingdom of God, and the righteousness thereof, and all these things shall be added unto you.

These words were perpetually present to my mind, during my recovery from the illness which I have mentioned, and gave rise to much salutary reflection, which helped to establish my resolution for the future. I felt how easily the one thing needful slips away from those who cease to seek it, and how liable even a religious man is to lose the substance of happiness, in pursuing the shadow. I persuaded myself that, if the prime object of DUTY were secured, a man could never feel any thing actually wanting to his well-being; for it is very evident, that the pursuit of the highest duty and most permanent good, is consistent with the pursuit and enjoyment of every other object really desirable.

I experienced the truth of this at once, in returning to the studies of my class. My great struggle had been to subdue my inordinate ambition. It had interfered with my religion, and must be sacrificed. It was a dear sacrifice; but I took my resolution, and it was performed. The consequence, I supposed, would be, that I should fall from my standing as a scholar, and graduate with less reputation than I had coveted. This was a mortifying anticipation; but better risk my scholarship than my religion, thought I, and I summoned firmness to brave the result. This result was quite other than I expected. In proportion as I became

indifferent to my reputation, for mere reputation's sake, I found myself able to study and recite with greater ease and self-possession. Formerly, my extreme anxiety to do well, and my morbid dread of doing ill, had occasioned an irritability and hurry of spirits, which often threw me off my self-command, and produced the very evils I sought to avoid. But now, having little desire, except to do my duty, I was cool, collected, and preserved the full command of my powers; so that, to my surprise, I acquitted myself better than formerly, and rose in my class, rather than fell. A certain portion of every day was sacredly devoted to religious exercises and studies; and the time thus subtracted from classical pursuits was more than compensated by the steadiness of mind, and equanimity of feeling, which it produced.

Here, then, was the first reward of my renewed fidelity. I was permitted to experience, then, as I have always done since, that our religion has the promise of the life which now is, as well as of that which is to come. How many deceive themselves, and are miserable, from not knowing, this! They sell themselves to the world, and take the world's wages; which, at the moment of death, they are compelled to resign, and then have nothing which they can carry hence. Whereas, in the service of God, they might have no less enjoyed what earth affords, besides all the present and future satisfactions of the soul, which are far richer and purer. There is no state of the mind so happy in itself, and at the same time so fitted for success in the duties of the world, and for contentment amid its difficulties, as the tranquil and composed frame of habitual devotion.

From this time, my resolution was taken to devote myself to the ministry. There had always been a prevailing desire in my mind to engage in this office; but sometimes my

distrust of myself, and sometimes my occupation in other studies, had prevented me from making an absolute decision. But my late experience had so wrought upon me, that I could think of no other occupation consistent with duty. I suspected it to be my father's wish, though he had never intimated it to me. When I named to him my determination, he expressed his hearty approbation. "This," said he, "is what I have looked forward to with earnest hope. It has been from your childhood my constant wish and prayer, that I might see you joined with me in the great work of the gospel. I rejoice that the day has come, and that, without one doubt or fear, I may encourage you to go on, and bid you God speed. Your faith and perseverance have been tested. You know what trial is, and will be able, from the wisdom of personal experience, to help others who are tried. Enter the work and prosper. You will still meet with trials severe and heavy; but He, in whose strength you have hitherto been safe, will always provide a way of escape, if you but seek it."

I would that I had room to record all the instructions which he imparted, on this and on other occasions, with the affectionate piety of a Christian minister, and the overflowing tenderness of a parent. I would that I had been more sensible, at the time, of their value, and how much it was enhanced by the fact, that I was not long to enjoy his intercourse. But for two precious years I did enjoy it. I was employed as teacher of the school in my native village, and lived and studied in the house of my birth. I was my parent's companion at home, and in his visits abroad. I read with him the most important books, in my preparatory studies, and we conversed familiarly on all topics of theology and morals. Happy and profitable were those days, when I was permitted to cheer the declining path of him

who gave me birth, at the same time that I was drawing from him treasures of ministerial experience, to guide me after he should have departed!

CHAPTER IX.

The entrance on the ministry is a period of anxiety and excitement of spirit, to which no one can look back, even after the lapse of years, without a throb of emotion. To a conscientious man, who feels the weight and responsibility of the office, the exercises of that season are deep and trying. About to appear as the messenger of God's word to the souls of men, — to be the herald of eternal truths, — to be a fellow-laborer with Christ in the work of human salvation, and the bearer of the prayers and intercessions of men to the mercy-seat of Heaven, — his spirit is oppressed, and trembling, and ready to faint; for how can he discharge so various and awful vocations? But then, again, when he considers the incalculable importance of the work, to which none other on earth is to be equalled, — when he thinks of the honor of bearing part in it, the shame of drawing back, and the wide field for doing good, — his spirits become animated, and he girds himself for the toil with alacrity and zeal. It seems as it were but yesterday, that I was passing through this alternation of hopes and fears, of exhilaration and despondency. I still see the chamber which I paced for hours, anxious and sleepless, night after night, and where I gradually gained resolution to begin the sacred work. Forty-seven years are past and gone; but it is fresh as the memory of to-day. I have, in those years, passed

through heavy vicissitudes of earthly lot, and waves of trouble have rolled over my heart, enough to obliterate from it every trace of that early anxiety. But it abides vividly in my memory, and the old man of seventy-two feels over again, as he writes, all the solicitudes of the youth of twenty-five.

It was on the third of September, that, after a ride of twenty miles, I reached the village where my father had recommended me to make the first trial of my gifts. I bore a letter from him in my pocket to Mr. Carverdale, the infirm minister of the place, offering my service to aid him on the Sabbath. The sun was just throwing its last beams upon the spire of the meeting-house, as I came upon the little common where it stood, and cast my eyes around in search of the minister's house. This is easily known in a country village, and I immediately rode up to a neat cottage, with a small yard before it, which stood just back of the meeting-house, and was almost lost amid the trees which threw their aged branches around and over it. The old gentleman was sitting in his arm-chair at the open door, looking out upon the setting sun. I alighted, and approached him with the letter in my hand. While he was engaged in reading it, I had leisure to collect myself, and study the appearance of a man whom I had not seen since I was a child, and to whom I was an entire stranger. He was a tall, thin man, whose few remaining hairs were white with the hoary frost of age, and his countenance marked with years and suffering. But there was a majesty and serenity in it which struck me with awe, and would have become an apostle. I think St. John might have looked so, when he was carried into the church, as he approached his hundredth year, to repeat his customary benediction, "*Little children, love one another.*"

"You are heartily welcome," said he, when he had finished the perusal of the letter; "and I thank your father for

his kindness in sending you. But he was always kind, and I can present no better prayer for his son than that he may be like him. I was doubting if I should be able to speak to my poor people to-morrow. I am unusually feeble; I have sensibly decayed this week. I might not be able to address them. But now they will be instructed from younger lips. It will be enough for me to break to them the holy bread. I am glad to have all my strength for that. Who knows but it may be the last time?"

I felt called upon to say something, and, with the real diffidence which I felt, I said that I was very sorry he would not have a better substitute to-morrow.

"Young man," said he, "let me warn you against a trick of disparaging yourself in this way. It does not become the simplicity and sincerity of the ministerial character. You are in your Master's service, and should use such language to none but him. It may be modesty now, but it will become vanity — vanity in its most disgusting dress, the guise of humility. Think of nothing but to do your duty. Do that as well as you are able, and be not anxious to say or to hear in what manner it is done."

This advice did me great good. It taught me to guard against that sensitiveness to the opinions of others which is so apt to disorder the motives of action, and has saved me, perhaps, from that painful and ridiculous habit, which I have witnessed in some, of always speaking slightingly of what they do for the sake of hearing it praised. It becomes the dignity of a preacher of the gospel not to speak of his labors at all, except to some confidential friend, and for the sake of improvement.

"I do not mean to pain you," continued he, "for I have no reason to doubt your sincerity; but I use an old man's privilege of plain speaking, to put you on your guard. My

light is almost out, and I must do good while I can. I am as low in my horizon as yonder sun now is. But while I am here, I would give light to the last. It has always been my prayer, that I might sink to my bed as that glorious luminary does now, useful to the latest moment, and unshadowed by a cloud. God save me from the empty, shattered remnant of existence, which would be a weariness to myself and a burden to others. Yet I fear that the prayer will not be granted, and it will try my patience and faith to have it denied. But His will be done! You," continued he, "are like that sun in his rising, rejoicing in the prospect before you of a day of light and glory, of a work of beneficence and love, in which you shall cause righteousness and piety to bud and become fruitful. It is an excellent and most blessed work! Enter it and prosper! May God be your light, and honor you abundantly in the kingdom of his dear Son."

He rose from his seat, and, leaning upon me, entered the room where the family were sitting. "We always pray at sun-setting," said he. The ancient family Bible was brought forward, from which a chapter was read, upon which he made a few remarks, and then uttered a fervent prayer. It seemed to come from a patriarch's lips, and to be instinct with the devotion of that future world, on whose borders he stood.

We retired early to rest, and arose with the sun on the morning of the Sabbath. The trembling voice of the aged servant of Christ mingled with the early stirrings of the morning breeze, and welcomed, in the animated accents of praise, the blessed recollections of holy time. His whole air was serene, tranquil, and thoughtful. He seated himself again by the door of his cottage, and remained there, musing and conversing at intervals, until we were summoned to the public service.

My attention had been so much diverted from myself, and my mind so interested in the conversation and character of this good old man, that I passed through the trial of my opening ministry with far happier feelings than I had anticipated. When the exercise was concluded, he arose in his place, and reminded the church that the emblems of their Master's love awaited them. "Would to God," said he, in his feeble, tremulous voice, while he turned his eyes around upon the congregation — "would to God that ye were all disposed and ready to partake of them. My infirmities warn me that this is the last time they will be dispensed by my hand. Ah, why are ye not all waiting to receive them? For more than half a century have I broken this bread here: How often, in that long period, have I entreated and urged you all to come and partake! I have warned, and admonished, and pleaded with you, even unto tears. And yet how many of you suffer me to leave you, and carry up with me, when I go hence, the sad story that you have no mark of gratitude for a Savior's love, no obedience for a Savior's dying command. You are willing to oppress my last hours with the bitter thought, that for many of you I have labored in vain; and, though I have loved you here, I may hardly hope to join you again in the eternal communion with the saints. Dear friends, let it not be thus. I stand here to bid you farewell. Who of you is willing that it should be eternal? Who of you would part, never to meet again? I hope and pray for better things. I *will* hope that, although we have not sat down together here, we shall be permitted to do it hereafter. And let me ask of you, for this once at least, this last opportunity, not to leave me; but remain, one and all, to witness, though you do not participate. Who can tell how it may please God to manifest himself to you? Who can tell, while we all join our prayers and devotions

for the last time, what influence may descend to bless us? Who can tell but our remaining together now, may be the omen that we shall be prepared to meet in a higher state!"

The effect of this unexpected address, delivered with quivering lips, and the piercing accents of deep and earnest feeling, was irresistible. Not one of the congregation left his place. The minister descended to the table, and an affecting service ensued, whose deep and touching solemnity I have never seen surpassed. Many there were, who, like myself, received impressions that never passed away. And many, I doubt not, will be found at the supper of the Lamb in heaven, who, but for that hour's holy and overwhelming feeling, had never sat at his table on earth.

CHAPTER X.

It will not be thought surprising that, by the scene which I described in the last chapter, Mr. Carverdale was entirely exhausted. While the excitement of the occasion lasted, he looked and spoke with almost the animation of youth. But, when it was over, he sank down, weak, trembling, and nearly fainting. The old cords had been stretched more than they could bear, and lost their tone forever. When the people had dispersed, he attempted to rise from his seat and follow them, but was unable. Several of his friends advanced to his assistance. "The light is almost burned down," said he, in a voice scarcely audible; "might it only go out here at the altar, how privileged I should be!" Some one expressed a hope that it might be yet continued for a season to the benefit of his church. He shook his head. "No,"

said he; "and why should I wish it? It is only a flickering, fitful flame. It may brighten a moment to-day, but will be dim again to-morrow, and cheer no one. No; my poor flock need a vigorous flame, — a burning and shining light. I am wasted. And if it please my God soon to remove me to a place among the stars of the firmament, why should I lament, or why should you? For I have that hope; I thank God, I have that hope."

This he said with frequent interruptions, showing that his spirit was stirring, though his body was weak. He seemed unable to say more, and was carried in the arms of his friends to his house, and placed in bed. He fell into a sleep, which the physician declared to be the prelude of death, and which he said it would be useless and cruel to disturb by attempting to prolong life. "The machine," said he, "is worn out, and will gradually come to a stop."

He remained in this state, apparently unconscious of what was passing around him, until I was summoned to the afternoon service. In the same state I found him on my return. In the mean time, the report had obtained currency among his parishioners, that their minister was dying. With affectionate concern they crowded around his dwelling, and manifested the strongest sense of his worth, and liveliest gratitude for his past services. Never have I known eulogy more eloquent than that which I read in their tearful eyes and whispering voices, as they stood silently waiting, or anxiously conversing, before the door and beneath the windows. Their sound was distinctly heard in the chamber, as I stood with his friends beside his bed. It at length seemed to arouse him, and he opened his eyes. "What is this?" said he.

"The people have come from meeting," it was replied, "and are anxious to know how you do."

"They are kind souls," replied the old minister; and, turning his eyes around, as if looking for some one, he called me by name. I bent over him, and he took my hand. "Go to them, my young friend; tell them I thank them for all their fidelity and kindness. Carry them my last farewell. Bid them remember my last instructions; and God bless them."

I went to the door, and, beckoning to the several groups, collected them together, and spoke to them as I was desired. When I returned to the chamber, the good old man was taking leave of his friends, and to each of them giving his blessing. He called for me. He was exhausted, and could no more speak audibly. His lips moved, and I thought I would have given worlds to know what they would utter. After a few moments' silence, he exerted himself again, and we understood him to ask that there might be prayers. I kneeled down, with his hand still in mine, and commended his spirit, in such words as I was able, to the great Father of mercy. It was a solemn moment. There was a silence and awe like that of the tomb, interrupted only by the laborious breathing of the dying man, and the low voice of youthful supplication. When I had ended, he pressed my hand, but said nothing. We feared that he would not speak again; but it was permitted us to hear his last words distinctly. For, when something had been said respecting the good man's support in death, he spoke out audibly — "The testimony of conscience, and the mercy of God in Christ." This was his last effort. We stood silently watching for his departing breath, when, as the sun was going down, its beams forced their way through an opening amid the branches of the thick trees which grew before the windows, and fell full upon his face. A smile came over his countenance, and, before it had entirely passed away, he

ceased to breathe. I remembered his conversation on the preceding evening, and rejoiced at his quiet departure.

When it was known that their pastor was actually dead, all those of his parishioners who had not retired to their homes, pressed into the house to take a last look of one whom they had loved and reverenced so much. Not a word was spoken by any one in the chamber of death. The silent gaze, the tearful eye, and the cautious tread, evinced the impression which was upon every heart, and the feeling of awe with which the sleep of the patriarch was contemplated.

My own feelings, during these scenes, it is impossible for me to describe. But I have always felt that I had reason to thank God for appointing me to open my ministry in so singular and affecting a manner. The serenity of aged piety, and the peace of a Christian death-bed, gave me impressions which helped still more to prepare me for my work. I am certain that, for years, this day was present almost constantly to my mind, and endowed me with courage, fortitude, and spirituality, which I might not otherwise have attained.

CHAPTER XI.

It was in less than a year after this that I found myself occupying the place of that venerable old man, of whose last hours I had been so unexpectedly the attendant. It may readily be conceived that with no ordinary feelings I took possession of the pulpit where I had heard the expiring sounds of his ministry, and seated myself in the room where he had studied, and at the table upon which he had leaned

and written for half a century. To my ardent view every thing about me was sacred. I fancied there was inspiration in the very walls, and that I inhaled a good spirit from the very air in which the holy man had breathed. And while I studied in his books, and dipped my pen in his inkstand, — while I read from his Bible in the family circle which he had left, and in which I was a boarder, and stood up to offer their daily devotions on the spot which his prayers had consecrated, — I am sure that I felt a glow in my heart which more important circumstances have oftentimes been incapable of producing, but which was nevertheless highly favorable toward forming a frame of thought and feeling suited to my vocation.

Indeed, it rarely happens to a young man to begin the arduous work of the ministry under happier auspices. The circumstances of my lot and education had been so ordered as constantly to excite and keep fresh the religious sentiment. It had been stirred and animated by the frequent remarkable scenes through which I had passed. The manner of my introduction to my parish was calculated to revive and strengthen, in no common degree, all the feelings I had ever experienced, and all the resolutions I had ever made, in relation to the great duties of personal and pastoral religion. I cannot recall to mind this period without an expression of devout gratitude to Him who appointed my lot, and in whose strength I have toiled on to this day. I have seen some of my brethren disheartened and sinking beneath their load, the victims of a sickly sensibility; some, miserable in their work, because their hearts were not engaged in it; and some, losing their reputation and usefulness through indolence. But, for myself, being always possessed of bodily health, and heartily attached to my duties, I never have found them burdensome and fatiguing. And I may say that

I never have found them so to any, except those who have wanted the spirit of their office. How shall I cease, then, to be thankful for the early instruction of those kind parents, and the severe infliction of that youthful discipline, which formed in me inclinations and desires which nothing could have gratified but the labors of the sacred office? They have been my pleasure; and nothing else would have afforded me pleasure.

I soon found, however, that there is much to damp the ardor of enthusiastic expectation, with which a young man, ignorant of the world, enters upon his career. I can hardly help sighing now, when I call to mind the many fair visions which were cruelly dissipated by my further acquaintance with mankind, and the severe and mortifying rebukes by which my open-hearted inexperience learned prudence and caution. It was a great shock to me to discover, so soon as I did, the necessity of distrusting appearances. This was one of the first lessons which I learned by intercourse with my parish — perhaps one of the most important I ever learned. Certainly none has influenced me more in my whole life since; none perhaps has made me, at times, so unhappy.

Like other young persons, I trusted to the good show which any one made, and confided implicitly in all that any one might say of himself. I delighted in the warm expression of religious feeling, and was ready to give up my heart to it wherever I might find it. I could not believe that zealous profession could be made by any who was insincere at heart. It was a great blow to me to be undeceived.

There were few men in the town more assiduous and kind in their attentions to me, after my ordination, than Josiah Dunbar. He recommended himself by his punctual attendance at meeting, and by his fondness to call upon me

and converse on religious subjects. He entered fully into the history of his own experience, and drew from me the relation of my own. His appearance was austere, his manners simple and solemn, his voice a little whining, and his eyes were cast in humility upon the ground. His age was about fifty; and I thought that no young man was ever so blest in the confidence and advice of a devout parishioner.

I found, however, that he was not popular in the village, and that the worldly, sober part of the inhabitants, especially, spoke of him rather slightingly. This grieved me; but I accounted for it by a remark which he himself once, or rather often, made with a deep sigh and solemn shake of the head — "Ah, there is nothing that the world can find lovely in the children of God. They are always despised and trodden upon." My experience has since taught me that this is far from being true. But at that time I took it for an established fact; and when I found any commendatory remark which I made respecting Mr. Dunbar received in silence or with a sneer, I imputed it to the natural dislike of men to superior goodness.

Erelong, however, I observed some things in his conversation which I myself disliked. He was too fond, I thought, of complaining of the want of religion in others, and of the great coolness of church members. There was doubtless room for this in many instances; but he complained too frequently and petulantly, and spoke too sarcastically of good moral lives. Now, I could see no harm in a good moral life, and once told him "that I did not think it so much against a man, that he was a moral man; that I rather thought it the part of charity to believe that what we cannot see is as good as what we do see, and that what we do see is, really, though not visibly, grounded on right principle." He was dissatisfied with this remark, and ever after affected

to be concerned lest I was resting too much on works. He thought that I preached "works" too much; and he harassed me often with minor questions about justification, and faith, and righteousness. All this, however, was done in the kindest way imaginable, and with so earnest appearance of desiring my good, and that of the church, that, although I thought he urged matters a little too much, yet my respect for him and love to him rather increased than diminished. No man had made me so much his confidant, and consequently no man was so much mine. What he proved to be, finally, I will tell in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the universal custom of the people, in the strait days of my youth, to keep the annual day of fasting literally, so far as to abstain from a dinner. Nothing was eaten between breakfast and sundown, except, perchance, a light luncheon, in the interval between the morning and evening services. It was not uncommon, however, to compensate for this extraordinary abstinence by a supper as extraordinary; and the meat and pudding, which had been refused at noon, were devoured with a keener appetite in the evening. It was thought that the whole duty was performed, if the body were but mortified during daylight.

There were some in my parish who had departed from this custom. Mr. Dunbar came to me in the week preceding fast, in the spring following my ordination, lamenting the decay of ancient manners, and begging me to urge, in my next sermon, the importance of a literal fast. He said

much of the aid which devout men had derived from it in all ages, the profoundness it gave to their contemplations, and how it aided their prayers and spiritual-mindedness; he insisted that self-mortification was necessary to growth in grace, and that we were in danger, from employing it too little, of becoming entirely devoted to our animal and sensual nature.

I replied that I had no doubt of all this, and that such had been, and would be, the efficacy of fasting, when it was voluntary. He that will, from religious motives, and the desire of holy meditation, deny his appetite, and spend his dining hour in devotion, will, unquestionably, find it profitable. But, if the fast be kept by compulsion, or from no better motive, at bottom, than that it is the custom, then it will probably be unprofitable, and will hinder, instead of promoting, the devotion of the day. Besides, I added, temperance is a better aid to the powers of the mind than abstinence; and, moreover, they who abstain at noon are very likely to revel at night; and in that case, whatever good may have been wrought is more than lost. Mr. Dunbar said he was aware that the day oftentimes ended in festivity and indulgence; but, for his part, he abhorred it; in his own family, the supper was always frugal and religious; and he wished that I would attack this crying sin as well as the other.

"Or, at least," said he, coming at last to the point at which he had all along been aiming, "if you do not think right to preach, I wish you would speak a word of quiet advice to Mr. Ellerton; for his example goes a great way; and it is a sinful thing that he should cook and eat on fast day just as on any other day. He makes no difference in the world. And what will become of religion and the church, if such men are to lead astray the simple people by

their example? A good moral man, to be sure, and the world speaks well of him. But no man can say that he has ever experienced religion; and I am sure, for one, that he is an Arian at heart, if not a Deist. Indeed, I think he ought to be brought before the church, and not tolerated in quiet any longer. There is no knowing what mischief his example may do; and our fidelity to the Head of the church requires that we cut him off."

Mr. Dunbar had more than once before spoken to the prejudice of Mr. Ellerton, but never so explicitly as now. I did not altogether like the tone in which he continued to enlarge, and at last replied, that, even if I thought lukewarmness, and suspected error, proper subjects of church interference, yet I was too much a stranger in the place to promote any such objects now. And as for the matter of fasting, I could not interfere at all; for I intended myself to take my usual meals.

He left me evidently disappointed. On the day of the fast, there was observed in him a studied appearance of rigor and melancholy, and every external manifestation of suffering for sin, and absorption in divine meditation. He was of a "sad countenance, and disfigured his face." In the evening — according, as it was ascertained, to his usual custom — a sumptuous supper was provided. He ate and drank to excess, and died the next day in consequence of the surfeit.

The shock my mind received on learning these circumstances may be easily conceived; much more so, when the whole history and character of the man were revealed. He was discovered to have been altogether unprincipled in his transactions with men, artful, and fraudulent, and sensual; so that, in a word, — for I cannot enlarge on so unpleasant a theme,—his name became a by-word in the village, and never

was spoken but with an accent of indignation. Yet so great had been the cunning of the man, that he had both escaped detection, and had passed, for the most part, though not altogether, without suspicion. There was but one person who thoroughly knew him, and that was Mr. Ellerton. When I learned this, I perceived at once the cause of his ill-will to that gentleman.

Mr. Ellerton was one of the principal citizens of the place, and in most respects the very reverse of Mr. Dunbar. He was, like all other respectable men of that day, a professor of religion. But no man could be less anxious about its *form*. He appeared with a dress, and countenance, and speech, like those of other gentlemen. He seldom made religion the subject of conversation, and was generally supposed not to be fond of reading the Scriptures, and not to have devotions in his family. He was suspected also of not being quite sound in the faith. He was esteemed precisely what is called a good moral man. Very few would venture to call him a *religious* man, though he was punctual at church, and friendly to the ministry. But then he was proverbial for his truth, integrity, and kindness, and "every virtue under heaven." No man could be more universally respected and beloved.

I did not, at this time, know so much of him, for my ear had been poisoned by Dunbar. I had been led to look upon him coolly, and to avoid, rather than seek, his company. I had, consequently, in the seven months of my ministry, become hardly in any degree acquainted with him. The circumstances of Mr. Dunbar's death led me to suspect the correctness of my impressions, and made me solicitous of greater intimacy with Mr. Ellerton.

I soon discovered and admired the purity and firmness of his moral principle. But I wished to go further, and

ascertain the state of his religious sentiments and affections. When we had become well acquainted, and were together by ourselves, I found him ready and pleased to converse frankly. I immediately found that he was indeed an Arian; and as I had always been taught, without knowing why, to look with horror on Arianism as little better than infidelity, and to take it for granted that there could be no religion at heart without the worship of the Trinity, I thought that I saw at once how it happened that he wore no show of religion; for he certainly could possess none; that is, none of its fervor, life, and spirituality — nothing of it but its decent, every-day morality.

But a more intimate acquaintance taught me that he was no stranger to the holiest and tenderest feelings of piety; that he had experienced deeply the inward power of the gospel, and acknowledged it as a religion of the affections; so that, in a word, it has seldom fallen to my lot to know a soul of more elevated, expanded, and heavenly-minded religion, than dwelt within the frame of that unobtrusive man; giving direction and beauty to his whole life, but itself unseen and unheard in any separate or ostentatious display.

The observation of these two characters furnished me with much matter for reflection. It made me ever after cautious, and distrustful of appearances, to a degree that was even painful. I learned to be jealous of lip religion, and cold towards those who were forward in profession. Nay, I was beset with an indefinable reserve, which sealed my lips, and checked the current of my feeling, whenever the subject of religion was touched by strangers; destroying much of the comfort and satisfaction I had hitherto enjoyed in religious conversation. How much have I suffered from this cause! while nothing that I have gained has been able

to compensate for the quietness and peace of the unsuspecting temper which I have lost. I think, however, that I have gained something, by teaching myself and others to lay the stress upon the solid excellence of a good life. The longer I have lived, the more have I been persuaded that this is the great end of human endeavor, and the great touchstone by which we are to judge one another. The heart *we* cannot see; it must be left to the judgment of God. But wherever the life is uniformly and consistently good, I have learned to consider it as the part of charity to suppose that the heart also is right. I have been unable to join in the outcry against moral lives, as if they were, of course, signs of a worldly heart. I have thought it mischievous; I may say I have *found* it mischievous. Religion is helped by maintaining the dignity and importance of good works; yea, even though they stand by themselves. But it is injured if they be sneered at and defamed, because, however you may explain and qualify, many will understand you to say, that, if there be faith and zeal, a good life is at best of only secondary importance. They will, therefore, make only secondary attempts to attain it. How many souls have been ruined in hypocrisy and spiritual pride through this mistake!

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Ellerton, of whom I spoke in the last chapter, was another added to the number of the "excellent of the earth," whom it had been my privilege to know. Some of the peculiarities of his religious faith, and those in pretty important particulars, were widely different, I had reason

to think, from those of any other good man I had met with. He did not believe in a tri-personal Deity; and this was a sort of unbelief, which I, like ten thousand others, looked upon with a vague sort of horror, I knew not whence nor why. For a long time, therefore, I could not believe that he was really so good a Christian as he seemed to be; and when it was impossible to doubt this, my next conclusion very naturally was, that Trinitarianism, though the truth, yet could not be essential to the Christian; for here was a Christian without it. This discovery did a great deal to set me a-thinking, and to enlarge my views. But its best and happiest consequence was to confirm me in my persuasion, that the great practical and vital principles of our religion are common to all believers. From this persuasion I have never varied. Experience has every year confirmed it; and it is still one of the most comforting convictions of my heart. I look forward, with the most delightful anticipations, to the day when I shall join in one communion the souls of those many good men whom I have honored and loved here, but from whose fellowship I have been shut out, by the miserable bars which prejudice and pride have put up amid the churches on earth.

But another important consequence was, that, not finding Arianism the monstrous thing I had imagined it, but, on the contrary, consistent with every Christian grace, I was led to look upon it with complacency. I felt ashamed of the prejudice I had suffered myself to entertain. I felt mortified and humbled, that I should have permitted myself to gather, from the wholesale censures of books, and the sweeping sneers of conversation, an inimical impression against the holders of an opinion of which I knew nothing. This was the precise fact. I did know nothing, absolutely nothing, about them. I had examined other opinions, but

not this. To this I had never turned my attention; had never asked a question about it, but had gone on in the way my father taught me, taking it for granted that I was right, and not so much as troubled with a suggestion that it was possible I might be wrong. I recollect perfectly well the first time the thought occurred to me. It was when I had become well acquainted with Mr. Ellerton's character, and had been striving in vain to reconcile it with his anti-Christian creed. The question seemed to be asked me, How do you know it *is* anti-Christian? I felt at once that I did not know, for I never had inquired. I cannot describe the sensation which passed over me, as this thought flashed through my mind. A cold thrill went through my frame, a tumult of thoughts crowded and agitated my mind. I soon felt that it was my duty to inquire, and know that whereof I would affirm; and in great anxiety of mind, and earnest supplication for heavenly guidance, I at once entered upon the investigation.

The first discovery I made was one which has been made by multitudes besides, but which filled me with inexpressible surprise. It was, that I was not, and never had been, a Trinitarian. When I came to see the definitions and explanations of the doctrine, and compared them with the state of my own mind, I found that I had used its language, but had never adopted its meaning. I had fallen into its use, just as I had fallen into the common language of men about the rising and setting of the sun — not because I believed what the words literally imply, but because it was the phraseology in common use where I lived. Trinitarian doxologies I had employed, because I had always heard them from childhood; but I found that I had never affixed to them Trinitarian notions. I found that I never had worshipped any being but the Father of Jesus Christ, and that

all my religious feelings were grounded on the supposition of his single divinity.

So, then, I thought to myself, I have been guilty of contemning and denouncing a sentiment which all the time I ignorantly held, and of thoughtlessly using language which implied a faith different from my actual opinion. This discovery humbled me to the dust. I could scarcely bear the burden of shame and reproach which my conscience heaped upon me. I have since found that this thoughtlessness is by no means uncommon. Inexcusable as it is, yet many have I known in precisely the same situation with myself. Indeed, I have reason to believe that the large majority of those educated in the orthodox faith are no more truly Trinitarian than I was, though they imagine themselves to be so; and I have accordingly found that, when they allow themselves to look fairly into the matter, they discover themselves to have been Unitarians all their lives without knowing it.

Had I been acquainted with this fact at the time of which I speak, it would have saved me much unhappiness. As it was, I had a long and painful labor to go through, in ascertaining whether my language or my opinions were the truth of revelation on this subject. The one or the other must necessarily be rejected as wrong. For two years I pursued the inquiry, with all the anxiety and impartiality of a conscientious mind. It would take too much room to detail the progress of my experience at this time. Suffice it to say, that I obtained complete satisfaction at last, and have been, ever since, happy in the simplicity and consistency of my Unitarian belief. I have known many pass through the same process, with an equally happy result; and many, I may add, with a result still more happy, because their minds were relieved by it from the distressing burden of other

ungenerous doctrines, which had preyed upon their spirits, and disquieted their lives, but from whose bondage I had been redeemed some time earlier. I cannot but remark here, how much is effected by the light of a good conversation. I was led to thinking, and won to the knowledge of the truth, by observing one man's Christian deportment. It would be well if Christians were generally aware, that they can produce no argument in their favor so powerful as a holy life. Thousands will understand it, and be convinced by it, whom no reasoning, though it were demonstrative, would at all affect. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.'

CHAPTER XIV.

It was in the summer of ——— that Mr. Garstone took up his residence in our village. It occasioned no little surprise and speculation in that retired place, that a stranger of education and property should select it for his abode. He built a commodious but small house, upon a little hillock by the side of a beautiful pond, which lay about a mile from the meeting-house. I never had seen him; but as soon as he had taken possession of his place, I felt it my duty to call and bid him welcome.

The room into which I entered impressed me at once with respect for the owner of the mansion; and, as I cast my eyes around on its neat and elegant comforts, I thought that I saw indications of taste and refinement beyond any thing to which I had been accustomed. A piano-forte — a rarer luxury then than now — stood open on one side, and

opposite to it a book-case, well and handsomely filled. I could give but a hasty look, when Mr. Garstone entered. He was apparently about fifty years of age, thin and pale, with a settled melancholy upon his countenance which sometimes approximated to sternness, and a manner reserved and cold. His appearance rather repressed the warmth with which I was disposed to greet him; and, after several ineffectual attempts to throw off the restraint which his manner imposed, I left him, disappointed and sad.

I looked in vain for his entrance to the meeting-house on Sunday, though his two daughters were there. They were dressed in deep mourning; and this, I thought, might account for their father's manners, though he had made no allusion to any affliction. I soon visited him again, and gradually we became a little acquainted. His wife, I found, had died about ten months previous; he had lost his only son just before, and had now bid farewell to the world, intending to spend the remainder of his life with his daughters in retirement. He attended to their education; he studied and read, and amused himself with the cultivation of his lands. He had an extensive acquaintance with books and subjects, and oftentimes would delight me with his animated and intelligent conversation. I derived much instruction from his society, and he seemed to take pleasure in mine. But all attempts to introduce religious conversation he uniformly set aside, and never attended public worship. This made me uneasy; and I longed to know why it was, that a man who was evidently unhappy, was yet willing to be a voluntary stranger to the consolations of religion.

It was not so with his daughters. They were little instructed in religion, but they took an interest in it. Indeed, as far as they had been taught, they felt its great truths

deeply, and exercised a profound piety. They were glad to converse when it happened — which was very seldom — that their father was not present; and I often thought that their countenances expressed sorrow that the subject must be dropped on his entrance. I one day expressed my surprise to them that their father should habitually absent himself from public worship. They replied that it had been so ever since their memory; and that they believed he did it from principle.

"Has he no sense of its importance and value?" said I; "does he feel nothing, think nothing, of the great truths of religion?"

"Alas!" replied the eldest, whose name was Charlotte, "I fear he thinks but too much, and feels too much. I have reason to suppose, although he never speaks of it, that it is this which lies at the bottom of his unhappiness, and that, if this burden could be removed, he would be a cheerful and happy man."

I looked at her for explanation. "Unreflecting men," said she, "may be happy without religious faith; for their habitual thoughtlessness excludes the subject from their minds. But a man who is in habits of reflection, and who cannot keep from his mind the thoughts of the Author of his being, and the great concerns of futurity, must be often wretched without a settled faith."

"It is true, then," said I, "as I have suspected, that your father is not a believer in the Christian religion?"

"It is," she replied; "and to you, who know him, this will account for all his appearance and habits. For how can such a man, who longs and pants for the refuge of its truths, be happy without them? He may have every thing else; but the want of these will leave an aching void, which nothing else can fill. O, what a blessed day it would be to

us all, which should make him a believer! He has every thing else to render himself and us happy; but for want of this, there is a bitter taste to every enjoyment, and discontent in every scene."

"Is he not aware of the cause of his dissatisfaction?" I asked.

"He is," replied Charlotte, "and yet he is not. That is to say, he acknowledges the power of the Christian faith in others, and I believe is truly happy that we possess it. But he will not allow that it would do any thing for himself. He insists that, in his literary and philosophical pursuits, he has all the satisfaction that the human mind can attain, and that nothing could add to his happiness. But it is very seldom he speaks on the subject. Indeed, he is so strongly prejudiced, that we avoid any allusion to it altogether. For I think he is the more violently positive from the very feeling he has, that there is an essential thing wanting. He tries in this way to stifle his feelings, and to convince himself that he wants nothing."

"I have seen something like this," said I, "in other cases; but I should not suspect it in your father. How is it that he is thus prejudiced?"

"It is partly," she answered, "his misfortune, and partly his fault — his misfortune, because in early life he was thrown into the midst of fanaticism and bigotry, which disgusted him, and rendered the whole system incredible to him; his fault, because he suffered prejudice to sway him, and did not deliberately institute an inquiry which should separate the false from the true, and show him that the system itself may be true and excellent, notwithstanding the follies of its friends."

"Can you state to me at length," said I, "the circumstances under which these indelible impressions were made?"

Before Charlotte could more than commence a reply to this question, Mr. Garstone came in, and conversation took a different turn. I returned home, deeply interested in what I had heard, and anxious to hear more.

CHAPTER XV.

What I had now heard interested me too much to suffer me to rest until I had learned more. The history of Mr. Garstone I found to be this: He was the son of parents whose religion partook of the character of austerity and superstition. He was educated in the most rigid restraint, and imbued diligently with the dogmas of the Assembly's Catechism. When he had grown to years of understanding, being of a strong mind and peculiarly susceptible feelings, his reflections on the subject of religion became earnest in the extreme, and occupied him day and night. A fear of God, rather dreadful than pleasant, as he expressed it, had always oppressed him, and it now made him miserable. The doctrines which he had learned in childhood he now began to understand and reason upon, and apply to himself. He saw that, if they were true, he was condemned by his birth to an eternal curse, which only the re-creating grace of God could remove. And this grace was appointed to visit only a chosen few. Was *he* one of those chosen? Should he ever taste this grace? Or was he to be abandoned by the discriminating Spirit of God to his horrible destiny?

Beneath the agony of heart which this personal application of his creed produced, he struggled long and wretch-

edly. His misery, he told me, was indescribable. His life, for months, was a burden of terror and torture. Every thing lost its relish, in the desperate attempt to gain satisfaction and hope, from what appeared to him the sentence of despair — a sentence which he was sometimes tempted to pronounce inconsistent with every attribute of justice and goodness. But this temptation he was taught to reject as blasphemous, and a foul instigation of the devil. He strove to smother every feeling of this nature, and, in spite of the clear demonstration, which, the more he reflected, the more strongly was forced upon him, he compelled himself to believe that all this might be so, and God still be just. In this tumult of contradictions, in this struggle of his mind to be reconciled to what he felt to be dreadful, and tried in vain to perceive to be right, two years of misery passed away, and health and cheerfulness passed away with them. Reading, reflection, tears, prayers, were all in vain. The counsel of friends was also vain; for his state of mind was a cause of congratulation to them, being, as they supposed, the struggle of the natural man in the throes of the new birth, from which he would come forth regenerate and rejoicing. They rather increased than allayed his perplexity. They rebuked his attempts to reason on the subject, and told him it was vain to hope for satisfaction, except only in that prostrate faith which God would give if he pleased, and when he pleased. They bade him, therefore, wait, and not be guilty of the blasphemy of trying God's ways by the rules of human reason.

He did wait, but to no purpose. He humbled himself, and strove to quell what was called his pride, and to believe the consistency of what appeared to him contradictory, and made it the burden of his prayer, that he might only find peace, and he would willingly sacrifice every other thing.

It was all in vain. No peace came. But, not to prolong the story, the powers of his mind at last triumphed. He found it impossible, after every effort, to attribute to the government of God what he had been taught to attribute to it. He gradually came to the determination that such a system could not be true, and he rejected it, as contradicting almost every high and holy truth which nature and common sense teach of the great Creator.

I could not help being deeply interested in this history. Unhappy man, thought I, thus driven away from the light and comforts of God's word! How different might have been the result, if he had been blessed with early opportunities like mine! He would have found help in his difficulties, as I did; he would have learned that the gospel of God's love is not implicated with any of those dogmas, "*at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded;*" and he might have received it in its native beauty and uncorrupted lustre,

"Majestic in its own simplicity;"

the ornament, support, guide, and joy of his soul, conducting him tranquilly through life, to an everlasting hope. But of all this he had been deprived. He had come to reject the gospel, from never knowing truly its real character. He had thrown away its peace, from having a counterfeit offered in its stead.

But though he had rid himself of this cause of trouble, he was far from tranquillity. His religious propensities were strong, and his education had been such as to associate ideas of the highest importance with the subject. His reverence for God was deep and habitual, his belief in a future state fixed, and his conviction that God had revealed himself to the world was too deep-rooted to be easily removed. There was a great deal, too, sublime, and beautiful, and

delightful in the history, character, and teaching of Jesus, which he could not reconcile with his imposture, any more than he could reconcile the doctrines he had been taught with his truth. Here, then, was another distressing embarrassment. At length, he strove to escape from it by avoiding the subject altogether. He put away his Bible, he neglected public worship, he involved himself in other studies and active pursuits, and tried to forget all he had ever known or thought about revealed religion.

But he could not succeed. It came to his thoughts in spite of him, and never suffered him to be at rest. His mind often misgave him; he became anxious, melancholy, fitful, unsettled; an unbeliever, yet longing to believe; striving to think himself wiser and happier than others, yet secretly hoping he should one day be like them; with a fixed abhorrence of what had been urged on him as the peculiar doctrines of the gospel, yet conscious that human wisdom could have no light, and human weakness no hope, except from the declared mercy of Heaven.

Such was Mr. Garstone when I knew him. And I may truly say, that I never have seen the man more deserving of compassion; nor can I imagine a more sad picture of the deplorable effects of unbelief. I bent my knee in devout gratitude for the felicity I enjoyed in the glorious faith and hope of Christ, and breathed an earnest prayer, that I might be enabled to heal the errors, and comfort the spirit, of this unhappy and mistaken man.

CHAPTER XVI.

My first object was to gain the confidence of Mr. Garstone; for it was, above all, important that he should not be prejudiced against the person who would endeavor to remove his prejudice against the Christian revelation. In this attempt I had reason to think that I did not fail; and, having secured his friendship, I lay in wait for an opportunity to use it.

I was not long in finding one. It was after the death of Mr. Ellerton, his friend and my friend. I spoke of his character, and of the loss we sustained in his removal, with the feelings of a friend, and of his prospect in a better world, with the hope of a Christian. I dwelt, at some length, on the assurance of our immortality, derived from the instructions and resurrection of Christ, and, with all the emphasis I could command, pictured the blessedness of a believer's hope. I could perceive that Mr. Garstone was moved. I had touched a string which vibrated powerfully to every word I uttered.

"These are delightful thoughts," he said, after a pause; "but ——— " He hesitated and stopped.

I took the word from his mouth. "But there is no assurance of this truth, except from the voice of revelation. All is doubt, except from the instructions of Jesus Christ. His resurrection makes all clear."

"Mr. Anderson," said my friend, "my respect for you, and for the opinions of those with whom I live, has always prevented me from obtruding my own sentiments on subjects of this nature. You cannot, however, be ignorant of my mind, and it were better, perhaps, that we should be silent where we cannot agree."

I felt that this was the decisive moment; and, with a violent effort, said the first thing that occurred to me, lest I should be unable to say any thing. "I know," said I, "that you have doubts as to the Christian revelation; but I hope they do not extend to the immortality of the soul. And I see not why we should not converse on the subject. I do long to know on what your doubts are grounded."

"I do believe in the immortality of the soul," he replied; "and for this very reason I cannot believe in the Christian religion. For how can I suppose that immortal beings are formed by their Creator, in a bondage so degrading and so hopeless as that system teaches; from which only a small proportion of them can ever be rescued, and they only by the sufferings and death of the Creator himself in human form? How can I imagine him to be divinely commissioned, who proclaims to me such horrors, and yet calls them glad tidings and a message of peace, though only calculated to harass and torment the soul, as they once did mine? It is true he teaches the doctrine of a future life; but how can I believe that life suspended on so unequal conditions?"

He spoke with a deep and convulsive emphasis, that showed how strongly he felt. I asked him if he saw no evidence in favor of Christ's pretensions.

He answered, that all the evidence in the world would not be sufficient to prove what all nature and reason contradict. "Who has tried to believe more than I?" he continued. "Who has more earnestly longed to believe? and who has been more wretched for want of believing? Yet I might as well have tried to persuade myself that I could walk upon a sunbeam. But it is all past; let us say no more about it. It is a subject on which I have not talked, nor read, for years. I cannot bear it."

But now that the ice was broken, and the first feeling over, I found him ready and disposed to converse, for he saw that he might entirely trust himself with me. I soon drew from him the acknowledgment, that there was much evidence in favor of the Christian system, too strong to be satisfactorily set aside; that the character of Jesus was inconsistent with imposture, "and not less so," he added, "with the doctrines which he taught;" and that a revelation was, in itself, neither an incredible nor an undesirable thing.

"Then it appears," I remarked, "that what decides you against it, is the character of the religion itself?"

"Yes, together with its consequences — the divisions and miseries of its followers."

"How long since you made up your mind in this way?" I inquired.

"More than twenty years," was the answer.

"And during this period you have not pursued the investigation at all?"

No — he had avoided the subject as much as possible — had read no books — held no conversation — not once opened the Bible.

I asked him if he thought it safe to put this confidence in the decision of his youthful judgment, and to retain this obstinate prejudice on so momentous a subject. I reminded him that Christians differ in understanding their religion; and how could he tell that another interpretation of it would not solve all his difficulties?

He said that, in his view, this very circumstance destroyed all its claims to the certainty of a divine origin; for if God should teach men, he would do it clearly, and leave no room to doubt his meaning.

I gave the obvious and satisfactory solution of this diffi-

culty, drawn from the moral nature and probationary state of man, and then went on with the topic I had commenced. I endeavored to show him that the objections he felt to the Christian system were, in fact, objections only to a certain mode of interpreting that system, and that, therefore, he had no right to reject it, unless he had satisfied himself, from faithful inquiry, that this was the only true interpretation. "For myself," said I, "I freely declare that I think it a very erroneous interpretation. I have hardly less dislike to it than you have yourself. I think it an incredible system. But I still receive the instructions of Jesus with the greatest delight and comfort. You have shut yourself out from these, by taking the representations of your Catechism for a true picture of the Bible, and never doing yourself the justice to ascertain whether they were so or not." I went on to expostulate on the unreasonableness of this conduct; I illustrated, at large, my own views of the Christian faith; I explained to him their consistency with the noblest reason and the best affections, with all we delight to think concerning God, and all we ought to do as moral agents; and I entreated him, by all that is dear and sacred, to open his mind once more to inquiry, to read the Scriptures again, and try to welcome Jesus as the way, the truth, and the life.

I was very earnest, and I did not speak in vain. Mr. Garstone once more opened the book which he had thrown by so long, and read it with the sober judgment of mature life; not interpreting it, as before, by the standard of Westminster, but by the light of a careful and sound comparison of itself with itself. Long and zealously he studied. Other matters were neglected, other studies put aside. Light on this great question he longed for, and he sought after it far and near. He did not pause till his mind settled in a firm conviction of the truth; and with devout and happy

faith he could exclaim, *I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.* And he was able afterward to add, *Though I die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.*

From this time he was an altered man. The change cannot be described, but it was evident in every habit of his life, and every feature of his face. His mind was at peace. He was happy. Often has he described to me the relief which he felt, as if a heavy burden were removed from his soul; and, instead of leaving the world a distressed and obstinate unbeliever, he died tranquilly, triumphant in faith, rejoicing in hope.

I have met with other instances not unlike this; and I find it refreshing to my soul, as the shadows of death approach, to reflect, that the faith which supports me I have known to vanquish confirmed infidelity, and bring home to the Savior those who had been wanderers from his peace. So let it support me in that hour!

CHAPTER XVII.

In the spring of the year, it was rumored that the old cottage on the hill, just at the edge of the village, was to be tenanted again. It had been for a long time out of repair, and considered not habitable. They must be extremely pressed by poverty, it was thought, who would be willing to make it their abode. And, as there is always supposed to exist an antecedent presumption against the wretchedly poor, it was a matter of lamentation, in the village circle, that we were to be troubled by vagabonds.

It was with no small surprise, therefore, that I was

requested by an interesting-looking girl, of about fourteen years of age, to come and see her mother, who, she said, had over-fatigued herself, and taken cold in moving into the cottage, and was quite ill. "We came but two days ago," said she; "and we are quite strangers here. But mother said the minister is always the friend of every body, and we can make bold to speak to him; so she sent me, sir, to beg you will please to step and see her."

The modest and respectful manner of the girl, whose tears stood in her eyes as she spoke, touched me; and, taking my hat, I immediately accompanied her to the cottage.

It was little better than a ruin. The roof and the walls let in the weather, the casements were crazy and the glass broken, the floors worn and unsafe, and the only habitable room gloomy and comfortless altogether. "It is but a sad place to which you have come," said I, as we approached it.

"I could hardly bear to come to it," said my guide; "but, then, mother says that peace may be found in a hovel, when it flies from palaces; and contentment is worth more than splendor. We have seen worse things than this, as well as better. She teaches me to make the best of every thing, as she herself does. But now she has got sick in trying to fix up this poor old place. The work was too hard, and the weather too exposing."

It was even so. The appearance of every thing, as we entered the door, bore marks of severe labor expended in the attempt to make the dwelling decent and comfortable. I was astonished that so much could be done in two days by two females. There was an air even of neatness in the apartment to which we were introduced. It was a small room, with but one window, of which half the panes were broken, and their places supplied by various substances,

which shut out the light as well as the wind. The only furniture was a bedstead, three chairs, a trunk, and a table, on which lay several books — evidently long used, but with care. The broken floor had been cleaned, and an old piece of carpeting was spread by the side of the bed on which the sick woman lay. The bedding was coarse, but perfectly clean; and it was impossible not to feel at once surprise, respect, and pity, for one who seemed so capable of adorning a better lot, and yet was condemned to one so wretched. This was my first feeling.

The invalid raised her languid head as I drew nigh, begging me to excuse the trouble she had given me. "But I was sick," she added, "and a stranger in a strange place; and I knew no one on whom to call, but the preacher of the gospel. I need help, and advice, and comfort. I have been cast off from the world, and have been seeking to fly to my God; and I felt that his minister would be ready to help me."

"It is our office," I replied, "in this way humbly to imitate our Master. We must bear one another's burdens; and I am happy that you applied to me at once. First of all, you need a physician, and I will send Dr. Bowdler to you immediately."

In fact, her whole appearance indicated a state of aggravated disease; and after a few more inquiries, which served but to heighten my interest in the mysterious stranger, I took my leave. The physician attended. The disease gained ground. I was every day at the house, and every day increased my wonder and sympathy. Benevolent ladies in the village gave their kind attentions, and much was done to alleviate the united sufferings of want and disease. The patient endured with fortitude and cheerfulness, and seemingly with a spirit of religious acquiescence. At length, the

violence of the disorder gave way, and she became able to converse freely, but was evidently sinking and wasting in a settled decline. In my frequent conversations with her, I learned the circumstances of her past history, and the misfortunes which had brought her to her present situation. These were fully confirmed by testimony from other sources, and I soon felt that she had a claim upon the kindness of all who could serve her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Holden — for such I found the name of our invalid to be — was the daughter of a minister, in a small village near the metropolis. She was unfortunately subjected to the care of a step-mother, who sought to compensate for her want of affection and maternal fidelity, by care to forward her young charge in those external accomplishments which might most attract the notice of spectators, while the more solid and important branches of education were neglected. Gay, inexperienced, untaught, and regarding the world before her but a scene of enjoyment, she relieved herself from a guardian whom she despised, by marrying, in her seventeenth year, a handsome and dashing young man from the capital. Thither she removed with him; but, alas! not to realize her visions of felicity. Beauty and gayety availed her little. Her spirits sank, and her bloom faded under the cares of a growing family, and the unkindness of a brutal husband. Years rolled on, but brought no peace with them. The fireside had no comfort, and the evening return of him, who should have been her best friend, was the signal for

tears instead of smiles. The morning had no cheerfulness in its beams, that roused her only to toil and weariness. And the lonely day of labor and privation was darkened by the anticipation of unkindness and abuse at its close.

Her life was thus wretched without alleviation or hope. Her father died soon after her marriage, and she was left, with neither brother nor sister, to depend only upon a husband, who laughed at the oath by which he had bound himself to her, and sported with her misery who had none to befriend her but himself. Her children — a *mother's* heart cannot be without something like bliss; but this in hers was bitter as the tears that fell in showers upon them, when she watched over them in her deserted home.

At length a new evil came upon her. Her two youngest children sickened, faltered, and died. In the same week, they passed away together, and slept in one grave. Even the father's soul was touched; and, as he wept with her over their pale forms, she enjoyed the first hour of domestic sympathy which she had known for years. But it was only an hour; and she felt herself doomed to drink a cup of tenfold bitterness, now that she had lost two of the only three objects which attached her to the world, or made life sufferable. She did not know, short-sighted woman, that her Father, who had given her the cup to drink, had also sweetened for her its draught.

A mixed feeling of pride, shame, and obstinacy, had made her, for a long time, as it makes many, a stranger to God's house. Her thoughtless childhood and youth had given her no sufficient religious impressions; and when she could not go to meeting for display, she knew no desire to go for worship. The trouble and disappointment of her married state she had attributed solely to her husband's misconduct; and they had therefore never led her heart to God, but had rather

been suffered to exasperate her spirit, and keep her in obstinate alienation from him. But now the cause of her sorrow was changed; she perceived it to be from a superior Power; and her heart was softened. A near minister came to pray at the funeral of her little ones; and while she listened to the voice of his serious and affectionate sympathy, the remembrance of her early days and of her father's prayers came over her, and she wept convulsively. How often is the heart, which had long been sleeping and dead, awakened by the recollections of a pious home! He visited her; he conversed with her; he spoke to her of her Maker; he revived her remembrance of a Savior; he pointed out to her the light, the comfort, the promises, the peace of the blessed gospel. She listened, and was persuaded. She perceived that she had found the friend whom she needed. She felt that no one need be alone or comfortless in God's world. She found occupation for her troubled thoughts, objects for her wandering affections, and was able to forget the irritations and trials of her lot; or, when she could not forget them, to bear them calmly and cheerfully. She had become a Christian; and, weary and heavy-laden as she was, she found rest to her soul.

"You, who have always known the happiness of a religious mind," said she, — "you, who have never had experience of the vacancy of soul, which belongs to those who have neither comfort on earth nor hope in heaven, — cannot readily conceive of the change which now took place in my feelings and my whole existence. I seemed to have come into a new world. Every thing wore a new aspect. I could hardly believe it was myself who was now bearing quietly, what had before been an intolerable burden. I was astonished to find myself smiling and happy — not happy, perhaps, but contented — amidst scenes which had before only irritated

and made me wretched. My husband was still negligent and unkind, my lovely infants were still among the dead, my days were still solitary, and my food scanty and poor. But these had become smaller evils, for my thoughts and affections had something else to rest upon. Religious truth had become interesting to me. The Sabbath led me abroad to worship, and thus gave variety to my life, excitement to my mind, and peace to my heart. The Bible and other good books gave me some new topic of wonderful and delightful contemplation every day. I was engaged, with an eagerness I never had felt before, in teaching and guiding my only surviving child; for I felt a new responsibility in her behalf. I thus became too much occupied to think of my troubles; or, at least, when sometimes they would intrude themselves, I had a refuge from them, and could drive them from my mind. When they were at the worst, I knew where I could find comfort; for God's ear was open to me; and in pouring out my sorrows before his mercy-seat, I at any time could relieve my full heart of its burden. Mr. Anderson," continued the invalid, checking the animation with which she had been speaking, "I freely say this to you, for you can sympathize with me. You will not count me either boasting or enthusiastic; for you know what is the power of religious trust. You feel what I mean, when I say, that the promise was fulfilled to me — *I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me, because he trusteth in me.*"

I did indeed understand her, and rejoiced to witness the efficacy of that *faith, which* OVERCOMES THE WORLD.

CHAPTER XIX.

I go on with the continuation of Mrs. Holden's history. It was appointed to her to endure a long and severe trial of her faith. She had felt, as all are so apt to feel in the first experience of religious purposes, that she was ready for any thing; that nothing could now seem hard to her; that no temptation could be too powerful for her; that any yoke would be easy, and any burden light. She little knew what Providence had in store for her. It pleased God to prove her severely, to try her in the hottest furnace of affliction; and it needed faith and fortitude, like that of the "three children" of old, to pass unharmed and triumphant through the flame.

When affliction does not soften and amend, it hardens and makes worse. Thus it happened to Mr. Holden. The death of his two children had been heavily felt by him, but not as the providence of God. He murmured and complained. His spirit was rebellious. His feelings were exasperated, as if wrong had been done him. He became more irritable and sullen, and hurried with greater devotion than ever to the scenes of irregular pleasure; attempting thus to supply from worldly sources that void which his wife was seeking to fill from the living streams of heavenly truth. But he found them broken cisterns, which could hold no water.

In vain did his wife strive to lead him to those truths which were sustaining her. He obstinately refused to listen, and angrily forbade the very naming of the subject. And although the serenity and evident contentment of her mind might have proved to him that the part she had chosen was indeed good, yet he sullenly endeavored rather

to destroy, than to partake, her peace. He was angry that she should be happy while he was discontented. Her very sweetness and forbearance were new occasions of offence; and the more she submitted to his injustice, and strove by mild patience to pacify and win him, the more did he brutally persevere in wounding her feelings, and increasing her privations. Would that I were recording a strange and solitary case! But alas! many are the meek wives and pious mothers who have thus suffered beneath the unmanly persecution of men who had sworn to be their protection, but who were afterward wedded to pleasure and sin, and who vented their insane revenge even on the humblest means which were used as a refuge from their violence.

Mr. Holden proceeded from step to step, till he had forbidden the visits of the minister, and destroyed every book but the Bible, and that she was obliged carefully to conceal. These were grievous privations, and bitter were the tears which they drew from her. But she redoubled her diligence in the instruction of her daughter, and found her Sabbaths tenfold a delight. Even this, however, was to be denied her. In a fit of drunken brutality, he swore that she should go to church no more; and, to make effectual his threat, he destroyed the few decent garments which she had reverently reserved for the service of the temple. This was a heavy cross; but a heavier yet was awaiting her. He had long threatened to remove from her their daughter, who, he said, should not stay to be spoiled by a moping, spiritless, whining woman. In vain she entreated, and prayed, and resisted. Her misery was his sport, and he tore the child away — whither to be borne, or by whom to be educated, she could not learn.

Her cup seemed now to be full. Every earthly solace was gone, every human hope destroyed. Alone, deserted,

unfriended, nothing seemed left her but misery and despair. "For a long time," said she, "I was stupefied and amazed. These repeated blows appeared to have stunned me, and I sat and walked with vacant and bewildered stupidity. But at last it occurred to me, that God had purposely withdrawn every earthly and visible good, that he might prove me, whether I could be satisfied with heavenly and invisible good alone; whether I could trust him, as I had thought I could, in the darkness as well as in the light." This reflection brought her to herself. She humbled herself, and asked for faith. She stretched her eyes upward, and looked steadfastly on the clouds and darkness of the eternal throne, until she discerned the righteousness and mercy which rest at its foundation. She thus found peace, but it was sad, and trembling, and alarmed. She was like the timorous dove, that, fleeing from the violence of the vulture, takes refuge in the bosom of a man, but for a long time flutters and trembles, unable to quell its agitation, though it knows that its hiding-place is secure.

There is a point beyond which the heart of an abused wife and a desolate mother is unable to bear. It must be relieved, or it must break. To this point the ill fortunes of Mrs. Holden had nearly brought her, when the overruling Power, which had permitted her trial, interposed for her deliverance. Her husband died the miserable death of a drunkard, brutish, delirious, hopeless — without preparation or warning for himself, and with only horror and agony for his wife.

In the language of the world, this removal would be called a relief; and so it was, and so she could not but regard it. But what a relief! Only an exchange of sufferings. For when one has loved some object dearly and devotedly, been united with it for years, watched for it, prayed

for it, suffered for it, — there is nothing which can eradicate the affection from the heart. No unkindness can destroy it, no ingratitude or harshness can cancel it. It may be wounded and blighted; it may seem so crushed and broken as never to revive again. But death awakens it to life. The early love of the young heart returns in all its strength, and sorrow for the friend whom we had once adored is tenfold imbittered by the thought that we must sorrow as those without hope.

When Mrs. Holden saw that life was departed, the feelings of former time rushed to her bosom, and she remembered nothing but that he was the chosen and kind lover of her happiest days. All wrong was forgotten and forgiven, and she indulged freely in that reverie of grief, which feasts on the images of days that are past, and the shadows of pleasures that are long gone by. But from this the reality soon called her. The hope of finding her daughter occupied her whole mind, and the search for her became her only care. For a long time it was vain, and was successful at last only by one of those strange turns of fortune which men call accident, but in which she was willing to recognize the hand of Heaven. "I had once," said she, "regarded the singular coincidences of life as the mere accidental creations of chance; but my suffering and my faith had made me wiser. I had learned to trace them to the kindness of my Father. And when my dear child, so long lost, so long sought in vain, and at length unexpectedly restored, was again folded in my arms, — O, I am sure that any one, who could know how the rapture of that moment was enhanced by a certainty that God had done it, would earnestly seek to increase the happiness of life by an habitual acknowledgment of an overruling Providence. It brightens joy as much as it comforts sorrow."

CHAPTER XX.

The hasty outline which I have given of Mrs. Holden's history is sufficient to explain the character of the woman, whose loneliness and sufferings drew the sympathy of the whole village. A life of disappointment, toil, and privation, had made early inroads on her constitution, which was now slowly sinking, in torture and pain, to a state of final exhaustion. But her spirit bore all cheerfully, and passed, with almost an angel's serenity, the fearful avenue to the grave.

"I cannot be sufficiently grateful," said she one morning, "to the Providence which has cast my lot unexpectedly among so kind friends. I have every thing that I could wish; more than I need; and O, how much more than I deserve! After a stormy and perilous passage, I am not suffered to be wrecked, but am led to this quiet haven. And yet," she added, with a sigh, "there is one thing wanting to my peace — one duty that my soul longs to perform."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"To commemorate my Savior's love," she replied, "in his appointed ordinance."

I told her that I would willingly administer it in her chamber, if she wished; for although not customary, yet, as a means of comfort and faith, it should not be refused.

"Alas!" said she, "I have never made a profession of religion. I do not belong to any church."

I expressed my surprise at this, having taken it for granted, from what I had heard of her story and perceived of her feelings, that she had long been a communicant in the church of Christ.

"It is not my fault," said she; "at least I trust not, for

God knows how earnestly I have desired it. I thought it my duty; I longed for it as my dearest privilege; I thirsted for it as essential to the peace of my soul. But I have been debared — if through my own fault, may God have mercy on me. But I trust not. I tried to remove the obstacle. I would have done it if I could, but I was unable. My conscience does not reproach me."

"What has this obstacle been?" I inquired.

"It has arisen from my religious opinions," said she. "When I received my first permanent impressions of religion, after the death of my dear children, they were owing, under God, to the sympathy and instructions of the worthy minister who visited me. At that time, when all was horror and despair within me, he showed me the character and providence of God, explained his dealings, pointed me to his revelation in Christ, and thus led me to that trust and peace in which I have since rejoiced. But before I could feel myself at liberty to profess my faith, the interference of my cruel husband had cut me off from all religious privileges. After his death, I removed to another place. And there I hoped to testify and strengthen my religious purposes, by a profession before the world and communion with the church. But my desire to do so was rejected."

"Upon what ground was it rejected?" said I.

"I will relate the circumstances at length," said Mrs. Holden. "After residing in the village nearly a year, — for in a situation of poverty and obscurity I could not sooner be sufficiently known to the inhabitants, — I made known to the minister my history, and especially my religious convictions, concerning which he inquired minutely, and appeared to be satisfied. But I found that, in order to admission to the church, I must give my assent to a particular list of doctrines, which were contrary to my convictions. This

was a severe disappointment. 'Is there no dispensation?' I asked. 'Can I be admitted to my Master's table on no other conditions?'

"'On none other, certainly,' replied he. 'It is Christ's church, and I can dispense with nothing which he requires.'

"'And *does* he require all these articles to be believed?' said I. 'Some of them appear contradictory, some unreasonable, and some I do not remember in the Scriptures.'

"Mr. Welston seemed surprised, and endeavored to convince me of my error. But the truths which had consoled and supported me, in which I had rejoiced and hoped, were not the doctrines of a depraved nature, election and reprobation, and the saving of only a few by the suffering in their stead of the second person in the Trinity. I had not so learned Christ, and was unable to assent to his expostulations. He at length told me that I needed to be humbled; that my pride of reason must be rebuked ere I could receive the testimony of God.

"This cut me to the heart. I *had been humbled* — thoroughly, bitterly humbled; and, if I know myself at all, I was willing and glad to cast myself unreservedly on God's word. What else had I? Where else could I go? That word was every thing to me. I had not a desire, or wish, or hope, except what rested there. To be thus suspected of proudly opposing it, — to be accused of trusting to myself, when my whole heart leaned on God, — seemed cruel. I felt it deeply, and wept bitterly.

"Here was a new trial. It seemed as if my faith must be in every possible way exposed, that it might be proved what it could endure. I found myself looked upon with an evil eye, and regarded as an enemy to that religion which was my only friend, and for which I was ready to sacrifice every thing. I was treated as dishonoring my dear Lord, whose

name was a precious balm to my spirit, and rebelling against the authority of God, to whom it was my first desire and study to be submissive. For the first time in my life, I found religious truth made the subject of controversy. I had got where the Christian standard was composed of party materials. I found that devotion, meekness, humility, charity, and good works, love to God, love to man, and an unspotted life, were not thought to constitute a disciple; and that men judged of the Christian, not by the graces that he exhibits, but by the articles of faith he subscribes. My own case, therefore, was hopeless. I had been mainly anxious for the Christian heart and life, and my articles were of a different complexion. Unhappy as I was made by being obliged to defend them, I yet could not renounce them; unhappy as I was, to be denied the privilege of owning and honoring my Lord, yet I had no alternative, for I could not assent to a confession which he had not taught me.

"Under this disappointment I have lived year after year. Wretched, indeed, has it sometimes made me; more wretched now, as the end of life approaches, for my soul longeth, yea, panteth, for the consolation of this communion with Jesus. I trust that it is not an act essential to my salvation; but I feel that it would greatly conduce to my peace. And all that I desire on earth would be complete, if this one further blessing could be allowed me before I go hence."

It was one of the happy moments of my life, when I assured this pious sufferer that her desire should be granted. I had had abundant evidence to satisfy me that she exercised an acceptable faith; and the church did not hesitate to welcome to their communion one who was evidently to be, in so short a period, admitted to the higher communion of the church in heaven.

It was on the bright afternoon of a beautiful Sabbath, that,

accompanied by a few friends, I visited the lowly abode of the dying believer, to administer this token of her faith and instrument of her consolation. Her wasted form was supported by pillows on the low bed. Her wan cheek was flushed slightly with the excitement of expectation, and her eye lighted up with a peculiar and animated lustre. Her trembling daughter stood over her, and the silent company gazed with sympathy and admiration, till the holy service commenced; and then I trust that all hearts were absorbed in the act of devotion. It was a poor hovel, and a passenger might have cast upon it a look of compassion and disgust, at the wretchedness which must inhabit it. But the scene that was transacting within, where faith and patience were serenely waiting the summons of death, and religious friendship was kneeling around the couch as an altar, and presenting supplications in the name of Him who died for man, — this was a scene at which it was a privilege to be present, and which more than changed the cottage to a palace. The whole soul of the dying Christian seemed collected in her countenance. It seized upon and responded to every expression of faith, penitence, gratitude, and hope. And when the service was closed, and she sunk back exhausted, we gazed upon it as it had been the face of an angel. She said with a faint smile, "Now I can depart in peace;" and before the smile had faded from her cheek, death set its seal there forever.

HOW TO SPEND HOLY TIME.

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CHAPTER I.

SATURDAY EVENING.

One can hardly picture to himself a more grateful scene than is presented by the close of Saturday afternoon in the country. Every thing seems to indicate satisfaction at approaching repose. The laborers, as they return to their homes, bearing the implements of toil, and attended by their cattle, carry, in their very movements, signs of pleasure that their toils are ended. The weary oxen, as they step sluggishly along, appear conscious of their weekly respite; and the softening light of the west sympathizes with the feelings of the sentient creation. As one looks upon such a rural scene at the close of a bright summer's day, while the increasing stillness intimates that it begins to draw toward the first day of the week, he may well be reminded of Southey's beautiful description of the "holy night,"

> "When all created things know and adore
> The Power that made them; insects, beasts, and birds,
> The water-dwellers, herbs, and trees, and stones,
> Yea, earth and ocean, and the infinite heaven
> With all its worlds. * * * The prayer
> Flows from the righteous with intenser love,
> A holier calm succeeds, and sweeter dreams
> Visit the slumbers of the penitent." *

* Thalaba, IX.

It was on such an evening, when the sun had just given his parting look to the blooming and weary world, that David Ellington had come home from his work, and was seated, with his little family, at the evening meal. The day had been sultry, and the air was close and oppressive. Jane had therefore taken the table out from the confined apartment into the open air, and spread it under the shadow of the great tree behind the house. There they sat in the cool of the calm twilight, their spirits as even as the hour; and some philosophers might be puzzled to know whether the expression of the scene without had done most to give the temper to their minds, or the state of their minds bestowed its beauty on the scene. David and Jane were no philosophers; but the thought naturally occurred to them, and they gave the question their own solution.

"One would almost fancy," said Jane, "that the very sky and air were full of feeling and thought. How can they have so much expression of the soul, without any soul?"

"He who made them," replied David, "cannot but give an expression to all that he makes; it all bears the mark of his hand; it is therefore adapted to excite feeling in the souls who observe it. The works he has made are suited to the souls he has made."

"And it seems to me that they address the heart just as words do. They mean something, and the eye receives their meaning as the ear does the meaning of words. It seems to me there is no difference, excepting that words are more distinct."

"In that respect, the beauty of such an evening as this is like poetry, which suggests sentiment rather than distinct thought; or perhaps more like music, which brings on a certain state of feeling, and not a definite train of ideas. A piece of music stirs up my feelings or puts me in a rev-

erie, and so does a beautiful prospect or a sweet summer's evening."

"That reminds me of what we read of Wilberforce the other day. Speaking of flowers, he said that they seemed to him like the smile on the Father's countenance. So all the beauty of the sky and the earth is like the smile of God; and a smile shows us the disposition of the person just as certainly as any words he can use. This accounts for the *expression* I spoke of. One cannot sit down in the midst of this loveliness without being conscious that it is a divine presence which makes it lovely."

"As Cowper says," pursued David,

> "'His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
> Makes all still fairer.'

But if one perceive not his presence, a great element of beauty and pleasure is gone."

"The beauty remains, and the divine expression is in it; but the capacity is wanting to perceive it. If we had no eyes, we should know nothing of it; if we had only eyes, without feeling, we should know little of it; and we know most of it at those hours when our hearts are most softened by holy thoughts and devout affections. There is never so much beauty in it as on the Sabbath, or perhaps Saturday evening, when we are enjoying the luxury of a passage from toil to repose."

But it will not do to repeat all that was said, though it might help to show how easily the simple and thoughtful can turn to a spiritual channel the conversation suggested by casual circumstances. If men would speak out more freely what is passing within them, there would be less idle talking.

It was not long before they were interrupted by the arrival of their neighbor, John Smith. John had evidently been

making an effort at improvement since his morning conversation with David; and he occasionally sought an opportunity to renew the talk with him. So he dropped in now, as he said, just to pass away an hour in friendly chat; for he really did not know what to do with himself.

"The fact is," said he, "Saturday evening is the hardest night in the week to get rid of. 'Tis not exactly reputable or proper to be pushing about in the same way as on other evenings, and yet one does not like to be moped up at home. It is neither work day nor Sunday."

"What is it then?" said David.

"Why, it's something between the two."

"That's the beauty of it to me," said David, "and the very reason why I like it. It is particularly delightful to have a little season of transition between the common affairs of the world and the sacred duties of the Sabbath. I should not like to rush suddenly and without preparation from the one to the other; and this quiet evening is an excellent time for preparation."

"But for my part," answered Smith, "I do not see that any particular preparation is necessary; and I have heard you say a hundred times, that a good man will live so as to have every day a Sabbath as well as Sunday, and be ready, at one time as well as another, to join immediately in prayer."

"Not a hundred times, John; perhaps two or three."

"Well, not exactly a hundred, to be sure," said Smith, smiling at David's precise way of correcting his extravagance in speech; "not exactly a hundred times; but I am sure I have heard you say so, and I have heard it from the pulpit."

"Very true; and I will not take it back. A man should make every hour holy, and be every minute prepared for

worship or for death. But very few men have ever reached such a perfection; and, therefore, we have no right to act as if we had, and put aside special occasions of preparation. We need them so much the more now, because we hope, by and by, to need them less."

"But don't you suppose that one would get on faster if he were to begin with making all days alike?"

"No, not at all; and for this reason; — if he were to begin so, he would make Sunday like a week day, and not the week days like Sunday; he could not avoid this. And just so it has happened with all that I ever knew attempt to act on this principle. It was perfectly impossible for them to live every day a life of sober, devout, contemplative deportment, such as belongs to the Sabbath and to Heaven: they were not advanced enough in holiness for that; and, therefore, all they could effect toward making all days alike was to make Sunday a common day. By this means they did make all alike, but they deprived themselves of a great aid to religious improvement, and their characters perceptibly lost ground. Instead of getting six more Sabbaths in the week, as they pretended to do, they lost the one they had."

"Then I don't see but that you would give up the six days to the world, and confine religion to the seventh."

"I did not say that, did I? And you don't suppose I meant it, do you?"

"Why, perhaps not; but I don't see why it does not follow. For you allow men to be less religious on other days than on Sunday."

"No, that is not what I mean. A man is never allowed to be any thing else than a religious man; he may not be irreligious any day. But, then, when he is in the midst of business, and so forth, in common life, he is likely to have

his thoughts diverted, and his feelings ruffled, and to be put off his guard, and be tempted in a hundred different ways. He must be very strong and confirmed in a holy life to be able to get through it all without offence. And how is he to become strong enough? By the help of the Sabbath; by resting, thinking, reading, worshiping, on that one day, away from the world and in communion with God. He will then go back to the world stronger and stronger every week, and thus make every week more and more like a perpetual Sabbath. Just suppose, if you please, that a man were once a week taken away from the earth and transported into heaven; that there he joined in the pleasures and conversation of its pure inhabitants, and learned to make an exact comparison between their condition and that of men upon earth. How would he feel on returning to the world? Would he not look on it with different eyes? Would he not go about its business with his thoughts full of that better world, and would he not be anxious to live so as to become worthy of possessing it hereafter? Why, John, if you were to spend every Sunday actually among the blessed spirits of heaven, you would be haunted by the thought of it all the week long, and, after a while, you would find no happiness in a day which was not spent in as devout a frame as any Sabbath. Don't you think so?"

"To be sure," said Smith; "it could not be otherwise; that is clear enough. And I do not think I should be sorry if it happened to me."

"For I suppose you are not satisfied with your present state," said David, in a tone of half question.

"How can I be?" John asked; "and yet I do not see how I can help it. What can a poor ignorant man like me do?"

"That brings us to the very point," said David. "If

you could spend one day a week in the real heaven, you think you should have no difficulty; and I think so too. But as that is impossible, you must do the next best thing,— which is, to use the Sabbath for the same end. It seems to me that this is precisely the design of it, and that it may have precisely this effect. It is intended to be a miniature heaven, a specimen of what shall be, an occasion for showing the contrast between a worldly and a divine life; and if you will so occupy the day as to get yourself fully into its spirit, and to taste the enjoyment of a serene and worshiping frame of mind, you will find yourself affected by it on Monday and Tuesday; all life will take a complexion from it; and the renewing of this state of soul every Sabbath for months and years, will, by and by, make it the settled state of your soul. So that at last you will live just as if you had really gone up to heaven once a week, and seen with your own eyes its glories."

"But you do not suppose that heaven is a mere place of rest and pious meditation, do you? It seems to me it must be something more; there must be something *doing* there."

"Yes, undoubtedly; but, then, whatever is done must be in accordance with a certain state of mind and heart. That state is essential to the happiness of heaven; neither the work of heaven can be done without it, nor its pleasure enjoyed. So that the important thing is, to get the soul into that state. When this is accomplished, the satisfaction and the activity will follow. And this, I think, is the excellence of the Sabbath. Six days we are to labor and do our work; we ought to do it in a religious spirit; and that we may be able so to do it, the seventh is made a holy day, which may send us back to our work refreshed and thoughtful."

"Just as Watts expresses it in one of his hymns," said

Jane, "when he says that public worship is *like a little heaven below;* and then he adds, —

> 'Nor all my pleasures, nor my play,
> Shall tempt me to *forget* this day.'"

"But for my part, unhappily," said Smith, "I do not find Sunday so much like heaven; and I forget it almost as soon as it is over."

"How happens that?"

Smith said he could not account for it; he supposed it was so with most people; he could not find that Sunday had much influence on men during the week. This led to a good deal of discussion on the value and operation of Christian institutions, and the cause of their apparent inefficacy. A great many reasons were assigned, some very obvious, some very frivolous; but all, taken together, showed a quantity of obstructions, on the part of society and of individuals, which made Jane say, at last, that it was almost wonderful Christianity had any effect at all; for it seemed to be the business of men to counteract it as much as possible. "If they were to set themselves, on purpose, to destroy its impression," she said, "they could hardly invent surer means of doing it, than by the habits they at present indulge."

"There is a sad mistake in all this thing," said David; "and for aught I see, it is growing worse every day. Even those from whom you would least expect it, fall into the current, and help to promote the evil. It is only last week that Mr. Hertson, on returning from the city, was telling me of what took place there lately. A great party was given on Saturday evening, where were dancing and other amusements till after midnight. The street was crowded with carriages, and the noise and confusion interrupted the repose of the whole neighborhood. And who do you suppose were guilty of this indecency? Who were they that committed

this outrage on the feelings of the sober people of the city, and the established manners of the place? Why, you would suppose, of course, it could only be the merely frivolous and worldly, who hold in scorn all serious things. And so I said to Mr. Hertson. But no: he said there were present many persons of respectable standing; church-going people, who counted themselves good Christians; communicants, who professed to love the institutions of religion, and to be desirous of their good influences. There they were, desecrating the holy season by untimely revelry, disturbing the quiet of their more devout neighbors, and bringing a scandal on the cause of religion."

"But I dare say it was done thoughtlessly," said Smith; "I do not suppose they *meant* to do all this harm."

"Thoughtlessly!" cried David. "What right could they have to be thoughtless in so grave a matter? That is itself a sin in a case like this. To go to work deliberately, by a preparation of several days, to spend a whole night in unfitting themselves for public worship, and then to plead that they did not think of doing harm, is a ridiculous aggravation of the offence. It proves that they had no proper sense of the meaning and worth of the Sabbath, either to themselves or others. If they had, they would have cut off their right hands, before they would have done what was so certain to unfit them for the right use of the next day. I should like to know how many of them staid away from church in consequence; how many slept at church; how many were thinking all church time of the pleasant or unpleasant occurrences of the evening, instead of worshiping God. I should like to know what was the state of the house in which the indecorum was perpetrated; and who was responsible for the waste of time, and the ill example to the domestics and dependants. Mr. Hertson says that he was told

such things are not common; but it is clear that whoever introduces or countenances them ought to be regarded as an enemy to the community in which he dwells, and an abettor of irreligion and sin."

"But we do not have such doings out here in the country."

"No, thank God; but if other bad fashions of town get into the country at last, this will too. And, indeed, I fear that we have not much to boast of. We do not throw away our holy opportunities in the same manner, but we are far from using them as we should. Even you, John, who are one of the quiet people, began with complaining that Saturday evening is a heavy time; and now you add, that Sunday is not very profitable to you. And why? The only reason must be, that you misuse it. You do not make it a business to prepare for it as it approaches, and to make the most of it as it passes."

John admitted that this was the case, and added, that he should be very glad to be guided to the best methods. The conversation did not soon come to a close; but what its purport was, and what were its results, cannot now be related.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY NOON.

A REFLECTING Christian often wonders at the apparently trifling efficacy of religious institutions; he perplexes himself to comprehend how it is that such multitudes hear preaching, and yet so few profit by it. A yet greater won-

der is it, at times, that he himself should be so little the better for his attendance on services of whose value he thinks himself deeply sensible. The minister occasionally tries to explain the matter in a sermon; but his explanation is only partially satisfactory: what seem to him the chief causes do not appear such to men in more exposed walks of life, and the speculations of different active men on the subject differ as much as their various personal experience. Some ascribe it to the weakness of the preachers, and some to the inattention of the hearers; some to internal, and some to external causes; and many, in striving to satisfy their minds on the point, forget to keep a watch over the only causes which are of any moment to themselves.

It is not strange, therefore, that, when Mr. Hertson had preached a sermon from the text, "The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in those who heard," there was a good deal of speculation among his hearers as to the justness of his views. Some thought that he refined too much, some that he was not sufficiently discriminating, some that he made too much of faith, some that he was not sufficiently practical, and some that he did not make allowance for the hinderances which the world throws in the way of piety. So they began at the church door, and, as the several parties separated on their way home, they carried on the discussion. If it be one aim of a preacher to make people think, he certainly had hit the mark that once at least.

As no one in the parish lived farther from church than David Ellington, it happened that those who walked the same road with him kept up the discourse during the whole distance; and he had an opportunity to hear opinions on all the different points that were started. When this had

been done, and neighbor after neighbor had dropped away, each at his own threshold, Jane turned to her husband, and said, "So, if we may trust what we have been hearing on all sides, preaching does no good, and yet nobody is to blame for it."

"Except the minister," replied David.

"Nay," said his wife, "even Dr. Pillerton, who spoke most harshly, acknowledged that, after all, the preacher does enough to be the making of any man who would take heed to his words. So that, for aught I see, the minister also is free from blame, like every body else; and we have only to wonder how this dreadful waste of religious influences is to be accounted for."

"And yet, meantime, nothing is more easily accounted for, if you will take it up in single cases, and examine them one by one. Men are puzzled, because they want to see through all Christendom at once; but they will find there is no puzzle at all, if they will just sit down and each decide his own case. Describe to me any man's life, and I will tell you at once why it is that preaching does him no good."

While he was saying this, neighbor Smith, who had been walking ahead of our carpenter and his family, and, now that none else was in their company, desired to join himself to them, had turned back and caught the last sentence. He too had evidently been musing on the topic of the day, and gave vent to his feelings by exclaiming bitterly, "I don't believe that it does any body any good."

"Why, Mr. Smith," exclaimed Jane, "you speak as if you had received a personal affront."

"Then I am sure I ask pardon," said John. "I spoke quick, to be sure, because I had been trying to make it out straight all the way, and I can't do it. I don't see why

preaching should not do good, and yet I'm sure it never did any good to me, and I do not see that it does much good any where. Now, take this very town, and go over it from one end to the other, and count the people on your fingers, and consider — "

David interrupted him. "That's the very reason you get so puzzled; you undertake too much; you would explain the case of a thousand people at once, when, perhaps, you are hardly able to explain one. Let us take one at a time. Let us begin with John Smith; and when we understand his case, we will go to his next neighbor, David Ellington, and sift him; and so on, from door to door."

"Well," said John, "it's chiefly my own case that I care about, and that makes me feel so bad. I don't know that all the sermons I ever heard have done me the least good in the world."

"Very well; now the question is, Why? Is it because the sermons were poor and unable to do good?"

"I cannot say that of all of them. Some poor preaching I have heard, and I have heard some very fine preaching that was worse than the poor; but, on the whole, there has been more that was good. And that, in fact, makes the difficulty. Sermons are very excellent, for the most part, — very; and yet they don't make me any better."

"Then we must seek another cause. I had a neighbor once, who possessed a comfortable house, and a capital lot of ground to till, orchard, mowing-ground, cattle, and a wife who was an admirable dairy-woman. There was not a man in town with a better opportunity to lead a thrifty, forehanded, prosperous life. What was the reason that he did not? People wondered, when they looked at his fine farm, why in the world it was that the poor man was always be-

hindhand and going down hill. What was the reason? It could not be the farm — what was it?"

John did not answer, for he more than suspected that his friend was beginning to make a parable out of his own history.

"No," continued David, "it was not the farm that was in fault, but the farmer. He did not use his opportunities; he neglected his land; he lounged about, doing nothing, and talked, and smoked, and drank; and as he grew poorer every year, he kept wondering how it could be that so fine a farm would not support him in plenty and ease."

"He found out at last," whispered John.

"Yes, he found out at last; and then what did he do? He just attended to his business; gave up idle and dissipated habits, and minded his farm; and then he had no difficulty in winning from it a handsome support. Now, you are doing with preaching just as you used to do with your farm — neglecting it; and how in the world can you expect it to do you good? How can you be so foolish as to be surprised that you have no grain to reap, and no abundance on your board, when you have not sowed the seed, nor tended the crop?"

"But that is not quite fair," replied John. "I do not neglect preaching; there is not a man in the village more constant at meeting than I am."

"Just as you used to live on your farm, — always at home, never away from the homestead; but that availed nothing, while you were an idler. And so in this case. Of what use to be at church, if you do nothing more? Sitting there, and taking into your ears the voice of the preacher, is no better than sitting by your back-door, and musing on the beauty and fertility of your lands. Nothing can grow up in either case, if this is all you do."

"But that is not all I do."

"Perhaps not quite. You used to go out to work sometimes, and plough and hoe a little, just enough to keep off actual starvation; and about as much as this you do in religion. But suppose you were to make a business of it, as you did of your farm when you took the right turn; suppose you were now to make the most of these religious means, as resolutely as you did of your goodly lands; do you think you should find reason to complain any longer that you get no good from them?"

They walked on for some moments in silence. John was evidently getting a little new light on the dark subject, which inclined him more to muse than to speak. But he presently felt the silence to be growing awkward, and he therefore broke it, somewhat at a venture, by saying, that, after all, he did not perceive that he was so very negligent; he could not see but that he did as much as other men.

"*As other men!*" cried David. "There is the rock on which so many are lost; they compare themselves to 'other men.' But you have already said, that *they* are not profited by preaching; how, then, can their case be any guide to you? It only shows how they are lost, not how you may be saved. Look to yourself for the present. One at a time, as I said before. Let us settle the case of John Smith, before we undertake any other. And now, to begin at the beginning, let us just remember what preaching is for. Is it to be listened to, or to be practised upon?"

"To be practised upon, certainly."

"Very well. Which do you do? You listen, but do not practise."

"Why, there, now," said Smith, "that is the very thing I am lamenting, — that I do listen, and yet my practice is not affected."

"To be sure," said David; "you expect the practice to come of itself; you take pains to go and hear, which is the least part of the business, and take no pains to return and act accordingly, which is the essential thing. You think *this* is to come of itself; just as you used to fancy that looking at your fine farm, and talking and boasting about it, would do as well as working upon it. You recollect what we were saying, the other Saturday evening, about the improvement of that season? Well, you acknowledged that it never occurred to you to use it as a preparation for public worship. The same of Sunday morning. Without any preparation, then, you go to church and hear the sermon. How? That you may really learn something? that you may receive some wholesome advice? that you may be raised to a better way of living? No. You merely *hear*. You just sit and listen; — in at one ear and out at the other, as the saying is. Do you think about it afterward, muse on its truths, try to recall and re-impress its doctrine, and turn its advice into real practical rules? I suppose you never pretended to do this. You have not dreamt of any thing more than just to hear the sermon. So it is with thousands; therefore no wonder that they are none the better. It would be a wonder indeed if they were. Why, the plain fact is, neighbor Smith, that you and they are doing all you can to *prevent* preaching from doing you any good. If the devil had hired you to help him defeat the ordinances of God, you could not have contrived a more effectual means. To enter on them without preparation, to attend them without any purpose or effort of self-application, to think no more of them afterward, and to spend the rest of the day in visiting, talking, eating, riding, or thinking, just as on any other day; — all this seems as if expressly designed — a careful plot — to destroy the impressions of God's house, and to

prevent the two hours of worship from interrupting the dominion of earth in the soul."

"That's rather a long sermon, husband," said Jane.

"And a pretty close one, too," added Smith, soberly. "But it is all true, every word of it. Yet I do not see how I can help it. What can I do? What shall I do?"

"I can tell you what rules helped *me*," replied David, "and I dare say that by observing them you will find yourself essentially benefited. Will you try?"

"Let me hear them, and I will tell you."

"They are three. First, listen to the preacher *religiously;* that is, in a devout frame of mind, as if you had just said your prayers, and were holding out your hand to receive the blessing you had asked. Secondly, apply it to yourself all along; say *Amen* to every truth, and say *Yes, I will*, to every good advice. This will excite a strong interest in the matter. Thirdly, think it over *afterward.* Don't go at once about other things, and forget it all, but retire by yourself, and recall what you heard and felt; consider what you ought to do in consequence; and lay out a distinct plan of doing accordingly during the week. Then, make it a regular part of every day's business to think over and act upon that particular lesson, and so mix it up with all your prayers and all your work. Follow these rules, and you never will say again that preaching does no good."

"I believe so," said Smith; "and I will try them. But I am afraid I never shall have resolution enough to succeed."

"Do it in faith, nothing doubting; or, if you doubt yourself, do not doubt God, but pray for his blessing till you receive it."

They had for some time reached David's house, and were

pausing at the gate to finish their discourse. As they now turned away to separate, Smith stopped, and cried out, "One word more, neighbor; pray tell me if you observe these rules yourself."

David hesitated a moment, and then, with an expression of countenance that was half sadness and half a smile, he said, "The question is a very fair one, though I do not see that the answer can affect the goodness of the rules."

"But then I shall have the more courage to undertake them, if I find that they are real things, and not mere words."

"Very well; I told you that they had helped me; and they have unspeakably; but I do not live up to them fully, — I do not fully live up to any of my good purposes. But this I can tell you, solemnly, — that it is only by living by them that I ever gained any thing, and I have always found myself a loser just in proportion as I have slighted them."

THE

POETRY OF MATHEMATICS:

A LECTURE,

PREPARED FOR THE BOSTON LYCEUM.

THE

POETRY OF MATHEMATICS.

To MANY minds, no two ideas could be presented having less affinity than those of Poetry and Mathematics. Yet it is certain that they have many mutual, necessary, indissoluble relations. In the universe which we inhabit, we see every where two elements, *Order* and *Beauty;* — Order securing utility, Beauty providing pleasure. Every thing is made for a use, and therefore subject to a rigid law of order. All things are arranged for happiness, and therefore are enveloped in beauty. Turn whithersoever we may, Order and Beauty are the joint presiding geniuses of the scene.

Hence, in the use to which man, the observer, puts the world he lives in, there arise two processes of thought, according as he investigates the laws of this order, or contemplates, enjoys, and expresses this beauty. The first issues in *science* — chiefly in the mathematics, the monarch of the sciences; the second gives birth to *poetry*. In studying the order of the universe, man is a mathematician; in studying the beauty of the universe, he is a poet. And hence, as order and beauty are every where coëxistent and inseparable, as each is to be found every where, in connection with every thing, therefore poetry and mathematics must every where and in all things coëxist, side by side, in some sort of partnership.

Upon this hint I propose to speak. The subject is not merely curious; it has its uses. It opens an opportunity for considering many subtile operations of the material universe, and some sublime discoveries of the human mind, under an aspect in which they rarely present themselves, and which yet displays them to such advantage, and imparts to them such a charm, that they, henceforth, become a more valuable property to the mind; ceasing to be dry, isolated facts, and obtaining a living connection with the most vital portions of our knowledge.

I begin with observing, that *there is a great value in the habit of looking on all things with a poetic eye, for the purpose of discerning and appreciating their beautiful phases.* It is a habit helpful alike to virtue and to happiness; for it discloses beauty, grace, and a beneficent aspect in all things. It does with the most uninteresting and forbidding, what spring does for the wintry landscape — clothes them with a robe of beauty — as that with leaves and flowers. It is, in fact, the spring-time attitude of the mind — the spring-like temper of the soul.

We sometimes look abroad on creation and society, and behold dulness, rudeness, and desolation. All is harsh and ungrateful, sullen and cold. We go from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, "All is barren." We have opened only the corporeal eye, and scanned the length and breadth, the angles, the lines, and the colors. *It is winter.* But we call up the poetical element within us; we summon our perception of beauty, our sense of proportion and harmony, our associations of heroism, love, fortitude, and taste — and all is transformed. The bare rocks speak of sentiment; the hideous cavern is sublime; there glows a complexion of life on all things. *It is spring.* The genial gales from within us have put the beautiful garments of tenderness and grace upon the whole dull scenery before us.

So was it when Washington Irving, in his visit to Walter Scott, spoke to him of the barrenness and unattractiveness of the Scottish hills. The great poet soon convinced our countryman that an enthusiastic eye may find them invested with numberless attractions.

Men sometimes express themselves as if they supposed that none but a gifted few possess the power of which we speak. But it is not so. It is the property of our common nature. Who is there that does not gaze with delight even upon a homely face, if it be that of a mother, or a child, or a beloved friend? Who does not perceive a fascination in a cheerless landscape, if it be the environs of his birthplace, or the scene which lay around him in his youth? Does not the snow-encompassed Greenlander cling to his forlorn home, with as much ardor and constancy of delight, as the proprietor of the most luxuriant vineyard of the south? And are not the Swiss mountaineers, inhabitants of a rude territory, in the midst of sterility, danger, and frost, renowned through the world for the strength and tenderness of their local attachments? All these see, and feel, in the forms of outward nature, something much more than their forms. They read in them a meaning; they invest them with sentiment. They look upon them through the imagination and the heart. *They contemplate them in their poetical aspect.* And he who cultivates the habit of doing this will find that such a meaning, and such power over the feelings, reside not only in the spots that he has long known and loved, and the objects that have been associated with his own happy or afflictive fortune, but in every thing. To him all trees, and hills, and rivers, flowers, and stars, have significance; all quicken thought, move the feelings, suggest something more than themselves.

Here and there, indeed, a man is to be found who sees

only the hill, the river, or the tree; who has not a thought of any thing but of themselves, precisely and plainly as they are; is conscious of no beauty, no pleasurable emotion.

> "The primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

A star is a point of light; a ship is so much floating timber and canvass; and Paganini's music is but the drawing of horse-hair over catgut. But this listless and prosaic way of looking about one is as contrary to nature, as it is hostile to intellectual improvement and refined enjoyment. Man is made to be affected by what is beautiful and grand; and the more we study, and observe, and cultivate our powers and feelings, with a view to finding this sort of gratification, and enjoying this pure and ennobling excitement from all things, the more we increase the faculty of perceiving beauty and grandeur, and multiply our sources of thought and satisfaction. For, undoubtedly, every object which exists has some property on account of which it is interesting to a thoughtful mind. He who is always accustomed to look for that property, and has thus sharpened the instinct by which it is detected, will not fail to find it. Such a person will find nothing tedious — can be interested in every thing. While his fellow-passengers are groaning in impatient weariness of the monotony of the voyage, he leans over the vessel's side, or walks on her deck, calmly gazing on the sea and the sky, watching the beautiful and majestic motions and changes of the waters and the clouds, with perpetual delight. He reads poetry wherever he goes, as David read religion in the heavens, when he sang, "There is no speech, no language; their voice is not heard: yet is their sound gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Nature may be mute to the outward ear; the

various objects which people her beautiful domains may stand or move in unbroken silence; but

> "In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice."

I say no more in explanation of this preliminary point. I wish to show that the applicability of it does not cease when we enter the formidable precincts of the exact sciences; but that the Great Creator has so implicated together law and enjoyment, has so wedded order and beauty, that even the severest processes of mathematics are not divested of all poetical charms, while their results are connected with the highest and most admirable poetry.

The illustrations of this subject I arrange under three classes, viz.

I. Those drawn from the Doctrines of Mathematics.
II. Those drawn from its Operations and Results.
III. Those drawn from its History.

I. As to the *Doctrines of the Mathematics*, there is obviously some difficulty in pointing out their poetical character. In order to realize and perceive it, one must both be familiar with them, and must hold a liberal mind in respect to what *is* a poetical characteristic.

The question, What is a poetical characteristic? though a necessary preliminary, it is not possible here to discuss. It is sufficient to say that that object which, in itself, or in its essential relations, excites the emotions which pertain to the sublime or the beautiful, — causes a glow both of the imagination and the feelings, — may lawfully be regarded as possessed of a poetical characteristic. Whatever it may be, — whether a scene in nature, or a trait of humanity, or an abstract truth, — if its presentation to the mind excites the imagination and the feelings with that glow of pleasure or

interest which springs from the beautiful and the sublime in any of their forms, it is so far poetical. Agreeably to what a distinguished writer has said, "All objects and passions which lift our thoughts from the dust, and stir the soul strongly, — almost every thing which has in it a strong principle of impulse or elevation, — has a claim to be considered poetical." *

What I have to say, therefore, is, that many of the doctrines of the mathematics precisely answer this description. They excite and elevate the mind which contemplates them. They call out, with strong impulse, the imagination, and stir the feelings with emotions of the sublime and the beautiful. This is true even of much that may be found in the severest abstractions of the science. The most abstruse demonstrations are sometimes felt, by reason of their order, precision, and neatness, to have exquisite beauty. These, however, being unsuited to satisfy expectation in a public discourse, cannot be largely dwelt upon on the present occasion; but our illustrations must be drawn principally from the "*mixed mathematics*." "*Pure mathematics*" comprise arithmetic, algebra, geometry, fluxions, etc. Mixed mathematics is the application of these to natural philosophy, comprising astronomy, optics, mechanics, etc.

Yet I do not despair of showing, intelligibly, that even in the pure mathematics there are doctrines whose sublimity brings them within the province of poetry. For instance, there is the doctrine of the *asymptotes*, which teaches that a right line may approach forever to a certain curve, and yet, though infinitely extended, will not touch it; and, although thus forever approaching it, never comes nearer by any appreciable quantity. What an idea for the imagination to

* Edinburgh Review, xiii. 45.

dwell upon is this! Lines forever approaching towards each other, yet never able to meet!

And so with the whole doctrine of infinite natures and quantities. Fontenelle has a work called the "Germ of the Infinite." There is poetry in the very title. In this book we find demonstrated such principles as these: If upon an infinite plane be drawn two infinite and parallel lines at a given distance, the area intercepted between them will likewise be infinite; but yet it will be infinitely less than the whole plane, and even infinitely less than the angular or sectoral space intercepted between two infinite lines that are inclined, though at never so small an angle. Because, in the one case, the given finite distance of the parallel lines diminishes the infinity in one of the dimensions; whereas, in the sector there is infinity in both dimensions. And thus there are two species of infinity in surfaces — the one infinitely greater than the other.* Is there any poetry which more severely taxes the imagination than demonstrated propositions like this?

Poetry is said to dwell in the region of the imagination. Milton, and Dante, and Shakspeare, are so great because of the extraordinary power and efforts of their imagination. But no men have made so severe requisitions of this faculty as the mathematicians. They astonish us with their imaginary quantities, just as the poets with their imaginary beings. Many of their most interesting processes are connected with these imaginary quantities, and their grandest discoveries accomplished by their aid. They take the letter x, or n, which means they know not what, (it may be less than a thousandth part of one, or it may be several millions,) and pursuing this shapeless image through the dark, wind-

* Hutton, i. 635.

ing passages of an intricate investigation, leading they know not whither, they, by and by, come out into the broad daylight of clear and certain knowledge. Nay, remarkable enough, as I am told, this unmeaning formula is oftentimes not only an unknown, but an *impossible* quantity, and yet by means of it they arrive at important results.

The doctrine of fluxions presents an illustration of what we are saying, in a somewhat different point of view. This powerful instrument, by which such great intellectual enterprises have been achieved, — a branch of science most subtile and abstruse, — embraces in its very idea the very soul of poetry, and uses in its nomenclature the most beautiful forms of metaphor; its common expressions being borrowed from the vocabulary of the fancy. The fundamental idea of fluxions is derived from that of *growth*, or increase. It looks on all things not according to the vulgar, prosaic idea, as made up of accumulated particles and atoms, but as formed by *motion*. It says that a point *flows* on and becomes a line; that a line flows on and becomes a surface; a surface flows on and becomes a solid — thus investing the most difficult and profound calculations with a drapery of poetical imagery, and proceeding to solve some of the hardest mysteries of calculation by an effort of fancy, which, in Milton, would have been called sublime. And thus the remark of Madame de Stael holds good, that "Imagination, far from being an enemy to Truth, brings it forward more than any other faculty of the mind."

It is fair to say, then, that in their doctrines concerning infinity, concerning imaginary quantities, and flowing quantities, the mathematicians have something of the poets.

II. Let us look next at some of the *Operations and Results of Mathematics*.

Perhaps none can be found better to answer our purpose than *conic sections;* pertaining, as this operation does, primarily, to the order of pure mathematics, and dealing in the driest and most intricate investigations, and thence passing on to a series of applications which copiously minister to the sentiments of the beautiful and the sublime. Here, then, is a *cone* — a regular figure, but to the common eye exhibiting no very remarkable properties — a form which the uninitiated might look at and pass by — suggesting nothing of very special beauty or grandeur. But the mathematician sees in it the secret of the universe. To him it is emblematic of the sublimest discoveries of science, and brilliant with the records of mind's most wonderful achievements.

Cast a glance on his operations with it. First, he cleaves the cone from its apex to its base, and remarks that the outlines of that section describe a triangle. He divides it horizontally, (as one says society is divided in the Old World,) and discovers a circle. He cuts it obliquely, and finds in that section an ellipse. He cuts it again, in a line parallel to the side, and presents to view a parabola. He cuts it still once more, making a greater angle with the base than the side of the cone makes, and thus obtains the hyperbola. Having by these five sections obtained five figures, (the five conic sections,) he is curious to know their properties, and relations, and uses. He, accordingly, applies to them the scrutinizing power of his geometry; measures their curves, their angles, their dimensions, their axes, their conjugates, their ordinates, abscisses, parameters, and asymptotes; and, while the busy world, peeping into his study, smiles contemptuously on the man who can find entertainment in poring for day and night over these strange diagrams, hunting after their abstract relations, and calculating

what would be the consequence of this line being crossed by that, and that being infinitely extended, and of that being drawn through the centre parallel to the tangent of the curve at the vertex of the diameter, — *his* mind has found its way to the outer extreme of the universe; he is marking the track of the comet; he is binding the planets to their circuits; he is measuring and limiting the spheres. The meditative man, or the poet, sits quietly down on the moonlit bank, exalting his mind with contemplating the sublime revolutions of the worlds and systems on high. He is but brooding over the consequences which followed from that abstruse inquiry into the properties of a divided cone.

The most important of the figures thence derived is the ellipse; this being the figure of the orbits in which both the planets and the comets revolve, and our accurate knowledge of these revolutions being dependent on our knowledge of the properties and laws of the ellipse. But to discover them is the work of the severest geometry, and to apply them, a toil of the most abstruse analytical investigation, connected with industrious, delicate, and long-continued observation. Milton and Pindar never ascended a higher heaven of invention than Kepler and Newton, when *inventing*, as it may fairly be called, the *science of the ellipse*.

Look at a single illustration of this point in *one* of the results to which it has led, viz., its unfolding to us the truth respecting the motions of the planetary system; so that, as we now look up to the stars in a clear evening, we are sure that we see them aright, and not with the ignorant or mistaken admiration of former ages. Lifting our gaze upward, we stand rapt in awful musing, as we survey the brilliant lights above us, in connection with our knowledge concerning their distances and their motions. The stars were always attractive — always "the poetry of heaven." But

those peculiar associations which impart such thrilling sublimity to modern contemplation come not down from the stars themselves; they are drawn out from the garret of the mathematician, and the hard problems of conic sections and the calculus. Thus, to specify a single instance, having no time for more, — *the calculation of the orbit of a comet*, so as to determine its history, motions, time of return, &c., is one of the most laborious and perplexed of the operations of pure science — its result one of the most magnificent images of poetry. Consider it one moment. That mysterious creature shooting away into immensity for hundreds of years, gradually diminishing its rapidity as it departs, till, by and by, slowly and majestically it turns round, and begins its return to the sun — gradually increasing its speed, till, when it comes within our sight again, it seems to be growing mad with impatience, and precipitates itself to the central orb as if to fall into its blaze; then, like an ancient charioteer, whirling close around the goal, it wheels about with desperate fury, within the very flame, as it were, of the sun's disc, and then, quicker than thought, speeds away again to its long, far exile of centuries and darkness. When one fairly brings this image to his mind, we may quote for him Campbell's line from the Battle of the Baltic.

"The stoutest holds his breath for a time."

And how did we know any thing about this majestic image. How did we learn, what we cannot see, — this speed, this fury, this approaching and receding, these strange extremes and almost immeasurable times? We learned them from the closet of the mathematician. And more yet. Recollect that it is visible to human eye only for a short period, during the most rapid epoch of its course, as it passes through our system on its visit to the sun. Yet then, this pigmy of a man, on this little ball, which is spinning under him like a

top, looks at it through a bit of glass three successive evenings, and then, covering a few sheets of paper with his crooked figures, draws out exactly its course, and the size and figure of its orbit, and tells when it will appear again — in three years or three thousand. An epic poem for Achilles! All the Iliad does not describe a more poetical situation.

Again: from the same source is derived what is most wonderful and beautiful in the theory of eclipses — those startling appearances — when the sun is darkened at noonday, and the moon extinguished in her full brightness, — which have always been esteemed among the phenomena of nature the most highly poetical, and have always had their place in the songs of the bards. The associations with them were always, indeed, of a highly thrilling and imaginative kind, but were, anciently, undefined and vague, and the parent of nothing more than a terrible astonishment or superstitious dread. How much has been added by the definite knowledge with which they are now looked upon — immense worlds, revolving at immense distances, casting their gigantic shadows across illimitable deserts of space, and, as they pass and repass, cutting off from each other the light of day! The imagination embraces at one view the whole of this magnificent spectacle, without misgiving or alarm, but with an enlightened admiration and reverence, which the ancients never knew, and which it owes altogether to the labors of the gifted mathematician. Nay, what a further and yet more extraordinary field for the imagination have these abstruse labors opened, in the eclipses of Jupiter's moons! That great planet revolves at the distance of hundreds of millions of miles from the earth, attended by four satellites, which are invisible at this distance to the naked eye. As they move around in their orbits, they are sometimes hidden

behind the body of Jupiter, and sometimes they disappear in his shadow. The times of these eclipses are calculated, by hard-working science, years before they take place; are catalogued in a book, which book is put into the hands of the shipmaster; and when he, wandering on an ocean, like a planet in the infinite depth of heaven, discovers perchance a new island, and would know its exact position on the globe, he looks for an eclipse of Jupiter's satellites, and the time of the hiding of that invisible star enables him to point out its precise distance from the meridian of his own home, and to mark its place with exactness on the map of the world.

I have selected my illustrations thus far chiefly from the connection of mathematics with the heavenly bodies; both because the results of this connection are so striking in themselves, and because these natural phenomena take precedence of all others in their adaptation to excite the imagination and stir the feelings with sentiments of the grand and beautiful; and, moreover, because this connection points our attention to the most intricate and apparently anti-poetical processes of science. I may add also still another reason, which is, that these celestial phenomena have themselves been essentially instrumental in bringing the mathematical science to its present perfection. If the heavenly bodies could never have been understood without the mathematics, so neither could the mathematics have ever arrived at their full perfection without the heavenly bodies. Science needed that boundless theatre to exercise itself upon, in order to its expansion and growth. Nothing but that vast blue sheet was large enough to draw its spacious diagrams upon. In the nature of things, the top which the boy spins on the school-house floor, exhibits motions, on its axis and in its orbit, to which the same laws

apply as to the solar system. The very same formula, in identical terms, may be applied to some of the motions of each; and the difficult problem of the precession of the equinoxes, for example, is perfectly brought out, and may be expounded in the mutations of the top. But no one would have been incited to investigate them as displayed in that toy. It is their exhibition on a vast scale, and under imposing circumstances, exciting, in the first place, a poetical admiration and impulse, which was needed to arouse the intellect and nerve it for the toils of astronomical research. Without the solar system there would have been no call for the highest science, and no possibility of accomplishing it.

But we shall lose nothing by descending to the earth, and seeking to verify our position there. We shall find there, too, that many of the objects which most deeply interest feeling and fancy are under the necessary influence of abstract science.

Perhaps there is no object more essentially poetical, or more universally felt to be so, than a ship in full sail upon the ocean. It is an object, beyond almost any other, at once beautiful and grand. "It walks the water like a thing of life;" joyously opening its canvass to the winds, surmounting the waves, buffeting the storms, and moving with a gait altogether majestic and triumphant. It rides out there alone on mid ocean; no land in sight; no help within call; the heavens only above, the waters only below, the winds only around it; a little speck on the huge waste of existence; — and our hearts beat with admiration, as we feel that it is yet riding there in safety; guided by intelligence; managed with skill; the pilot knowing his position and his path, and pressing on with unerring certainty to the very point whither he would go. What an image is this!

The poets have exhausted language and imagination in setting it forth. Yet it is all, from first to last, exclusively dependent on rigid mathematical science. The commander steps upon the quarter-deck, a little instrument in his hand, with which, for a few moments, he surveys the heavens: then down into the cabin to his books; works an arithmetical problem; and in a few minutes re-ascends, and tells where the ship is presently sailing, as confidently as we could tell our position at the familiar corner of Washington and Court Street, in our daily walk. By what process has he arrived at this astounding result? — detecting his own position on the globe, by observing that of the sun or the moon in the heavens? There is no poetry, you would say, in the Nautical Almanac, and Bowditch's Navigator; and yet it is these pages of formidable problems, and interminable phalanxes of figures, and columns, and strange signs, which has conducted to this most poetical result. The very awe-inspiring associations with which this ocean scene is contemplated grow out of the deep abstractions and patient demonstrations of the driest science.

Upon land there are no works of man that equal for effect this ocean exhibition. But wherever he dwells, the scenery around him presents objects suited to our present purpose. See how he adorns the earth he cultivates, with structures that rival the majestic growths of nature, — his cities, his temples, his roads, his cottages, his aqueducts, his bridges, — filling the land with the picturesque, and calling up emotions that belong to the beautiful and the grand. If they be right who define the *creation of the beautiful* to be the essence of poetry, — as does Schlegel, for instance,* — then these magnificent creations of art are full of it. Look

* Dram. Lit. lect. i.

at architecture — the serene dignity of the Grecian temple, and the reverend majesty of the Gothic cathedral; the Pantheon; the Parthenon; Athens; Palmyra; Pæstum: it was not at random, nor by a lucky guess, that these mighty works were done, on which the imagination and the heart feed in the luxury of poetical contemplation: they were built by science, laborious and exact; they rose from the calculation and measurement of the mathematics; they are the legitimate offspring of arithmetic and geometry.

Look at *Music*, the bride of Poetry — whose enchanting sounds not only, of themselves, "take the soul and lap it in Elysium," but add to what is most poetical in poetry; carry home the sentiment to the soul, and both interpret and heighten the expression of the bard. But every thing in music is the result of mathematical laws, and is reducible to mathematical calculations. A melodious sound is but the conformity to certain mathematical principles of vibrations in a cord or a column of air, as capable of measurement and calculation as the properties of a Grecian column; — the very cords of the piano being strung upon one of the conic sections; — and all harmony results from arithmetical combinations and properties, as rigidly observed as in the working of any problem of equations. Algebra itself is not more strictly mathematical, than the science of concord and discord. Man, indeed, may make music and enjoy it, unobservant or ignorant of this fact; but Nature creates and partakes no pleasure which is not founded on demonstrable principles, and regulated by accurate laws. She does nothing at random, but every thing by calculation and rule.

Look also at the *mechanic arts*, and their variety of curious and sometimes exquisite inventions. One would hardly know where to go for a lively impression of wonder and

beauty, rather than to some repository of the useful and ornamental arts. Few places are so full of poetry as Faneuil Hall, as it appeared to us a few days ago.* A steam engine, a carding machine, a spinning jenny for cotton, a gypsy for hemp, a watch — did you ever examine their interior construction, the principle from which their power is derived, and how it is propagated, by lever, and pulley, and wheel, and forceps, and varied, and increased, and adapted, working with the certainty of nature, and with an appearance of consciousness and complacency, which makes you almost believe it a living thing? All this is little else than the application of mathematical science, and the result is as full of poetical pleasure to the thoughtful, as of utility to the active. And, if science could only proceed from *apparent* impossibilities to *actual*, it would, doubtless, invent, at last, the long-desired machine of *perpetual motion*, and thus put into tangible form one of the most sublime imaginations of the dreamy mind.

III. I was to illustrate my subject from the *History of Mathematics*.

This connects the subject at once, and intimately, with *persons*. It interests us in the toils, cares, anxieties, fortunes of thinking, feeling, rejoicing, suffering, desponding, and triumphing men. And what is this but saying that it introduces us into the midst of one of the richest fields of poetry? For wherever man is, there are the elements of poetry. Put him where you please, and the workings of his intellect and the emotions of his heart turn the spot into a theatre of tragic and epic interest.

* This lecture was written soon after one of the fine exhibitions of the Charitable Mechanics' Association in Faneuil Hall.

It is not possible, therefore, that the history of the lives and labors of mathematicians should be destitute of poetical interest and adventure. In truth they are full of them. Anecdotes might be recited without end, which would prove that this abstruse department of human learning is as full as any other of the passions, enterprises, joys, sufferings, achievements, sacrifices, triumphs, in which poetical interest resides — anecdotes to prove that the history of this great science is not barren of incidents of high romance and affecting passion — that those who have been devoted to it have been sometimes under the influence of the most absorbing enthusiasm; eager for great discoveries; sacrificing ease, comfort, health, in the pursuit of intellectual gratification; patiently waiting; perseveringly watching; flushed with hope; heated with success; suspected, reviled, hunted, imprisoned, starved, under the accusation of witchcraft or heresy; and again lifted up to an equality with princes, honored, lauded, worshiped, and their names made to mingle with the very common language of society, to become household words to civilized man to the end of time — Copernican and Newtonian being indestructible as the English tongue, Herschel and Halley as immortal as the fixed stars.

These, however, are but too general remarks. Let us apply them to individual cases.

First of all, look at this young lad — a plump, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy, some five or six years old. His very look and attitude are poetical, as he sits there playing on the floor. One could almost wish that Raphael might have seen and transcribed them, for the admiration of posterity, amongst his other wonderful children. But what is he doing there? As you listen, you discover that he is talking to himself in figures, and solving, for amusement, difficult questions in mathematics, which a senior in

one of our colleges might be puzzled to work out on his slate. His father takes him to the city, and the learned of the place are astonished. The name of the child of five years old — the playful, mischievous boy, who can hardly be kept from his toy-house long enough to undergo an examination — at once becomes famous: and when, in the chapel of our university, he sat in the professor's lap, answering hard questions so rapidly, that the quickest attention could hardly follow him — though I have heard a great deal of fine poetry recited within those college walls — I have never felt a more highly poetical emotion nor joined in a more involuntary burst of admiration.*

Here is another young boy, twelve years old, who has been studiously kept from mathematical knowledge, that he may be devoted to classical pursuits. But genius will not be repressed; and his father detects him, one day, with a bit of charcoal in his hand, stooping down thoughtfully over figures which he has drawn on his chamber floor. On being asked in what he was employing himself, he replies, that he is trying to find the value of the three angles of a triangle. And it appears on investigation, that this unassisted child, with a piece of charcoal in his fingers, in the secrecy of his own room, has gone on examining his "bars, and rounds, and corners," as he called them, till he has actually worked his way, in order, up to Euclid's thirty-second problem. And so he went forward, discovering and conquering, with a power of intuition and imagination almost supernatural, until, at the age of sixteen, he amazed the scholars of his age with an original treatise on conic

* "It is to such as he," remarked a friend, on hearing this lecture, "that Pope alluded in that familiar line,

'He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.'"

sections, and at nineteen, with an extraordinary arithmetical machine. This was the great Pascal, who afterwards sacrificed these pursuits of his natural genius and taste to a life of religious contemplation and ascetic devotion.

But the image of a more distinguished young man presents itself foremost in this connection. The prevalence of the plague at Cambridge, where he was graduated the preceding year, drives him into the country. He enjoys his rural life, and, one day, as he wanders among the fields, engaged in pleasing reverie, he rests himself beneath the shade of an apple-tree. All the accompaniments of the scene are poetical. Abroad, amid Nature's works, her beautiful green round about him, her quiet shadows sailing by him, her brilliant firmament above him, — the young philosopher sits contemplating her features and musing on her mysteries. At this moment, as if she would give a pregnant hint to her thoughtful devotee, an apple falls at his feet. He pursues the train of reflections into which that suggestion leads; moves on to higher and higher thoughts, till he reaches the demonstration of the theory of the universe, and connects the dropping apple and his own name with the cycles of the heavens and the courses of the stars.

Few things have been told in poetry so moving as a portion of the history of this great discovery, connected, though it was, with intricate calculations and formidable arrays of figures, which would put to flight the self-possession of ordinary men. Never shall I forget the audible thrill of admiration that ran through the ranks of my college class, when our lecturer recited to us the incident. Like the affecting scene in Congress, when Washington applied there to resign his commission, at the close of the war, it is one of those incidents, full of the moral sublime, which touches the deepest feelings of the soul.

The falling apple suggested to his mind the query how far the force which causes all bodies to fall to the earth extends — whether to the moon — and if so, whether it be not a cause sufficient to account for her retention in her orbit around the earth. He subjected the inquiry to a calculation. But in this it was necessary to know the distance of the moon. This could only be ascertained by knowing first the size of the earth's diameter, which, at that time, had not been very exactly measured. Using the then erroneous measurement, the result of his calculation did not confirm his conjecture, and he threw the subject aside. Some years afterwards, a new and more careful measurement having been made, (1682,) he resumed his calculations. As he proceeded, he perceived that they would establish perfectly the great theory he had in his mind. He felt the immeasurable consequences that would follow, and became so agitated by his emotions that he was unable to finish the calculations, and was obliged to give them to a friend to finish for him. Has poetry ever imaged a situation of sublimer interest than this?

In the ancient world, it is well known that the name of *poet* was the same with that of *prophet*. The bard was a seer. He was deemed to be possessed of that deep sagacity which penetrates beyond the limits that confine the view of other men, and catches glimpses of the invisible, and foresees the future. His enthusiasm was accounted inspiration, his far-seeing genius, prophecy.

But the same remarkable attributes and exhibition of genius have been displayed in the world of science. The sagacity of Newton is strangely like that of inspiration. His whole life was, in a proper sense, a poetical existence; his mind dwelling always in the contemplation of sublimest ideas, away from the tangible region close about him, and

almost unconscious of the littleness of the scene to which his bodily action was confined. The lines which have been thought so justly descriptive of Milton are not a whit less applicable to him.

> "Thy soul was as a star, and dwelt apart:
> Pure as the naked heaven, majestic, free,
> So didst thou travel on life's common way
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

With this character of mind, he often overleaped, in a surprising manner, the slow processes of demonstrative investigation, and anticipated discoveries which he saw to be probable, though he could not expound their causes, and which science, in its subsequent advances, has gradually arrived at and verified.

But we may illustrate this part of our subject by instances from that sex which has always given to the minstrel his favorite inspiration, and the atmosphere of whose presence has always been redolent of poetic grace. Helen, Sappho, Aspasia, Cleopatra, Cornelia, Zenobia, Joan of Arc, Jane Grey, are idols of the fancy, and their images are hung up in all the temples of the Muses. And is Hypatia of Alexandria, the beautiful, the graceful, the admired, the honored, to be excluded from the list, because her pursuits were of the abstruser sciences? On the contrary, what a vision is it which history presents of that accomplished lady, elevated, by her extraordinary merit, above the scholars of her age, to the head of the school of Alexandria, at a time when that city abounded with men of the most eminent abilities and attainments, and was resorted to by the learned from all the world! She, by her exalted scholarship, and instructive and engaging modes of teaching, gathered additional pupils to the school, from almost

every nation. Her admiring contemporaries have left the most hearty and unanimous testimony to her purity, her virtue, her piety, her modesty, as well as her beauty and erudition.* And, that a suitable catastrophe might not be wanting to complete the epic interest of her character and fortunes, this illustrious young woman, sitting among the nobles, as the brightest ornament of Alexandria, — in the season of her brilliant influence, and the untarnished splendor of her fame, — is precipitated in a moment to a horrible destruction. A headlong, misguided mob, mad with passion, partly political and partly religious, snatched her from her carriage, tore off her clothes, killed her with tiles, and burned her mangled limbs. What is there more exciting and tragical than this in the celebrated fate of the queen of Egypt, dying by the asp; the queen of Scotland, on the scaffold; the queen of Palmyra, at the chariot-wheels of Aurelian; or the queen of France, in the terrible days of Paris? They were queens, and have had their poets. Hypatia deserved one none the less; but, being a mathematician and a philosopher, her beauty and her fate have been committed to a corner of a scientific dictionary, and a brief paragraph of ecclesiastical history.

But Hypatia is not alone in the history of her sex. We may call to mind Maria Agnesi, the gifted daughter of Italy, who spoke Latin at the age of nine, and Greek at eleven, as if her mother tongue, and whose vast acquisitions, as a linguist, procured for her the name of the Living Polyglot — who afterwards devoted herself to philosophy, and, before she was twenty, became a centre of attraction to the learned

* "She excelled all the philosophers of her time." "All men did her reverence, and had her in admiration, for the singular modesty of her mind." — Socrates, Scholast. vii. 15.

by her fascinating power of conversation on profound subjects; and who, subsequently, accomplished herself in mathematics to such a degree, that, in her thirty-second year, she was appointed professor in the university at Bologna. She published a treatise on Analysis, of which there is an English translation, which has been considered the best introduction to Euler's Works. And at last, from this exalted station of public renown, she retired, like Pascal, surrendering all, through a religious impulse, and closed her life in a nunnery.

France has furnished a similar instance of feminine attainment in this severe department of science, in the person of the Marchioness of Chastelet, a woman of noble birth, moving in the enchanted circle of fashion and pleasure, but devoted to intellectual pursuits, familiar with the literature of several nations, and celebrated more than all for having made the best translation of Newton's Principia, accompanied with commentaries and notes of her own. *She* was happy enough, indeed, to find a poet, — no less a eulogist than Voltaire, — who has commemorated her fame in verse, as well as written her biography in prose, (in a preface to her translation.) And no one will undertake to say that he has not displayed as much of the poet, in this tribute to science, as in his great epic on the themes of politics and war.

To these instances from Egypt, Italy, and France, we may add one, no less worthy of honorable mention, from England, — a lady now living in London. At a time when a leading British journal said that there were not more than twelve men in Europe who were learned enough to read La Place's great work on astronomy, this lady, Mrs. Somerville, was found equal to the task; and it is a pleasant anecdote which is related of her, on her introduction to La Place, that he paid her the compliment of remarking, that she was only

the second woman he had known who had studied his work; and on her inquiring who was the other, he replied, Miss ——; an answer equally amusing and flattering to the learned interrogator, because it gave no other than her own maiden name; and the two female readers of La Place were thus found to be only herself. Few things can be more beautiful than what is told us of this eminent person. Not like Hypatia in Alexandria, or Agnesi at Bologna, the head of a great school, lecturing to and admired by disciples from all nations, — she presides over no assembly more public than her own family. There she is simple and unassuming, a pattern of domestic order and economy; as if she had no other object for her thoughts; yet she is as familiar with the continental languages and literature, as if she had no employment but to study them; while her rooms are adorned with paintings in oil, from her own hand, that would be esteemed excellent, if painting were her profession; and her musical skill is as exquisite, as if she had abandoned household, books, and study, to make this her only accomplishment. If there be a man whose bosom is not made to beat warmly at the contemplation of a wonder like this, he has no poetry in his nature. If he can fall into raptures over the delineation of Rebecca the Jewess, Diana Vernon, Lady Geraldine, Medora, and the other creations of imaginative fiction, and feel no glow at the story of the real living Mrs. Somerville the mathematician, he deserves, to say the least, to be taken in by some superficial beauty, who can do nothing but dress and smile; the expensiveness of whose folly shall be in the direct ratio of her conceit, and inversely as his own means of maintaining it.

There would be no end to the citing of examples suited to illustrate this point. I should occupy the night, if I were to go on and tell the whole story of Archimedes, "the

Newton of the ancient world." Think of the enthusiasm of that great man, of which two or three curious instances are on record. It was on entering the bath, that there was suggested to his mind the solution of a difficult problem, submitted to him by the king; and he immediately leaped out, and rushed home, forgetting every thing else, and shouting, Εὑρηκά! It was he, who, when some of his marvellous inventions in mechanics were admired, gave that noted and sublime reply, "Give me a place to stand on, and I will move the world." It was he, who, by scientific skill, conducted the defence of Syracuse, through one of the most memorable sieges, filled with romantic and terrible adventure, where the contest between armed force, resisted and baffled by mechanical ingenuity, presents some of the most extraordinary and thrilling scenes in human history — scenes ended with a catastrophe whose sublimity the poet might despair of reaching in description, when, amid the uproar and horrors of a captured and sacked city, the philosopher was discovered by the soldiers of the enemy, calmly sitting in his study, unconscious of the confusion, absorbed in his deep contemplations, and anxious only to be permitted to finish the problem in which he was engaged. What situation can be imagined of greater intellectual grandeur than this, in which he was slain by an impatient soldier?

We are reminded by this anecdote of a somewhat similar exhibition in modern times. What a spectacle was it, fifty years ago, in the depths of the horrors of revolutionary Paris, to behold the great men of science there, quietly at their desks, withdrawn from the tumult and scenes of carnage, and serenely occupied with the calculations of unimpassioned science and the discovery of intellectual truth!

The life of Galileo might also be cited as full of poetry — a man living a life of discovery, perpetually unfolding new

worlds to himself by observation, and to mankind by his inventions; imprisoned by the Inquisition, as a heretic, because of his insight into some of the highest truths respecting the heavens; groping about, blind, in his old age, because he had worn out his eyes by gazing through the telescope of which he was himself the inventor.

Consider Euler, also, devoted with zeal to mathematical studies, through a long life; at the age of twenty-eight, astonishing the world by working out, in three days, a problem for which eminent mathematicians had demanded the leisure of months — an exertion so laborious and exciting that it threw him into a dangerous fever, occasioned the loss of his right eye, and in the end brought on total blindness; and then, in darkness as he was, finishing with admirable speed the most difficult, abstruse, and extended computations; embarrassed also with domestic trials, and keeping his mind bright, and his heart young, by an extensive acquaintance with classical and elegant literature.

The blind old general of degenerate Rome, Belisarius, has been the standing theme of the poet; but what is there more poetical in the condition of that injured warrior — supposing the story to be true — begging his bread from an ungrateful people, than in this blind old mathematician, sustaining himself, and enlightening and amazing the world, by the studies of his darkness?

But we must pass over the thousand other examples that might be adduced in illustration of our theme, and draw this lecture to a close. Let us not, however, withhold a cursory glance at a single circumstance in the history of science which bears directly upon the point we are considering.

The sublime and useful sciences which, in their present perfection, do so much for the ornament, advancement, and happiness of the world, are the result of the collected con-

tributions of all ages and almost all the nations of the earth. There is no period since the dawn of knowledge that has not given birth to some great man, whose thoughts and watchings now influence our condition through his mathematical discoveries. We draw our geometry from Greece, our algebra from Egypt, fluxions from England or Saxony, our numerical figures from Arabia, logarithms from Scotland; and thus the various discoveries and laws of astronomy are parcelled out amongst a host of thinking men, scattered through all time. Our common avocations are strewed with mementos of past greatness and genius. We never stir the pump-handle, but the water which pours out is a libation to the memory of Ctesibes of Alexandria, the inventor of that useful household drudge, and whose praises ought not to have been forgotten in the soliloquy of the Salem Town Pump. Every map we look at is an epitaph of honor to Hipparchus, who taught the great art of fixing places by latitude and longitude. Every carpenter who lays down his ten foot rule to determine the square of his foundation, commemorates the philosopher Pythagoras. And so we go through our daily walk of business and pleasure, in company with, and leaning upon, the mighty spirits of former ages; thinking thoughts which they originated; working with instruments which they invented; elevated by truths which they set in motion — truths that have come out from their dry studies of calculation and observation, to be the light and movement of our many-colored life; imparting to civilized society many of those features which most beautify and bless. Indeed, then, there is no lack of poetical associations and suggestions to him who remembers this connection of the mathematicians and philosophers of all ages and all nations with the active scenes and cherished objects that lie every where around us.

I have thus attempted to illustrate the connection between Poetry and the Mathematics. Were I a mathematician, I could have done it by more apt and exquisite examples. But even in my penury, I trust I have not failed to show that in the doctrines, in the operations, in the results, and in the history of mathematics, there are copious elements of beautiful and thrilling poetry; and that, therefore, there is no ground for the contempt and dislike which those who would be thought brilliant geniuses are accustomed to display towards this dry study.

It is well to learn that there is beauty and pleasure in every thing, and to multiply, in this way, our delightful associations with the things of the universe around us. It is a habit of mind favorable to moral progress, and to devotional feeling. To view the order of nature in a poetical, is an approach towards viewing it in a religious, light.

I trust, too, that I have not been treating a subject of barren entertainment alone; but one, the contemplation of which may help to enlarge the circle of our spiritual associations with the material objects around us, to increase the number and variety of our topics of thought and conversation, and to invite our attention more and more from what is merely sensual and earthly. He that loves to contemplate the fair and the good in all around him, and in all that science discloses to him, is more easily led on to the better adoration of the "First Good, First Fair." As he reflects upon the significant assemblage of bounties and glories,

> "He lifts to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling says, 'My Father made them all.'"

Science and Poetry, recognizing, as they do, the order and the beauty of the universe, are alike handmaids of Devotion. They have been, they may be, drawn away from

her altar. But in their natural characters they are coöperators, and, like twin sisters, they walk hand in hand. Science tracks the footprints of the great creating Power; Poetry unveils the smile of the all-sustaining Love. Science adores as a subject; Poetry worships as a child. One teaches the law, and the other binds the soul to it in bands of beauty and love. They turn the universe into a temple, earth into an altar, the systems into fellow-worshippers, and eternity into one long day of contemplation and praise.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

It was toward the close of a fine day in the beginning of autumn that I drew near a pleasant, retired village on the banks of the ——. The setting sun shone obliquely on the pure landscape, which was already changing its green leaves for the various hues of autumn, and seemed to vie in splendor with the glorious beauty of the western sky. The air was mild and still, and the interrupted cry of the birds, that answered one another plaintively from the fields, rendered the hour yet more impressive. My mind took an impression from the season; and as I passed pensively and slowly along, I was not sorry to find, on the edge of the village, before I entered it, a graveyard by the way-side.

I had been musing on the changes of nature, and the close of the day and the year; and I was just in a suitable frame to contemplate the end of man. I alighted, and tied my horse, and went in, to read the epitaphs, and learn how short a thing is life, and reflect on the worthlessness of posthumous praise. I found a new-made grave, just opened, and waiting for its tenant. My thoughts fixed themselves upon it. For whom can this be? And I stood revolving the possible answers to this question, until approaching steps disturbed me, and a procession entered the yard.

I stepped aside to observe it. First came twelve young girls, in white dresses, and with wreaths of evergreen in

their hands. Then followed an old man, who proved to be the minister of the place, and who immediately preceded the bier, which was borne by four young men. Mourners, and a numerous train, succeeded. The procession moved on to the grave; they gathered close around it; those that bare the body stood still, and placed it on the ground. Reverently the pall was taken off, and in sad silence the coffin descended to its place. The girls in white approached, and cast their wreaths upon it, and then lifted their voices in a low and mournful song, which gradually grew firmer and swelled louder, till it closed in a full peal of triumph.

I never had witnessed such a scene before, and every thing was done so simply, so quietly, so naturally, that it touched me to the heart. I perceived that others were affected also; and it was not without evident emotion that the venerable pastor uncovered his white locks to the wind, and lifted his tremulous voice. "It is well," said he; "it is well, it is fitting, that the fair and innocent should go to their home upon the wings of song, and that Christians should thus bid adieu to those whom they loved. While their spirits are welcomed by the hymns of angels above, it is right that our voices below should join the consoling and enrapturing strain.

"For what are we laying in the dust? The body. It belongs there. That is its home. The weary soul has cast its cumbrous tenement aside, and ascended without it. All that we do is to hide it in its parent earth. This is not a work for sorrow and tears: when the spirit that dwelt there is rejoicing, it is not for those who loved it to be mourning. No; let the body go down to the dust as it was, and a solemn hallelujah be sung over its bed; for the spirit is gone to God, who gave it. Death is swallowed up in victory; and the shout of victory should be joyous."

The old man's enthusiasm kindled as he spoke, and he lifted his fine head and pointed upward, as if he saw the heavens opened. I gazed on him, and thought of Stephen, whose face was "as it had been the face of an angel." The stillness of death was upon all, as they looked with almost religious awe upon his prophet-like figure. Even the stifled sobs of mourners ceased to be audible. He presently turned his eye downward, and dropped his hand, till it pointed to the grave.

"This is a Christian's bed," said he; "and it is a privilege to stand near it. Young she was, indeed; but how pure, how blameless, how lovely! The idol of her parents, the joy of her friends, the delight and example of all, she walked in her Master's steps — humble, holy, devout; and with all the gentleness of his spirit, and all the peace of his hope, she heard the summons to depart. 'Life is sweet,' she said, 'and I have much to live for; but I have a hope in heaven, and if God wills that I should exchange an earthly hope for a heavenly, why should I wish to delay?' And thus she calmly cast herself upon her Father's will, and quietly breathed out her spirit into his hand. She sleeps in Jesus, and is blessed. And who would awaken her out of sleep? Who would call her spirit back to reanimate that cold frame, and mingle again in the toils of earth? Bright as were her prospects, brilliant as was the promise of her life, yet who of you would wish her to be restored to them? They might deceive and fail her, and leave her to a weary pilgrimage of loneliness and woe. But the prospects of the world to which she has gone cannot deceive her. They are sure and eternal. The soul that has tasted them would esteem the highest gratifications of earth insufficient and mean; and the soul that anticipates them with the strength of Christian faith, knowing that they are, and that the departed idol of

its affections is enjoying them, will think it profaneness to call the ascended spirit back. It is enough to enjoy the cheering hope of ascending also, and being joined again in the ties of friendship and love.

"Am I not right?" said he, turning toward the parents of the deceased, whose tears fell freely, but evidently as much from the fulness of religious emotion as from grief—"Am I not right! Is it not better to hope for that blessed reunion in heaven, than to have enjoyed her society on earth? You and I have many dear ones gone from us to the abodes of light. Here is another, whom I loved as if she had been my own, now added to their company. I have more of my dearest friends in heaven than on earth; and it makes death delightful to me in prospect, because it will restore me to the large circle of the good and the loved, from whom my protracted years have separated me. And this is the triumph of our holy faith—that the saddest, dreariest, most heart-rending moments of life are the occasions of the noblest and happiest emotions that the human mind can experience. Even the dark and horrible sepulchre becomes a place of glory, and the burial of those that are dearest, an occasion for exultation. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift—the gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord! O, how it has changed the feelings of this hour! For how could we have borne to surrender to the dust this precious and beautiful form, if we did not know that its more precious spirit survives? But now we give ashes to ashes and dust to dust, with a hope full of immortality; knowing that this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and death be swallowed up in everlasting victory. For as Jesus died and rose again, so also they that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. O that we might all be of that glorious number! O that we might not only find comfort

from this hope, as we think of the angel that has left us, but be quickened by it to live and die like her, that we may not be separated from her in the last great day."

The old man paused a moment, and then said, "I did not intend to have spoken thus; but I was impelled and carried away by that sweet hymn. My office is to pray; for what are human words at such an hour as this? Consolation and blessing come only from God. Of him let us seek them."

Every head was uncovered and reverently bowed toward the earth, as the venerable man lifted his hands to heaven, and poured forth the language of Christian trust, hope, and peace. It was consonant to the sentiments he had been uttering. I could not help looking upon him as one standing between the living and the dead, and speaking from the borders of both worlds. The last rays of the sun, whose disc was already touching the horizon, threw a glory upon his waving white locks, and seemed an emblem of his own spirit, just sinking to its rest, that it may rise to a brighter day. And as I silently accompanied the departing crowd from the graveyard, I could not help recalling the train of thought with which I had entered it. "Yes," said I to myself, "the day closes in darkness, the year fades in desolation, and man sleeps in the dust; but there is a morning and a spring-time for all. Youth, that is cut down in its loveliness like a morning flower, shall bloom afresh in the garden of God; and age, that shines in righteousness till it sinks beneath the sod, shall rise again in glory, like the sun in the firmament. Blessed be He that hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel!"

A SABBATH WITH MY FRIEND.

A SABBATH WITH MY FRIEND.

CHAPTER I.

Having purposed to make a journey of considerable length, which, for a lover of home, is a great undertaking, I thought it a favorable opportunity to renew my acquaintance with my old schoolmate, Cornelius Benson. At school and college we were familiar friends; but it was now twenty years since we had met. Our fortunes in life had cast us far from each other, and the circles in which we moved never crossed. I had heard occasionally of his progress in life, and knew that he had been fortunate in his calling, was possessed of a comfortable property, and had the respect and confidence of his neighbors and friends. Indeed, we had never ceased to take an interest in each other's welfare; and I, without hesitation, availed myself of the opportunity to pass a little time at his house. As I must, of necessity, pass a Sunday away from home, I felt that it could not be done more pleasantly than in the family of a friend. Sunday is peculiarly a *home* day with me. The quiet of the day, and the quiet of the family, seem to belong together. Domestic peace and religious peace are twin sisters, and both the Sabbath and the fireside seem to have lost a main charm when they are separated from one another. It was making a sacrifice of feeling to be absent from home on that day; but as it was un-

avoidable, where could the sacrifice be so light as in the family of an old friend?

It was just at the setting of the sun on Saturday evening that I reached my friend's dwelling, and received the hearty welcome of himself and his family. The fine manliness of countenance which had distinguished him in youth was still to be remarked, a little affected by the passage of time, and by the thoughtfulness which had settled upon it. His wife was neither beautiful nor otherwise, but had that serene and cheerful expression which indicate happiness around and peace within. Three children, the oldest of eleven years, had nothing uncommonly prepossessing in their appearance; but their good manners and intelligent faces augured well of the government which had been exercised over them, and led me to expect, from the first moment, a well-managed and happy family.

When the bustle of my arrival was over, I perceived that I was not to be treated, in any degree, as a stranger, nor to interfere with the usual domestic arrangements of the house. This is a genuine hospitality, not understood by many, which puts the visitor at his ease, and proves to him both that there is a system in the family, and that his presence is no burden. Instead of laborious efforts to make me feel at home, and the pains-taking confusion which arises from striving to enforce regulations which are put in practice at no other time, every thing went on with a quiet order, which proved that order was habitual. The youngest child was put to bed immediately after tea; the elder were placed at the table with their books for the morrow's lesson; and the mother sat by them industriously at work, freely joining in the conversation between her husband and myself. It all spoke so much for the usual order of the house, and caused the first impression to be so favorable, that I could

not help writing down these trifling appearances. Trivial circumstances are often decisive indications of habit and character to careful observers.

"When we are pleasantly employed, time flies." The evening was passed before we had nearly exhausted the stock of pleasant recollections which are such delightful topics to old friends, after the separation of years; — and the clock struck nine. Mr. Benson spoke to his daughter, who brought to him the family Bible, and called in the domestics. The mother put by her work, and each member of the circle followed the master of the house, as he reverently read from the sacred volume, and then, in a serious and affectionate manner, addressed the throne of grace.

There are few things which affect me more than such scenes as this, — where the most interesting circle, on the most interesting spot of earth, kneels at the mercy-seat, with the father for the priest. I cannot contemplate the scene without emotion. I am amazed that any one, who knows any thing of the power and peace of religion, can pass by a duty which is so singularly calculated to maintain its power and bestow its peace And yet, alas! even with this feeling, I know that it is possible sometimes to neglect it.

I could not help expressing to my friend the satisfaction which I felt. "Perhaps," said he, "you little expected to have found in me this habit; for though always religiously disposed, yet, when you knew me, I could not be called a religious man. This is one of the blessings which I obtained by my marriage. My wife urged it. I yielded to her wishes, what I might not, perhaps, have granted to a sense of duty, and what, if I had not done at first, I might, like thousands, have neglected to do at all. I became interested in it; it affected me, and led me very gradually, but surely,

to a religious and devout frame, which has become my chief happiness."

"It is the experience of many," said I; "and yet how many refrain from it, through a merely false shame in beginning!"

"False shame," he replied, "has ruined more souls than unbelief."

But I do not mean to pursue our conversation, which led on from topic to topic, till the lateness of the hour warned us to retire.

Mr. Benson had informed me of the Sunday regulations of his house, and I was, therefore, not surprised to find the family risen and assembled at an early hour. It is a custom with many to indulge themselves with a later sleep than usual on this day; and I have not been inclined to censure it in those whose severe toils, during the week, have been unremitting, and whose bodies need the kindly rest of the seventh day. But I have often wondered that religious people, who can plead no such excuse, and who know the value of religious exercises, should so frequently squander hours of the Sabbath morning in sleep, which, on other mornings, would have been devoted to active duties. Not so my friend. "If I can rise for gain," said he, "I can rise for devotion; and I wish my children to learn that religion is a waking and a thinking happiness, not a drowsy and slothful one."

The same mode of thinking seemed to be consistently acted upon throughout the operations of the day. I have never seen a household which seemed to me better fitted to be a model, or where the Sabbath seemed at once to be so truly a delight, and so perfectly to answer the purposes of its institution. The morning devotions, though longer than I have sometimes known them, yet were not made tedious.

The master of the house interested his little audience by making remarks as he read, by asking questions of the children, and entering into conversation on the subject of the chapter. This saved it from being a merely formal service; and I have seldom known so evident and deep interest taken in the Scriptures, as was expressed in the attentive eyes and pleased countenances of the family group.

After breakfast was over, Mr. Benson assigned the tasks for his children, who quietly sat down to their study; and, to my surprise as well as gratification, Mrs. Benson also engaged herself with reading, which she interrupted only for the purpose of instructing the children, until the bell rang for worship. I was charmed with the quietness of this hour, and wondered how it had been redeemed from the bustle and confusion by which it is marked in many families. But I found the secret a very simple one. It was the resolution to relieve the day from all labor not absolutely necessary, and to devote it to mental and religious improvement. In the first place, no time had been lost in bed, so as to shorten the morning and waste its hour in the hurry of preparation for church. In some families there is nothing but washing and changing clothes, and brushing coats and shoes, and perhaps even the last stitches to be put into some rent garment, or a button or a string to be replaced to make all "tidy." And in the midst of these various operations, which bear the aspect, in the children's eyes, of being the most important of the day, and which are just finished in time for meeting, the affairs of the kitchen are to be attended to, and the mistress must give directions for dinner, and see that the pudding is prepared, and the sauces made ready. So that, instead of quiet, it might seem a little bedlam, and but a miserable preparation is made for mingling in the worship of God's house.

This was managed better at my friend's. "All that relates to cleanliness and clothing," said Mrs. Benson, "is done the day before, and the children are dressed for the day on rising. Thus the hour preceding service is without interruption, and neither our thoughts nor tempers are disturbed by unseasonable cares. This I consider an excellent habit for my children, as it teaches them to value the day for its true objects, and prevents them from thinking, as many do, that they go to church to show their clean clothes. It redeems time, also, for their studies; for their tasks are thus learned the first thing, before their little minds have been distracted or wearied; and then, for the remainder of the day, pleasant books are put into their hands as a reward and encouragement. Much is done in this way to form a taste for reading, and to make all their associations with religion delightful."

"And you succeed in this?" said I.

"Perfectly, thus far," she replied. "I believe it is the happiest day in the week to them. Nothing is suffered to occur which shall irritate them; all occasions of annoyance are removed; and we study a variety in their occupations, which prevents any thing from becoming tedious."

"But there is still another advantage in this arrangement," said her husband. "It redeems time for our own improvement, as well as for that of our children and domestics. This quiet interval, in the cool of the morning, is a golden opportunity. Many are the volumes which we have read together, which we never should have opened, if we had passed our Sabbath mornings as many of our neighbors do. Even my wife," continued he, "has thus been able to acquaint herself with books on divinity, which few men have read."

I wish that this hint might be enforced upon the attention

of our female friends. It happens with many ladies, that, after they are at the head of families, they fancy they have no time for the further improvement of their minds. Their domestic cares are as much as they can attend to; and, submitting to this as a sort of necessity, they lose what taste for books they once had, and dwindle down into very commonplace and ignorant women. Now, there seems to me a great fault in this; and, without enlarging on the subject, I will only say, that, if they will follow Mrs. Benson's plan, and redeem the Sabbath morning from waste, they will find it sufficient to keep alive their taste for profitable reading, at the same time that it will form, or at least help them to retain, their devotional taste. And how much might be gained, both to the relish and the profit of the sanctuary, by the calm state of feeling and the prepared sobriety of spirit, with which they would then go up to the house of God! for want of which, the prayers, the music, and the exhortations of that place are so often attended without interest or effect.

CHAPTER II.

After the morning had passed in the manner I have already described, the hour of public worship arrived, and we went forth to church. Here, too, I found the same consistency which I had remarked before. It was a principle with my friends to make every thing give way to the moral purposes of the day; and, while none could be further from superstition, they yet carefully avoided whatever might deprive any one of its full advantages. Therefore every member of the family was allowed to go out to public worship.

Not even a domestic was left at home to prepare the family meal, but all were present in the house of God.

"We shall make no stranger of you," said Mrs. Benson to me, "but pursue our usual course. We are accustomed to such a dinner, on the Sunday, as may be prepared in a short time after returning from worship; for we are unwilling, for the sake of the gratification of the palate, to deprive a domestic of any opportunity so important to her. Her privileges, at best, are few, and it seems a pity to abridge them that we may dine well."

"Indeed," said Mr. Benson, "it can be called no sacrifice on our part, and we should be ashamed to regard it as such. He must be miserably given to his appetite, who thinks it a hardship to dine, once a week, on cold meat or a beefsteak. For myself, I count it a gain; it sits light, and leaves me the power of attention, and enables me to take as much pleasure in the afternoon as in the morning, — which would not be the case if I feasted as many do. I know something of this from experience. In the family in which I lived, when a young man, Sunday was a day of special good living. It was made a point to have a better dinner than common; an extra course was provided, and a dessert followed. Consequently, more was eaten than common, and I always found the afternoon preaching excessively heavy and fatiguing. It was a general remark in the family, that the good parson always preached worse in the afternoon, and in a very soporific tone. But the whole fault really lay in our heavy dinners, which would have put us to sleep beneath the voice of St. Paul himself. At length it happened that the master of the family thought it not worth while to go to church at all in the afternoon; he was sure, he said, that he could get no good from such drowsy doings, and it was quite as well to stay at home. I was of

his mind for a time; but when I had come to a better knowledge of religion, I discovered that my habit of indulgence was in fault, and that any day is better for a feast than a day of religious instruction.

"Not that I suppose there is any sin in the thing itself, or that a man is to be condemned for merely eating a better dinner than ordinary on the Sabbath. No such thing. But a man does very unwisely to unfit himself in this way, or in any way, for the best improvement of the day."

"Or its best enjoyment either," said I; "for how can one truly enjoy it, who goes to church with an overloaded stomach and heavy eyelids? If one might judge by their deeds, I should fancy that half the families of my acquaintance were expressly contriving how to render unprofitable this most valuable hour of worship."

"I am glad that you enter into my views," he replied; "indeed they cannot but approve themselves at once to every man, who will permit himself seriously to weigh the matter, and is not ashamed to do differently from other people. The only question is, whether or not it is desirable to secure the greatest amount of moral good from the means which are in operation. If it be, as every one will allow, then the common habits of the people in this respect are unwise.

"Let us take this town," he continued, "as an example. It contains about seventeen hundred inhabitants, which make not far from three hundred families; so that three hundred well and able-bodied persons are kept from public worship every Sabbath, for the purpose of cooking dinner. Can this be at all worth while? Would not the cause of improvement and happiness be promoted, by allowing these persons to be constantly exposed to the influence of Christian instruction?

"The number present at worship in this place is probably, on an average, from six to seven hundred — less than half the population. And I believe that in no parish can we calculate that half the people are actually present at one time in the house of God. The aged and infirm, the sick and the small children, with those who are required to attend upon them, are necessarily absent. But these certainly would not, on an average, constitute more than two to each family. Thus, then, we account for the necessary absence of six hundred persons in this society. Add these to the seven hundred present, and we have thirteen hundred. Where are the rest? Three hundred are engaged in preparing food.

"Hence we may calculate, that, in Boston, with sixty thousand inhabitants, probably not far from ten thousand are deprived of the benefit of religious instruction from this single cause. In New York, with a population of one hundred and seventy thousand, the number cannot be short of thirty thousand. Now, what advantages are gained to counterbalance this evident loss? Why should religious people so thoughtlessly cut off a part of their families from this means of knowledge and improvement?"

In consequence of acting upon these notions, I found that the season of intermission was redeemed for improvement as the morning had been. A pleasant conversation took place with the children respecting the services of the morning, which was designed to refresh their memories, and encourage the habit of attention, and thus give them an object of interest at church. Many children grow up without habits of attention, from not having been taught *how* to attend, or having any sufficient motive set before them. I was gratified with the eagerness and readiness with which my friend's children replied to his inquiries, and the evi-

dence which they gave of having been accustomed to this exercise. To the two oldest it had become a pleasure, and was a great means of improvement. They regularly wrote a brief account of the discourses of the day, which was read to their parents, and corrected or improved by them. This employment was made pleasant to them, and, being a regular and expected exercise, prevented the day from hanging heavily upon them, and passing away listlessly. Great pains had been taken to save it from the appearance of task-work, and make it voluntary. This, indeed, was a principle in the whole domestic management; and I saw abundant proof of the correctness of Mrs. Benson's observation — that parents may render any occupation interesting to their children, by taking interest in it themselves, and sharing it with them.

CHAPTER III.

The cheerful quietness and entire consistency of my friend's arrangements for the day, put my mind into a frame peculiarly favorable for its religious enjoyments. It produced a more than usual portion of that

"Heavenly calm within the breast,"

of which the hymn speaks, and which, though so seldom found, seems so truly the appropriate privilege of holy time. How much depends on the state of our minds! At another time, I might have fretted at the preacher as common-place, dull, and wanting in matter; but now, every thing sounded well, and I received it with interest. The complexion of my friend's home had passed into my heart; I was in good humor with every thing about me, and was ready to resolve,

that, if such serenity could flow from a wise arrangement of the day, I would not fail to put in practice the hints I had received.

I had fallen into a musing posture, as thoughts like these passed through my mind, when we had just returned from the afternoon service. I was interrupted by the cheerful voices of the children walking in the garden, near the window where I was sitting. I looked at them for some time, as they passed backward and forward, playfully, but not noisily, and thought that I had never seen happier countenances. They were glowing with "the sunshine of the soul." There was evidently a restraint upon their movements, and they did not indulge in loud and violent pleasure. But the restraint was plainly voluntary, dictated by their own feelings, and with no harshness in it, to render it galling to them.

"This is their time for recreation," said Mr. Benson, observing that I watched them. "Constant confinement and silence might render the day tiresome to them, and its return unwelcome; and God forbid the Sabbath should be so to a child of mine. No, let it be a delight; and, in order to render it so, there must be recreation. I, however, make a distinction between the pleasures of this and other days, in order to connect with every hour of it a sacred association. Make it both pleasant and sacred, and it never will lose its hold upon the heart."

We pursued the conversation, and the children were left to themselves till we were summoned to an early supper. "We neither fast nor feast to-day," said Mrs. Benson; "but we have one small luxury at tea. We think it well to connect as many pleasant associations with the day as possible. Our children never see this dish at any other time."

"But will you not lead them," said I, "to set an undue value on the gratification of appetite?"

"That might happen," she replied, "if *we* seemed to value it highly, or talked about it as a thing of consequence, or ever used it by way of reward or punishment. But we do neither; we simply introduce it as a matter of course, because it is Sunday; they regard it as doing honor to the day; and it seems to mingle itself, in their minds, with the pleasant recollections of the season, and be lost among them."

But I should never cease were I to record all the good hints which were dropped in the course of conversation, or repeat every thing which made an impression on my mind. I must hasten to the end.

When this happy meal was finished, I had an opportunity of witnessing the mode in which the day was closed by these careful parents. First, questions were asked respecting the religious exercises of public worship, and the instructions of the day were recapitulated and enforced in familiar conversation. Then the brief lessons which had been learned were recited, — not from memory only, but care was taken that all should be understood, and what the children did not appear to understand was patiently explained to them; and this in so kind and familiar a way, that it excited their interest, and produced no fatigue upon their minds. It was done much more in the way of conversation than of formal recitation. The subject was *talked about*, and the children seemed to feel that they were partakers in what concerned themselves. When this was over, each was called upon to repeat some hymn; and I never shall forget the feelings which were excited by the manner in which one of them was closed. I had never seen the hymn before; but its simplicity, and beauty, and appropriateness to the circle in which the little lisper recited it, won my heart from the very first verse. And when she came to the

end, and took her brother by the hand, while all the brothers and sisters joined in a circle, and repeated together with her the closing lines, —

"Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
O, smile upon this little band,
And join our hearts in love," —

I cannot describe how affecting it was. I was overcome. I was melted. And I saw that tears stood even in the eyes of the parents, who had heard it repeated a hundred times. I felt as if such a prayer, from such a cherub band, must indeed have a prevailing power; and I could almost fancy that I heard a kind voice whisper, *Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

After a minute's pause, the father read from the family Bible, as on the preceding evening; and then all united in singing an evening hymn, which I found always made a part of the worship at this season. A fervent but brief act of supplication and praise followed. As it closed, the setting sun poured his last rays upon the wainscot, and disappeared beneath the horizon, — as if to cast his parting smile upon such a scene, and rejoicing to carry with him the record of a family so employed. And thus the day ended, — to me a memorable one; to be numbered with those which I contemplate with satisfaction, and on which I never look back without being ready to exclaim, "*I have gained a day.*"

HOW TO SPEND A DAY.

"Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as never should be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years! These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away — time."

Bishop Hall.

HOW TO SPEND A DAY.

CHAPTER I.

The day never broke more beautifully than on the seventeenth of April. It was one of those bright, delicious mornings, which occasionally take us by surprise in the early months, the more delightful because they stand out from the harsh and grating season, like the beautiful flowers of the cactus from their unsightly trunk. I think there was not a cloud in the whole sky; and as the light cautiously stole up from the eastern horizon, like the gentlest pencilings of the northern aurora, it presently spread into a wide, soft blush, which might remind the reader of Pope's Homer's rosy-fingered Morn. The air was silent and motionless, as if it were watching that fair phenomenon in the east; and, as yet, but one or two birds had opened their sweet throats to salute it. One of these, a melodious blackbird, was seated on the branch of a tree within a few feet of David Ellington's window; so that that hearty young mechanic, who slept while he slept, but knew when to be awake, — somewhat by the rule that his father taught him when a boy, "Work while you work, and play while you play," — was broad awake by the time the bird had got half through the first strain of his melody. He turned his sunburnt face to the window, and opened his large eye to the light; and I think the night-angels that had watched by him must

have delayed to depart from their post, while they gazed for a time on the glowing smile which passed over his manly countenance. "Beautiful," said he, "beautiful! it looks like the very smile of God, and that bird expresses it in his song, as perfectly as if he could speak.

> 'Thine is the music, Father! thine
> The morning minstrel's song divine.
> Dead is the sense, and dull the ear,
> That can't perceive thee every where.'"

This said, he looked for a moment on the objects of his love, that were sleeping by his side, and then stole gently from his bed, dressed himself, took his Bible from the table, and read; closed it, and after a little pause, knelt in prayer. It was not long, but it was hearty; not words, so much as a wakeful gratitude and a quick thought of dependence and love. It was the morning salutation of a confiding child to his parent; and not the bird that continued whistling by his window was freer from constraint, or uttered itself from a heartier impulse. And no other sound broke in upon the silence. He left his wife and children to a little longer refreshment on their pillows, passed quietly out of the chamber, — not down stairs, for the house was of one story only, — took his box of tools and his hat, and went out to his day's work.

It was at more than a quarter of a mile distant that the unfinished house stood, at which he was to work during the day as a journeyman carpenter. He was there before the sun, and before his employer; and as he returned to his breakfast, he found his neighbor in the next house just opening his door, and setting his mouth almost as wide, as he yawned and stretched himself on the threshold.

"Well done, Ellington," said he, stepping down to the fence to greet him as he passed; "so here you are slaving

yourself to death at this time of day. What's the use of turning life into a mere drudgery? You'll wear yourself to death."

It was not the first time that John Smith had showed this neighborly anxiety on account of Ellington's unseasonable industry. Indeed, it was too great a contrast with his own habits, and was leading to too serious a contrast in their conditions, not to make it a matter of grave importance to him. In order to keep down some uncomfortable feelings of shame and self-reproach, he found himself obliged to exaggerate the ill-tendency of his neighbor's habits; thus, like greater men, carrying the war into the enemy's country, in order to be saved the trouble of a hopeless defence at home. Smith was not what is usually considered a bad man; but he was irresolute and shiftless, and he had no strength of principle to give vigor to his occasional wishes that he could do better. A very common case.

"Why," replied Ellington, "it's very healthy being up early, and I suspect that I enjoy myself quite as well as you do."

"Nobody can enjoy himself till after breakfast. It takes forever to get waked up, and one is always out of sorts till he has warmed himself with his coffee."

"Or his bitters?" said Ellington, smiling.

"No; you know I have not touched them this twelvemonth."

"Yes, thank God! I know it. But then you used to think you were not half a man till you had your glass; — you have found *that* was not true, — and perhaps you would find the same true with the coffee."

"Give up coffee! Not I."

"No reason that you should; but I mean, you may find out, if you try, that it is not the only thing to make a man

of you. An hour's brisk occupation would be a better tonic. You would be in better tune with yourself, in better tune for your breakfast, and for your family, and for your prayers."

David did not give this last hint without deliberation. He was on such terms with his neighbor as to warrant the freedom, and, indeed, the matter to which it pointed had been the subject of conversation with them before. Smith perfectly understood him, but, not choosing to reply, merely said, "I shall not work myself to death for any body."

"Why, do you really think I am pining away, John?" said David, with a meaning smile, and looking at his stout hand as he stretched it out. Smith could not help smiling too, for the contrast with his own puny limbs was a little too violent for gravity. "Well," said he, "it may do for stout fellows like you, but you know that I could not bear it; it would kill me in a month. Ah, David, if I only had your constitution!"

"It is a blessing to be thankful for, certainly, and I hope I am devoutly sensible of it. But it is not for the sake of the work, that I am speaking; you very well know that I do not work more hours than others, nor so many as some."

"Yes, and that's what puzzles me. What in the world should possess you to get up every day before light, as if your life depended on it, when you could do all you do just as well, and have a comfortable morning snoose too?"

"Why, there's no mystery about it, John. I want the leisure, that's all. I want to take life quietly, and not be driven. I want to do something besides work. I do not think that a man was created for nothing in this world but to plane boards and drive nails, and then go home and sleep. He could do that if he was made of cast iron and oak plank.

But being what he is, a thinking creature, capable of knowing something, and having a soul to live on, after all the iron is rusted and the oak rotted, he ought to be learning something else and doing something more. Therefore, I want time to improve my mind; I am not content to be ignorant; I want to know more of this wonderful world, and the wonderful truth it is full of. I feel that I shall be the happier for it; and not only so, but shall the better serve Him who placed me here and sent his Son to save me. I cannot be willing to live and die a mere axe-handle and turning-lathe; I want to be a MAN. I cannot bear to spend a whole life in doing nothing but earning money to pay for my potatoes and cotton; I want to earn something which will last me when I have done wanting food or clothing. That is the reason why I try to arrange my time so as to get leisure."

"You are ambitious," said Smith, willing to give a turn to the subject which might prevent its pressing on himself. "I thought you were more contented with your lot."

"Ambitious! contented!" said David, with a slight emotion, and speaking low and deliberately, as if not knowing exactly how to understand his neighbor's remark; "yes, I am contented; not a man in the county has better cause for satisfaction with his lot. Have I not sound health, a happy home, a good trade, regular employment? Do you think, because I want to do something more than work at my bench, I am therefore dissatisfied with that work? No, I thank God, who gave me hands and the means of a pleasant and independent livelihood, I can do all this, and accomplish higher objects too. My ambition, as you call it, is not to get away from my business, but to prevent my business from stealing me away from myself, — that is, from robbing me of my mind and my soul; which it would do, if I did not contrive to get some hours for other employ-

ment. Why, what a mere shell of a man I should be at sixty, what a meagre, impoverished wretch, made up of nothing but bones and flesh, if I should do nothing, meantime, but sweat twelve hours a-day in the workshop, and eat and gossip and sleep away the other twelve! I should not be fit for any company worth keeping in this world, and I am sure I should be afraid to open my eyes in another."

"That other world seems to be a great bugbear in your way," said Smith.

David looked at him. "You know better than to say that; you speak against your conscience."

It was true enough; he spoke against his conscience; it was mere bravado. He felt the justice of David's words; he could not help feeling a sort of reverence creep over him while he spoke; he seemed to himself to be sinking down to insignificance in his presence; and, as men will do in such a state of feeling, he sought to get rid of the uncomfortableness by a stout answer, as if the sound of a brave sentence would encourage him. David's steady reply disconcerted him, and he looked as if he did not know which way to turn. "Well," he said, "I did not mean exactly that; I am sure that I look for another life as well as any man. But I don't see why one may not mind his business and get to heaven too."

"But don't I mind my business?" asked David, smiling again.

"Yes; but what I mean is, a man's business is enough for him; if he does that, it's what God means he shall do; and the minister has told us a thousand times, that we can serve him and be religious, just as well at the ploughtail as in the church."

"And that's very true; but the question is, what *is* a man's business."

"Why, his trade, to be sure, or his calling, whatever it may be; — his profession in life."

"But do you really think that to spend ten hours in sawing and driving nails, as I do, or eight, (or six — is it that you spend?) in the field, is all that we have to do in this world? Do you really think God has given us nothing to do during the other fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen hours?"

"Why, we must be *good;* that's all."

"But I don't see how we can be good, if we do nothing. I could not contrive to be good, and remain idle all the time too. I must be doing something."

"To be sure; we are always doing something," said Smith, hesitating, as he felt the shoe begin to pinch again.

"Yes, we are always doing something, good or bad; words, looks, feelings, are something, and they are all good or bad; and what I want is, to arrange such employment for my time, that I shall stand a good chance of resisting all temptation to *bad* looks, feelings, and words. Idle time, John, is the most ruinous thing in the world."

"That's not to the point; what I say is, that a man's business is his business; and you have no right to say that he must do more than that or he cannot be saved. That's the point."

"Suppose it's a mischievous business, an immoral business?" asked David; "what then?"

"O, then — certainly, — because that is being a bad man."

"But he may pursue a mischievous business, and yet think himself honest, and doing right; may he not? Here is Squire Alrose, who made his money twenty years ago by a distillery, which has ruined more than one family, we both know; yet he did it conscientiously, and an honester, more well-meaning man never lived. He sinned for want of light."

"Very well," answered Smith; "and I think that he will be saved: he had no bad motives; he intended to do right."

"Then you think a man is to be judged by his motives and intentions?"

"Exactly so," answered Smith, briskly, very much pleased to get upon plain, safe ground — "exactly so." And he put his hand upon the fence, against which he was leaning, and, giving a spring, seated himself on it; he seemed to be almost as much in good humor as if he had actually swallowed his coffee.

"And pray," asked David, "what are the motives and intentions with which men pursue their daily callings — yourself, for instance? Is it not to get a living, to earn your bread? Don't you do just as much as you are obliged to do for that end, and no more? And if you could live without working, do you suppose you should ever plough another furrow?"

"No, I don't suppose I should; I tell you I would not drudge as I do if I could help it."

"And I suppose that is the case with most men; is it not?"

"Yes, candidly, I think it is; I am quite of Mr. P.'s mind, who says every body is just as lazy as he can be."

"I don't think it true of *every body*," said David, "but it undoubtedly is of very many; they follow their trade for a living; it is their livelihood. All their motive and intention is to get on in the world."

"Yes," responded Smith.

"And a man is to be judged, you say, by his motives and intentions?"

"Yes."

"Then I do not see how you can hold, that a man's business is all the work he has to do in life. He would do it

just the same if there were no God and no heaven. He *must* do it, whether he likes or not. He has no purpose to please God, or do his duty. Judged, therefore, by his motives and intentions, he is purely selfish and worldly."

"Just as if a man can't serve God in his business!" exclaimed the other, warmly.

"So he may; but then, mind you, it can only be by *intending* to serve him. If there be not the *intention*, there is not the service."

Smith looked as if a new thought had struck him. He was silent for a moment, and then said, in a little different tone from that which he had been using, "Then you think that I am all wrong, and I might as well be doing nothing."

"I wish I could say I think you are right; but it seems to me, that on your own principles you are condemned. But of this you must judge for yourself. All that I want to say now is, — for it is growing late, and we must not try the patience of our wives too far, — all I want to say is, that I believe in my soul, we are put here to do much more for ourselves and others, than just to earn a living or grow rich by a regular trade. We must turn *that* into the service of God by doing it with a religious heart, and we must contrive by other means to do some good and improve our minds. I do not think, considering that you and I can get a comfortable living as we can, that we have any more right to be *ignorant* than we have to be *dishonest*. No matter whether we become rich or not; but it would be a real disgrace to go through life no wiser or better than we began it. So, in spite of all your alarm for me, I shall get up at daybreak to-morrow, and study as well as work. So good morning; and I advise you to do the same."

He turned away to depart, but stopped on hearing his neighbor mutter, "A pretty business it would be for a jour-

neyman carpenter and a day-laborer to be thinking of such things as libraries and writing-desks!"

"Don't disparage us, John; we are men, are we not? we have eyes and souls, have we not? and did not God make us? and is there a scholar of them all, that looked more like a student in his cradle, or will in his coffin? Be more of a man, John, and believe that you have as good a right to know all that can be learned, and become as wise in the Holy Scriptures as the most favored scribe in Israel. Have you read Dr. Channing on Self-Culture?"

"No."

"I'll send it to you. Read it; he has written out my notions exactly. Don't sleep till you have read it."

He went his way, and Smith jumped from the fence to meet his wife, who was wondering what this long conference could mean. "He is a strange fellow, that Ellington," he said to her as they passed into the house; "he is as set and religious as any parson; and yet he is as pleasant and easy withal as if he had nothing on his mind. I should not wonder if he had the right of it, after all."

CHAPTER II.

The sun was well risen before Mrs. Ellington and her two little ones were awake. They who know the weariness that attends the mother's daily cares and nightly watchings, will appreciate David's reasons for indulging the slumbers of his wife after he had broken his own. So did she; and, being as energetic and conscientious in her sphere as he was in his, she found no difficulty in making all ready

against his return from his morning's work. Accordingly the children were dressed, and the house in order, and the breakfast prepared at the appointed season. "But why does not father come?" asked little Jemmy, who began to be impatient. The cause was evident enough when his mother, looking up the road, discovered him in earnest conference with John Smith; and while she waited, wondering at the lengthened talk, she congratulated herself that he was not one of the race of husbands that are discomfited and soured by an overdone breakfast. "It's well that you are not like uncle Giles," were her first words to him as he entered, "or I should tremble to see you, after breakfast had been kept waiting half an hour."

"I hope I never shall be such a fool as to be unhappy for such a cause," said David; "it's a comfort to have got above the luxuries that tempt to ill-temper. As long as we indulge in no niceties that can be spoiled by waiting, we shall run little risk of spoiling our tempers."

"That's one of the blessings of being poor," said his wife.

"So it is, as long as we have enough; and a man can always have enough if he will be content with what he has. Let us read the very chapter that tells us of this." And, opening the Bible, which lay ready for him on the breakfast table, he took Jemmy on his knee, while Jane held the baby, and read the last chapter of the First Epistle to Timothy. A few words of thanksgiving and prayer followed, and they seated themselves to their frugal and cheerful meal. How might thousands, who sat down that morning to their sumptuous tables, envy the happiness of that neat cottage, though they would wonder at and pity its poverty! When will men learn that the real gain is "godliness with contentment"?

"And after all," said David, as they sat deliberately dis-

cussing their decent repast, — for he used to say, that rational creatures, who can talk, have a right to spend five minutes more at their meals than the hogs, who can only eat, — "after all, I am not sure that we should not be gainers by greater frugality. You may laugh, dear; but soberly, if, in the warm weather, we should only drink water and eat cold bread, how much toil over the fire you would be saved! We should then need no fire. And this, besides saving your labor, would save fuel, and sugar, and coffee; — so that, by autumn, I could afford to buy that book we want so much. And a good book is as well worth having as a cup of coffee."

"I don't mind the work, David," said his wife; "so that my laboring over the fire is no reason; but after all, as you say, I had rather spend half an hour in reading than in cooking; so that, if you think it won't hurt our health, I should like to try it."

"O, if it hurts us, we can just go back to the old way. And if it agrees with us, we shall be able to procure some other indulgences beyond the book. I declare, I feel as if I was the richest man in the village already. I wonder how many of our neighbors feel as if they could afford to buy the Bridgewater Treatises."

"Uncle Giles will think you crazy."

"Ay, — and I believe neighbor Smith does already. By the way, I promised him a book this morning."

"A book!" exclaimed Jane, laughing; "a book for John Smith! Do you suppose he will read it?"

"Why, perhaps not; but I do not despair of him; his case is not hopeless; and if he can only be excited in the right way, he may come to something yet. He is free to talk and willing to listen, — that's something."

"Something, to be sure, but very little to put in the

scale against long habits of indolence and self-indulgence."

"But his conscience is not dead," said David, "and he sees that he is going behindhand, and it is a good moment to try to help him up. So I must not forget the book."

"What is it?" asked Jane.

"Self-Culture. He sneered at the idea of men like us trying to study, and I thought this would set him right. So let me have it and go. And as I have lost nearly an hour this morning, let me have some bread and cheese for dinner, that I may stay at noon and make up for it."

Away trudged he, accordingly; and his wife, having cleared away the room, drew forth her morning's work. A pleasant sight it would have been to peep in and watch her that morning, — and it was not very different from all her mornings. There she sat at the table, at work on a suit of clothes for her husband; the Bible lay open beside her, as I have often seen it in the abodes of humble life, and she cast her eyes upon it from time to time, to imbibe a verse that might direct and cheer her thoughts. The children were on the floor, frequently claiming her attention, and calling for the exercise of her ingenuity to prevent them from interrupting her employment; till, at length, wearied out with their play, they both fell into a long sleep, and the happy mother sat watching their cradle, and working and thinking, — as full of enjoyment as if there were neither want nor sorrow in the world. How blessed is the lot of a well-governed, contented mind, in a vigorous and healthful body! The pampered and self-indulgent know not the latter, and are strangers to the former. *Godliness with contentment is great gain.*

Meanwhile, David was as busy and as happy amidst his task at the unfinished house; — not able, indeed, like his

wife, to catch glances at a book every moment or two, but occupied with a quiet train of pleasant thought, which realized the expression in a favorite hymn of Doddridge, which he was fond of singing as he worked; —

> "And while the world our *hands* employs,
> Our *hearts* are THINE alone."

He had no idea that it could be necessary to confine down his mind to the mechanical work before him; he cultivated the habit of thinking. He was accustomed to say, "My definition of a right man is a man perpetually *thoughtful.* Ruin begins in the neglect of the thoughts." Thus, in fact, his hours of labor were hours of study; for his mind was busy on the subjects of his reading, and he made himself more thoroughly their master by reflection. Not only so, but he availed himself of every leisure moment to add to his stock another fact or a new idea, from some volume which he carried always in his pocket. And now, accordingly, when noon arrived, and toil ceased, and his fellows went away to their dinners, he first refreshed himself with his frugal fare, threw himself for a time at full length on the boards, in complete repose, and then, taking his book, occupied in reading the half hour that remained before his companions returned.

So passed on the laborious and tranquil day, — every moment turned to good account, and the mind provided for no less than the body. So its hours rolled away, till the descending sun gave token of the coming night, and brought the season of labor to a close. One is almost ready to pronounce it the happiest hour of the twenty-four, when the setting sun sheds his parting beams over the earth. There is a peculiar serenity and sweetness in the air. The last chirping of the birds, and the lowing of the returning cattle, fill it with the very spirit of contentment. The weary

laborer moves homeward, amid the lengthening shadows, to his waiting wife and children; throws off his burden, and enjoys the exquisite repose of love with those that are dear. The evening twilight imparts a beauty indescribable to the sky and to the earth; but it is the association with labor finished and families meeting, which gives to that hour its most affecting charm. To what thousands of our race does it bring the solace, their only daily solace, of a few short hours of rest and love!

David felt all this, as he walked homeward to his cottage, which contained for him a welcome, such as only an equal affection could offer to the highest and proudest — an affection, without which the palace is a desert, and with which the peasant is more than a prince. No one who could look into his heart at that moment, beating as it was with contentment, love, and devotion, could doubt that the greatness and riches of the world are dross, in comparison with the kingdom of the inner man. And as he sat by the side of his wife and little ones at the neat repast, while the sun threw in his last smiling rays upon the cheerful group, one would almost doubt whether it could be a fallen world, or whether the bower of Eden overshadowed more simplicity and peace.

"You have just missed of seeing uncle Giles," said his wife; "he has been here this hour, and hardly left when you came in."

David expressed his regret, and asked why she had not detained him to tea. "O," said Jane, "it was in vain to ask him; I fancy that we are a great deal too sober and frugal for him; he thinks us very mean and wretched, you may depend upon it."

This was true enough. Uncle Giles was one of those persons who measure manliness and generosity by the freedom

with which men spend upon themselves. To keep a good table and make a respectable show in dress, is spirited and noble; to practise frugality and self-denial, no matter for what cause, is mean and stingy. There are a great many persons of this class, — persons who will make any sacrifice of real comfort for appearance sake, but who wonder with infinite amazement at the man who will sacrifice any appearance for the sake of a moral or intellectual good. To such a one a character like David Ellington is a complete puzzle. Uncle Giles knew that he was a sensible and kind man, and a good workman; all the more strange that he should have such out-of-the-way notions about living. He really and sadly thought his niece to be an object of commiseration, in having become the wife of a man below her in rank, who seemed to care nothing about rising in the world, who was content with a one-story house, and esteemed books and knowledge more than riches or enjoyment. He had come to condole with her on her unfortunate condition; matters seemed to him to be growing worse and worse, and he would be glad to interfere, and bring about some change which should restore her to the position she occupied before her marriage. Jane could not help being amused at his unnecessary sympathy, while she appreciated his affection. "Indeed, uncle," said she, "you mistake the matter entirely; I never was so happy in my life. It seems to me that I have got into Paradise before my time, life is so easy and joyful to me. There is not a thing that I could alter for the better."

"Ah, Jane," he replied, with an incredulous shake of the head, "you young wives will say any thing, rather than have it suspected that your marriage disappoints you. But I am sure you may trust your own uncle. And don't I see with my own eyes? Are you not mewed up here all the day

long, working and drudging, and just to scrape along, because your husband chooses to spend all his earnings on those trashy books and instruments? Don't I know that you have given up all the generous living that you were used to, and are deprived of almost the very essentials of a decent meal? And where are the pleasant parties, and the brisk dances? Instead of them, here you sit, poring over your Methodistical books along with your Methodistical husband, till, I verily believe, you will think it a sin even to smile on your baby."

"Ay, ay," said David, when his wife repeated to him this conversation, "so it is,—when men can do nothing else, they contrive to affix an obnoxious name; and one is a Methodist and another an infidel, according to the effect they desire to produce, or the ill-feeling they wish to vent. How many good men have been sacrificed to this petty persecution! Not that I think," he continued, laughing at his own earnestness, "we are *persecuted* by your good uncle; but I could not help reflecting how this same self-satisfied ignorance, in a wider sphere, has occasioned half the sufferings of the church. If uncle Giles really *knew* how the case stands, he would not talk and feel so."

"So I told him," said Jane. "Said I, 'You should come and see with your own eyes, and judge from actual observation. There are different *tastes*, you know; and our mode of life might not suit your taste, but so long as it suits ours, we may be very happy in it; and if you would but come and see how entirely happy we are, and how full of cheerfulness and even fun, you might still wonder at our taste, but you would no longer be uneasy about us.'"

"I heartily wish that he would do so," said David, "but I fear there would be little prospect of convincing him. He has lived too long in the habit of regarding superficial enjoy-

ment as the chief good, to perceive any attractiveness in sober and mental pleasures."

"But it is not too late for him to be touched with juster notions of religion."

"No, not too late; it is never too late, I suppose, strictly speaking. There is an infinite power in divine truth to overcome any heart, if rightly introduced to it. But the difficulty is to introduce it rightly to one who has always, on principle, resisted it, and who prides himself on having the most sensible and rational notions. How are you to get at him? He is impenetrable."

"True; he looks down upon us with a sort of a self-complacent pity, as being in a delusion. He thinks that religion consists in going to meeting on Sunday, and keeping up a reputable appearance; any particular attention to it beyond this he regards as downright fanaticism."

"And fanaticism is to be despised. Therefore it is that men of his class are among the most hopeless. I should much sooner expect to see John Smith a hearty and devoted Christian. He is not hardened by the self-conceit of fancied attainment; he has never imagined himself a religious man. He may therefore be touched. And I do not mean to lose a speedy opportunity of continuing this morning's talk."

"But you must choose a better time for it than before breakfast. You spoiled his wife's temper for the whole day. She prides herself on her breakfast table too much to bear such a delay."

"Why, to be sure," said David, "it was rather unseasonable. And I have been thinking, for other reasons, that I must alter my plan a little. I am too much interrupted in my reading during the day; and now that the evenings are growing short, I think it will be best to do my studying

before breakfast. Then I shall have the day for work, and nobody can interrupt that. I shall then be a man of leisure for my work," he added, while he moved away from the table and began to romp with his children, "as Walter Scott was for his friends, after having done up his chapter before any body was stirring."

So this change of plan was settled; and after a hearty frolic with the little ones, the happy father composed himself to study, with a readiness of attention, and avarice of time, that even Bowditch hardly surpassed. The children were then quietly put to rest, and the cottage set in order, and the wife at length placed herself by his side, and he read to her aloud, and they talked of what they read, until the hour came for retiring. Then the day, which began in praise, was ended in prayer, and night and sleep sank down together, with a benediction of repose, on the simple-hearted, unambitious, and devoted pair.

ROBERT FOWLE.

ROBERT FOWLE.

THERE are a great many boys who stand at the Boston market, with baskets in their hands, to carry home meat for gentlemen who come to buy. Many of them are dirty and ragged. Some of them are bad boys, who spend much of their time in wicked play, and use wicked language. They sometimes steal and lie; and they are so noisy as to be very troublesome to the people in the market.

One day Mr. Jones came to buy some beef; and a crowd of these boys ran up to him, crying out, "Shall I carry it for you, sir?" "Do let me take it, sir." "I spoke first, sir." Mr. Jones told them that he did not want them; and then said to the market-man, that he would send for the meat presently. He was just turning away, when a little boy said to him, "Please let me carry it home for you, sir." He spoke so modestly and softly, that Mr. Jones stopped to look at him. He was not, like most of the other boys, ragged and dirty; but his clothes were all whole, and his face and hands were clean. He had no hat on, and no shoes; so that he seemed to be very poor, though he was so very neat.

Mr. Jones was pleased to see this, for he thought that he must be a good boy, and that his mother must be a good woman. He asked the market-man if he knew him.

"No, sir," he answered, "I never saw him before in my life."

"I never was here before," said the boy.

"And how came you here now?" said Mr. Jones.

"My mother sent me here. She is sick, and cannot work, and has no money to buy any food; and so she sent me here to try to earn some. And if I cannot get any, my mother will not get well, and I shall not have any thing to eat."

Mr. Jones put the meat into his basket, and told him to carry it to Washington Place, on Fort Hill. The boy did not know the way; and Mr. Jones said that, as he was going home, he might follow him.

When they got to the house, and the boy had carried his load round to the kitchen, Mr. Jones called him into the parlor, and asked him his name. He said that his name was Robert Fowle.

"Where do you live?" asked Mr. Jones.

"In White-Bread Alley, close by Mr. Parkman's meeting-house," said Robert.

"What is your father's business?"

"I have no father," said Robert; "he died two years ago."

"And what does your mother do?"

"She takes in washing and sewing, and does any thing she can. But she is sick now, and can do nothing. So I am obliged to stay away from school to help her, or else we should all starve."

"How many of you are there?" asked Mr. Jones.

"There are five besides me, and they are all girls, and I am the eldest, and I am but twelve."

"And have you no relations, nor friends, to help you?"

"No, sir," said Robert; "all our relations live a great way off, and we have not been long enough in Boston to know many folks here. So mother has to do all when she's well, and now she's sick, there's nobody but I."

Mr. Jones pitied the poor woman, and resolved to help

her. He gave Robert some money, and promised to employ him every day, if he behaved well. He determined also to find something more for him to do.

Robert hastened home to his mother. She was sitting by the fire, mending a child's gown, and looking very pale and sick. The children were standing round her, cold and hungry, and little Anne was crying because she had nothing to eat.

Robert was very glad that he had some money to buy bread, and as soon as he opened the door, he held it up in his hand, and said, "See, mother, only see what a good gentleman it was; see how much he gave me. Don't cry, Anne, for now we shall have enough. And he said it was because you was sick, and he knew you was a good mother, because I looked and spoke so nice. And he said we must all take care and be good children."

Mrs. Fowle told Robert not to talk now, but to run and buy some bread. Little children, who always have enough to eat, do not know how glad these little hungry creatures were to see the loaf that he brought home.

While they were busily and heartily eating, Robert told them all that he had done that morning, and that Mr. Jones had promised to give him something more to do.

He then went to school in the afternoon, for he loved his books, and his mother would not suffer him to neglect them. The poorest boys in Boston can attend the public schools, and Mrs. Fowle knew that children cannot be happy nor good, if they do not learn to read and write.

The next morning Robert washed himself, and washed and fed the smaller children, and took his basket to go out. "Good-by, mother; good-by, children."

"Robert, stop one minute," said his mother. "Do you know any of the boys in the market?"

"No, mother, not one," said Robert.

"Well, my dear son," said she, "I hope you will not play with them, nor have any more to do with them than is absolutely necessary. For I hear that some of them are bad boys, and do not speak the truth, and say wicked words."

"Yes, mother," said Robert, "and they fight. I saw them. And they swear terribly. And they were very saucy to some gentlemen."

"I hope you will not learn to do so, Robert. You had better starve than learn to be wicked. It would break my heart to have you a bad boy. Be very careful, then, Robert; and if they try to draw you away, do not go with them. Remember what I say, and remember your dear father. Remember what the Bible says, too."

Robert promised that he would be careful, and ran off to the market. Mr. Jones did as he had said, and Robert found enough to do to keep him busy, day after day, and to buy many comfortable things for his mother. He carried all his money to her, and would not spend any of it for apples and cakes, like other boys. He behaved so well, that many gentlemen always wanted Robert Fowle to carry home their marketing; and one gave him a hat, and another a pair of shoes, and so made him more comfortable and happy.

When the boys found that Robert had more errands at the market than any of them, some of them were very angry. They said that he was a new boy, and had no business there, and that he had come to get away their money. He would not pitch cents with them, nor play at any game in which they could get away his money; and so they called him mean and stingy. He would not keep company with them, nor hear bad stories; and they called him proud.

And because he looked cleaner and more neat than they, they gave him the name of the *little gentleman*, and sometimes the *white-bread gentleman*. In this way they teased him, and tried to make him unhappy. But he minded it as little as he could, for he knew that he was doing right. Yet he often felt grieved, and was glad when the time came for him to go home, and be with his mother and sisters.

"O mother," said he one day, when he came home to dinner, "how glad I shall be when I have done going to market!"

"Why, my dear?" said his mother.

"Because the boys plague me so," said Robert; and he told her how they treated him, and what names they called him.

"But is it not partly your fault, Robert? Perhaps you tease *them*, and are not obliging, and love to seem better than they."

"O, no, mamma," cried out his oldest sister, Mary, who was ten years, "I am sure it can't be so; for Robert is always obliging, and never teases any body."

"I try to be, I am sure," said Robert. "But you know you told me not to play with them, because they do not behave well."

"But you must treat them well," answered his mother, "and be kind to them. Always do to them as you would have them do to you. You know where that rule is?"

"Yes, mother, in the New Testament."

"If you always act according to this rule, by and by they will be ashamed to tease you, for they will see that you mean them no harm. Besides, if you knew how they came to be such bad boys, you would think them to be pitied."

"How is it, mother?"

"Because they were never taught better, as you were.

Some of them had no kind father, like yours, to take care of them; and some of them have parents who drink and quarrel, and never teach them any thing, nor send them to school. We should therefore pity them as well as blame them, and try to make them better. For if you had been brought up as they were, perhaps you would have been like them."

"I will remember what you say," said Robert; "but still, I wish I had done going where they are."

His mother told him that she hoped to be so well in a few days, as to work again, and then he would go to market no longer.

The next day, Robert had an opportunity of practising on his mother's advice. A boy by the name of John Saunders asked him to help carry a large basket to Bowdoin Square; and though it was very inconvenient to him, yet Robert was so obliging as to go; and John said he was the cleverest of all, for none of the others would go. Ned Field wanted to use his little basket while he was gone, because his own was not very clean. Robert gave him leave, but begged him not to let it get dirty.

"Don't be afraid," said Ned; "I shan't hurt your nicety."

But when Robert came back, he found his basket very dirty, and the handle broken.

"O Ned, how could you do this?" cried Robert.

Ned only laughed, and the other boys joined him.

"I should think you might do as you would be done by," said Robert, very quietly, and began to walk away. Ned knew he had done wrong, and therefore he flew into a passion, as people often do, that they may seem to think themselves right.

"What's that you say?" he cried. "None of your im-

pudence, Mr. Gentleman. None of your mother's goody talk, Mr. White-bread clean-face."

"I don't know why you should be angry," said Robert, "nor what harm there is in a clean face. And I'm sure, if you had been used to my mother's good lessons, you would love them."

"Do you say my mother is not as good as yours?" cried Ned; and he lifted up his hand, and struck him twice, so as almost to knock him down.

"A fight! A fight!" cried the wicked boys, clapping their hands; and they tried to make Robert return the blow. But Robert knew it was wrong to fight, and therefore stood still, astonished, though not afraid.

"He's afraid," cried the boys. "Coward! Coward!"

"I am not afraid," said Robert.

"Why don't you fight, then?" said they.

"Because it's wrong to fight at any time," said Robert; "and I believe I did not do right in what I said just now; and it certainly will not make it right to fight about it."

The boys shouted, and hissed, and said it was mean-spirited to take back his words for a blow.

"Not for a blow," said Robert, "but because they were wrong. And I think it would be very mean, if I should say to Ned what was wrong, and try to flog him too."

"That's a noble fellow," said a man that was standing by. "Live up to that, my lad; it's the true spirit. Ned, you ought to take example. It's you that are to blame."

Ned knew this, but he was sullen and obstinate, and went away without speaking.

The next day, when Mr. Jones came to market, he asked Robert how his basket came to be broken. A man who stood near, the same who had spoken so kindly to Robert the day before, began to tell the whole story; and Robert

soon took up his basket, with the meat which Mr. Jones had been buying, and went away. Mr. Jones had listened very attentively to the man's story, and when it was done, turned round to take up the change which the market-man had laid down for him on the bench. But there was a silver half-dollar missing. Mr. Jones said he had seen the man put it there, but now it was gone. Perhaps it had rolled off on to the floor. No; they searched for it, and it was not to be found. Then somebody must have taken it. Who could it be? "Perhaps it was Robert," said the man; "he stood round that side."

"Robert!" said Mr. Jones; "where is he?"

"O, he went off long ago," said one of the boys.

"That's the reason he would not stay and hear the story through," said another.

"Ay, ay," said another; "I wondered what made him in such a hurry. It's plain enough, now."

"Yes," said another, "the white little gentleman wanted to buy him a new clean shirt, I suppose."

In this way they all talked loud, and called him many hard names. Nobody spoke for him but John Saunders; and he said he did not think it likely so obliging a boy would steal.

Mr. Jones did not know what to think. He set out to meet Robert as he should come back. But Robert had taken another street. Mr. Jones returned to the market, thinking to find him there. But Robert did not come back again that forenoon.

Every body was now certain that he had taken the half-dollar; and Ned Field, who had been of an errand, coming up, declared that he saw the sly little gentleman take it.

"Why did not you tell of it?" asked Mr. Jones.

Ned answered that he did it with such an innocent look,

that he thought it was something Mr. Jones gave him for being so good a boy.

"But why did you not mention it afterwards, when we were talking about it?" said Mr. Jones.

"I did not hear any talk about it," said Ned; "for a gentleman called me away to wait on him, and I have but just got back."

This was true; and Mr. Jones began to think, as every body else thought, that Robert was a thief. This grieved him very much, and he walked away with a heavy heart to Mrs. Fowle's house. "What a pity," he thought, "that so well behaved a boy should be dishonest! What grief it will be to his mother!"

Mrs. Fowle was very much shocked and astonished, when she heard that her son was accused of dishonesty, and she said that she could not believe it. Robert declared that he was innocent, and that he never should think of doing so wicked a thing; and when Mr. Jones told him that Ned Field said he saw him take the half-dollar, he burst out a-crying, and said, "O, what a wicked boy, to tell such a cruel lie!"

"But if you did not take it," said Mr. Jones, "what made you run away so suddenly?"

"I did not run away, sir," said Robert; "but you were all talking about me, and I did not feel right to stand by and listen; so I took my basket and went away."

"But what made you go home so slyly through the other street?"

"Because it was nearer, and I was in a hurry."

"What made you in a hurry?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Nothing in particular," said Robert, "but I had done all my errands, and I always like to be at home as soon as possible."

"Did your mother want you?"

"No, sir," said Robert.

"Was it not a great deal sooner than you commonly come home?" said Mr. Jones.

"Yes, sir," said Robert.

"Ah, Robert," said Mr. Jones, "that is all very much against you."

His mother thought so too. But Robert still protested most earnestly that he was innocent.

"I must search your pockets," said Mr. Jones.

Robert burst out a-crying again, and said, "Indeed, indeed, it is not there."

Mr. Jones made him empty his pockets, and there were two silver half-dollars there. His mother lifted up her hands, and cried out, "O Robert, how came you by them?"

"I came by them honestly, mother," he answered, drying his eyes; "but I did not mean you should know I had them, because I wanted to surprise you by and by. The way I did was this. Sometimes a gentleman would pay me more than enough; and I always laid that by, till I got enough to make half a dollar, and then I changed it for this."

"Who changed it for you?" asked Mr. Jones.

Robert said he could not tell, for it was in a shop as he came home one day, and he did not mind where it was.

Mr. Jones shook his head, and did not believe him. He asked him how he came by the other.

"You gave it to me yourself, sir, three weeks ago."

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Jones; "but this one I think you stole. Every thing you say is very unlikely; and besides, Ned saw you."

Mr. Jones then said, that he should consider what ought to be done to such a boy, and went away.

Robert and his mother sat for some time, full of sorrow, but without saying a word. By and by Robert spoke out, "O, how glad I am that there is a God! for now there is one that knows I am innocent. My mother thinks I am a thief, and Mr. Jones thinks so, and every body thinks so. But God knows every thing, and he knows I am not. Every body else hates me, but God loves me just as well as ever."

"And if you are innocent, my son," said his mother, "trust him, and he will make your innocence appear."

"He knows, too, what a lie Ned Field told," continued Robert. "O, how dreadfully he must feel, to know that God heard him!"

Robert's father and mother had taught him to think much of God, and she was pleased to find that he thought of him now. It made her feel a strong hope that his innocence would be cleared up; but she did not say any thing. She thought it best in all trouble quietly to wait. She was sure that all would be well at last, for she always found that every dark side had its bright side, and that it is never right to despair, or be overcome with trouble.

Robert could not go to the market the next day, because every body thought him a thief. He therefore went to school. But the boys looked hardly at him, and avoided him. It was very hard to bear this, and he burst into tears, and could not pursue his studies. The master saw that something troubled him, and kindly told him that he might go home.

Robert went out, scarcely knowing where he went, till he came to the water side, where some boys were playing on the ice. One of them broke through. The rest were frightened, and, instead of helping him, began to run away. Robert called to them, and begged them to help the boy

out. But they were so frightened, that they could do nothing. Robert got a long pole, and slid it along on the ice, till the end of it reached the boy. He called to him to take hold of the pole and raise himself by it, and in that way the ice would bear him. Robert held the other end, and by great exertions the boy got out safe. It was Ned Field.

"O Robert," said he, "if it had not been for you I should have been drowned."

Ned was so chilled by being long in the cold water, that he was obliged to be carried into a house and put to bed. He was very sick. But when Robert was going away, he called him back, and said, —

"O Robert, you have saved my life; and yet how wicked I have been to you! I thought you was stingy and proud, and so I hated you, and tried to tease you. I spoiled your basket on purpose to plague you, and said you stole the half-dollar when I stole it myself. And now you have saved my life!"

Robert went home with a lighter heart, and told his mother what had happened, and what Ned had said. She told him to observe how God punished the wicked boy, and how unhappy he now must be.

"But perhaps he will be the better for it as long as he lives," she said.

"I dare say he will," said Robert. And as long as Ned was sick, he every day went to see him, and did kind things for him; so that Ned came at last to love him very much. He told every body that Robert was innocent, and for that every body was glad; for all who knew him loved him. They also forgave Ned, because he was penitent; and when he got well, he was ever after a better boy.

Mr. Jones came to see Robert, and shook him heartily by

the hand, and promised to do something which should reward him for his sufferings. He kept his promise; and Robert grew to be a very respectable and excellent man. And as long as he lived, he never forgot the lesson he had learned — to trust Providence even in the darkest hour, and to be always obliging and kind.

POETRY.

"If he had properly a worldly ambition for any thing, it was for the fame of a poet. He had constantly in view great objects to accomplish, and he therefore derived the greatest satisfaction from those employments which promoted them. But, apart from this source of interest, he took more pleasure in poetical composition than in any other occupation; and, although he indulged himself in it but little, it was an occupation more to his original taste than any other. When his mind was entirely unbent, when he had no immediate purpose to accomplish, as in travelling, or in sickness, he almost instinctively turned to poetry for rest or refreshment. But, with this strong love for it, it was, after all, only an accident in his life. He has only left enough to show of what he was capable, had he not been so exclusively occupied with what, in his view, had higher claims on his attention." — *Life of Henry Ware, Jr.* p. 468.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The following selections from Mr. Ware's poetical writings comprise all he has left in a condition for publication, that I have felt authorized to print. Some of the pieces have been already published. A few are well known, and have been widely circulated.

It is to be regretted that he did not finish his "Dream of Life," fragments of which possess no little merit, and the design of which is admirable.

In preparing the manuscripts for publication, no more liberty has been taken in their correction and revision than was absolutely necessary. The supervision of the author himself would, doubtless, have induced a more severe criticism, and imparted a superior finish.

For the sake of completeness and convenience of reference, I have introduced here the few poems which were inserted in the Memoir. In the arrangement of the selections, reference has been had to variety and taste, rather than to chronological order.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

December, 1826.

To prayer, to prayer; — for the morning breaks,
And Earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above, —
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer; — for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on;
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer; — for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.

O hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parent and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the sinner's dying side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow;
O, what are earth and its pleasures now?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length!
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise, —
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

GREENOUGH'S STATUES OF THE CHERUB AND CHILD.

"QUÆ NUNC ABIBIS IN LOCA?"

CHILD.

WHITHER now, sweet spirit, say?
Whither tends our lengthening way?
Sun on sun, and star on star,
We have left behind us far,
Till my awed and raptured mind
Longs a resting-place to find.
Shall these wonders never end?
Whither do we yet ascend?

CHERUB.

Gentle brother, onward yet;
Higher wonders must be met.
All these blazing worlds are dim
To the light that mantles *Him*, —
Him, who calls thee — with his *own* —
To the bliss before his throne.
There are all the pure in heart;
There the loving never part.
Thither pain nor sorrow come;
Happy brother, welcome home!

TO MARY.

October 2, 1833.

The forms they love, let others deck
In robes of rich resplendent fold;
Fling chains of pearl around the neck,
And tip the graceful ear with gold;
And bid the costly bawbles tell
How strong the heart's affections swell.

But she, whose presence cheers my life,
Whose moral beauty makes my pride,
Far lovelier as the trusted wife
Than when the lovely trusting bride,—
Jewels are no interpreter
Of what the husband feels for her.

I see her, on this joyful day,
The idol of her happy home,
Whose grateful inmates kneel and pray
That Heaven would bless for years to come,—
Long years of bright rejoicing life,—
This honored mother, friend, and wife.

Wealth has no gifts for such a day;
  Words try their feeble strength in vain;—
Yet some slight token may convey
  The feelings it cannot explain.
Mother,—this simple token take,*
And prize it for a father's sake.

* A little work on Domestic Education.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

1825.

With what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way amongst the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk, like some stout and girded giant — stern,
Unwearied, resolute, — whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step; but on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
And bid the North forever know its place.
Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven,

And echoed from the outer spheres that bound
The illimitable universe, thy voice
Joined the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendors that enrich his firmament.
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.
Ages have rolled their course, and Time grown gray;
The earth has gathered to her womb again,
And yet again, the myriads that were born
Of her — uncounted, unremembered tribes.
The seas have changed their beds; the eternal hills
Have stooped with age; the solid continents
Have left their banks; and man's imperial works, —
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,
As if immortal, — have been swept away,
Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread; youth, strength,
And beauty still are thine — as clear, as bright,
As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
Undimmed, unquenched, — just as I see it now, —
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years
That go back far into eternity.
Exhaustless flood! forever spent, renewed
Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,

Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips
The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve!
So vast the void through which their beams descend!
Yea, glorious lamps of God! He may have quenched
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
To see your lights still burning; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,
Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.
Yet what is this, which to th' astonished mind
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
Embraces all at once; yet each from each
Recedes, as far as each of them from earth.
And every star from every other burns
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,
Untravelled even in thought, keen, piercing rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass,
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire —
Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote
That their swift beams — the swiftest things that be —
Have travelled centuries on their flight to earth.

Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what
Are ye, amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works!
And these are suns! — vast, central, living fires, —
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!
Worlds — in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
What tongue can utter, all their multitudes!
Thus numberless in numberless abodes!
Known but to thee, blest Father! Thine they are,
Thy children, and thy care — and none o'erlooked
Of thee! — no, not the humblest soul, that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
Amongst the thousand mirrored lamps, which fling
Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall.
None, none escape the kindness of thy care;
All compassed underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.
Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your thrones
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway — what beings fill those bright abodes?
How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds? Does Innocence

Still wear her native and untainted bloom?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
And Slavery forged his chains, and Wrath, and Hate,
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
And scatter wo where Heaven had planted joy?
Or are they yet all Paradise, unfallen
And uncorrupt? existence one long joy,
Without disease upon the frame, or sin
Upon the heart, or weariness of life —
Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth
Glows in the light from God's near throne of Love?
Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold! — No language? Everlasting light,
And everlasting silence? — Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know —
The glory of the Maker. There it shines
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more. In other days,
When death shall give th' encumbered spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
Perchance, amongst those vast, mysterious spheres;
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,
Familiar with its children — learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by the hand of Power divine

Lavished on all its works. Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever-fresh delight;
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to th' instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories; while the soul,
Advancing ever to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

SONNET

ON THE

COMPLETION OF NOYES S TRANSLATION OF THE PROPHETS.

November, 1837.

In rural life, by Jordan's fertile bed,
The holy prophets learned of yore to sing;
The sacred ointment bathed a ploughman's head,
The shepherd boy became the minstrel king.
And he who to our later ears would bring
The deep, rich fervors of their ancient lays,
Should dwell apart from man's too public ways,
And quaff pure thoughts from Nature's quiet spring.
Thus hath he chose his lot, whom city pride
And college hall might well desire to claim;
With sainted seers communing side by side,
And freshly honoring their illustrious name.
He hears them in the field at eventide,
And what their spirit speaks his lucid words proclaim.

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

August 17, 1813.

God dwells in heaven: he rules above,
In everlasting might,
Beyond where stars their courses move,
In uncreated light.

God dwells in hell: his vengeance there
Gleams through the black abode;
The realms of anguish and despair
Confess the present God.

God dwells on earth; and all around
We view his wondrous power;
His terrors in the thunder sound,
His mercies in the shower.

When man erects a house of prayer,
There God resides within,
To witness every feeling there,
And pardon every sin.

But most of all the Lord resides
Within an humble mind;
The worth that modest merit hides
His grace is sure to find.

By pious men he may be found,
And every where adored;
Where'er they tread is holy ground,
A temple to the Lord.

O, let me find thee every where—
Around me, and within!
Be every day a day of prayer,
And pure from every sin.

HYMN,

ON REVELATION IV. 2, 3; XV. 3.

1823.

Around the throne of God
The host angelic throngs;
They spread their palms abroad,
And shout perpetual songs.
Him first they own,
Him last and best;
God ever blest,
And God alone.

Their golden crowns they fling
Before his throne of light,
And strike the rapturous string,
Unceasing, day and night:
"Earth, heaven, and sea,
Thy praise declare;
For thine they are,
And thine shall be.

"O holy, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;

Who wast, and art,
And art to be;
Nor time shall see
Thy sway depart.

"Great are thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might!
All just and true thy ways,
Thou King of saints, in light!
Let all above,
And all below,
Conspire to show
Thy power and love.

"Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
And magnify thy name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim.
Nations shall throng
From every shore,
And all adore
In one loud song."

While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise;
His glory own,
First, last, and best,
God ever blest,
And God alone.

SONG.

CLASS MEETING, AUGUST 25, 1813.

Tune, SANDY AND JENNY.

COME, classmates and friends, as ye mingle once more,
Renew all the feelings so oft felt before;
Return from your wanderings on life's weary main,
And join the glad circle of friendship again.

The world we have seen is cold, wayward, and strange;
It asks all our time, and gives little exchange:
Then gladly we cast all its troubles away,
And welcome the meeting of friendship to-day.

Smooth down the rough wrinkles of care on your brow;
From your eye dash the tear-drop of bitterness now;
Every cloud from the spirits be banished away,
And joy gild the moment of meeting to-day.

Has your lot, since we parted, been sad and distressed?
Has your eye lost its lustre, your bosom its rest?
You here shall rekindle its happiest ray,
And pillow your bosom on friendship to-day.

But if Fortune has clothed in her brightness your head,
And sunshine and flowers decked the path that you tread,

Then bring your bright garlands, your treasures display,
To gladden the meeting of friendship to-day.

How oft have we crowded this table around,
And pledged the high cup in festivity crowned!
To-day the same board shall its treasures display,
The same cup of feeling be mingled to-day.

And the taste of the wine, from this goblet of love,
Shall cling to our lips, and shall never remove;
Our cheeks the warm glow shall forever retain,
And bring back the thought of this meeting again.

Then pledge Alma-Mater — our joy, and our pride!
We have drunk at her bosom, we've walked at her side:
Our warmest affections we ever will pay,
And live to her honor: — we pledge it to-day.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

1817.

There is a very animated air and chorus, which I have heard sung with great delight, adapted to a triumphant song on the overthrow of the Egyptians —

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed! his people are free!"

The following lines, to the same tune, are more suitable to Christian worship. They are particularly adapted to Easter Day.

Lift your loud voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die!
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high —
"The Savior hath risen, and man shall not die!"

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being he gave us death cannot destroy!
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

A POEM,

PRONOUNCED AT CAMBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 23, 1815, AT THE

CELEBRATION OF PEACE

BETWEEN THE

UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

Once more we meet in peace; the storm has passed,
And cheerful suns ascend our skies at last;
The heavy cloud has rolled its gloom away,
And all the prospect brightens into day.
How glad the promise to our country given!
Lo, Peace descends, in angel form, from heaven,
And the dark train of misery and despair
Vanish, like misty forms of morning air.
Where late anxiety and gloom were seen
To cloud the brow, and agitate the mien, —
Where our sad fates, as slowly they unrolled,
Appalled alike the timid and the bold, —
Returning hope has marked the scene with joy,
And mirth and gladness every heart employ;
Joy on the tongue, and rapture in the eye,
The eager shout mounts upward to the sky!

Hark! the glad bell, the deep-mouthed cannon, sounds;
The city shakes, and every hill resounds.
Yes, we may well rejoice, and well repair,
With praise, to Him who heard our anxious prayer.
Let the loud anthem fill, with joyful strain,
These walls, that heard our burdened souls complain.
Glory to GOD be given! — the God of peace,
Who bids our fears subside, our troubles cease.
He sent confusion — and the nation mourned;
He smiled — the star of happiness returned.
The cloud that veiled us was our Father's hand;
The beams that cheer us shine at his command.
Then, as the fabled harp its warblings woke,
When on its strings the ray of morning broke,
So let our hearts respond the touch of Heaven;
So let our earliest hours to praise be given.

Yes, we have cause of joy! O, need I say
How great the boon we celebrate to-day?
Need I the sufferings of the past recall?
Need I — O would I *could!* — recount them all?
Look first abroad — scan Europe's history o'er;
There the wild flood has wasted every shore.
For twice ten years the threatening tumult spread,
While Nature languished, and her beauty fled.
War drove his iron car from land to land,
And scattered rage and ruin from his hand;
Pale Europe trembled with the cannon's roar,
And helpless anguish wailed on every shore.
Destroying armies, here, triumphant passed;
There, houseless wanderers shuddered in the blast;
Here, wasted fields were burdened with the slain;
There, prostrate cities smoked upon the plain.

"When, when," we cried, "will ruin's work be done?
When shall the world behold a quiet sun?
O, when shall winds untainted move the tree,
And bloodless rivers mingle with the sea?
When shall the glutted vulture quit the plain,
And the dove wave her peaceful wings again?"
But long in vain we wished, in vain we sought;
Still thousands mourned — for still th' ambitious fought.
"Enough," we cried, "have tears and treasures flowed;
Enough have earth and ocean drunk of blood."
But still the breeze confusion's accents bore,
And every wave came crimsoned to the shore;
Now the loud shouts of victory rent the air,
And now were heard the moanings of despair.

But Heaven at length, to save a sinking world,
The restless conqueror from his chariot hurled;
Doomed, as he trod the northern plain, to know
"A horrid climate," and a horrid foe.
How short the reign! how sudden was the fall!
Europe once scarce sufficed — Elba is now his all!
Th' astonished nations, roused from long dismay,
Gazed with dread wonder as he passed away;
With doubting eyes surveyed the scene a while,
And smiled — and wondered they were free to smile;
And now look back as on a meteor's flight,
The transient terror of a troubled night.

The tyrant fell: his baleful influence o'er,
The morn of quiet dawned on Europe's shore;
Contending nations rested from their arms,
And wives and mothers hushed their wild alarms.
No more their cities trembled to the gun;
No more the battle-cloud eclipsed the sun;

The voice of mirth succeeds the harsh dispute,
And yields the warrior-trumpet to the lute.
No more by virgin hands are garlands twined
To shade the hero's brow, his temples bind;
But softest flowers are gathered for the fair,
To wreathe in bands of joy the flowing hair; —
Garlands, to crown the happy — not the brave;
To grace the dance — not wither on the grave.
See, the glad ray across the ocean streams!
Our hills are brightened by the joyous beams.
Arise, my country — join the general voice —
Wake the deep echoes — bid thy sons rejoice!
The clouds have passed, the tempest-thunders cease,
And hope's gay rainbow gilds the sky of peace.
Lo, on all sides the kindling raptures spread,
Beam on the brow, and lift the buoyant tread.
Hark! on the wind what joyful accents rise!
See, novel splendors light the evening skies!
The flag streams proudly to the favoring gale,
And Commerce wide unfurls her swelling sail.
Our eagle, quenched the lightning of his eye,
Floats with unmoving wing along the sky;
Far from his grasp the bloody arrows thrown,
His talons wield the olive-branch alone.
O, happy rescue from the ills that wait
On war's tumultuous and uncertain state!
O, happy rescue from the fearful train,
That thickened round, of wretchedness and pain!
Look back, and see the evils that were near —
The dangers, sufferings, poverty, and fear.
Drained was the public purse, — the credit gone, —
And private want urged public ruin on.

Who then the deep despondency could chase,
The settled sadness of the patriot's face?
Who could dispel the darkness of the breast,
And lay its chill and torturing fears to rest,
When the sick heart beheld its prospects droop,
And courage fainted on the tomb of hope?
The past — how sad the marks of woe it bore!
How blank the dreary waste that stretched before!
But yet some gleams of glory rushed between,
And threw a dazzling brightness on the scene.
Whose heart was still, that heard the deeds of might —
Th' unequalled grandeur of our ocean fight?
Who felt not proud, when each returning wave
Rolled home a glorious tribute to the brave?
Who felt not proud, th' ennobling tale to tell —
"Our fathers' spirits in their children dwell"?
Who but the ardor of the contest knows,
From the high opening to the signal close —
From Hull's first flash, that woke th' astonished main,
To the last peal, that echoed on Champlain?
Ye gallant few, that trod the mighty deep,
Enough is done; now let your terrors sleep;
Sleep — like your native ocean — still, yet dread.
Its spirit slumbers — but it is not dead;
Be the calm moved, again its fury roars,
Raves to the blast, and dashes to the shores.
But now enough; retire, your country's pride;
Fame shouts your honors loud, and spreads them wide;
Enjoy the sounds upon a tranquil main,
Nor ask the triumph of the fight again.
Hushed be the war-storm on the sea and lake;
Long hushed the passions that its rage would wake.

And hail the flag that waves upon our *shore;*
Proud let it wave — and wave forevermore.
True, in the northern war it bowed its head,
Its stars were clouded, and their lustre fled.
Our capital beheld its deep disgrace;
Hide, ye that saw it, hide your blushing face.
Americans! and see your city fired!
O, *who* were they that saw it — and retired?
But stay — for those that bade the eagle *roam*
May well be found a feeble guard at home.
But plant the standard where are men to fight,
Ne'er shall it droop in war, or trail in flight.
It must not flutter in a foreign air —
A freeman's arm is weak and nerveless there;
And freedom's star alike its beam denies
To him who fights for conquest, and who flies.
But range our soldiers on their native soil,
They fear no danger, and they shun no toil;
They wait th' assault in thick and firm array,
Lift the high hand, and scatter wide dismay.
Such there have been, who met the fierce attack,
Rushed on opposing troops, and drove them trembling back.
And such, had rash invasion touched *our* coast,
Such would have been our hardy yeomen's boast;
They, like our sires, had bid the invaders know
Columbia bears no laurel for a foe.

But, ah! how poor the boast, to say we dared!
How small the glory, to the woe compared!
What boots it that the banners of our foe
Hang in our halls, a proud, imposing show,
If blood and tears the gaudy trophies steep,
To tell how many bled, how many weep!

Or that the laurel shades us, since it grows
In chief luxuriance where the brave repose?
Say, will its leaves assuaging balm impart
To ease the anguish of the wounded heart?
Say, will the honors, that on fame attend,
Console the widow, or restore the friend?
In victory's day, the shout is all we hear;
The sob of sorrow reaches not the ear.
The dazzling pomp is all that meets the light;
The toil, the suffering, is concealed from sight.
But could we tell how vast th' amount of woe —
Behold the wounded, and their tortures know —
Go to the chamber where the widow sighs,
And see the orphans' tears, and hear their cries —
Mark all the frantic transports of despair,
The piercing shriek, the mingled curse and prayer —
O, we should bleed at heart, when Victory's voice
Rang through the crowd, and bade the land rejoice;
Should shrink with shuddering from war's iron sound,
And tread its proudest trophies to the ground.

Then hail, sweet Peace, man's high, yet injured friend!
No gloomy terrors on thy steps attend;
No forms of woe, no demons armed with wrath,
But quiet, hope, and plenty wait thy path.
War wastes around him with consuming breath;
Our comforts fade, our friendships sink in death.
He treads along a track of living fire,
And science, arts, and happiness expire.
Demon, be gone! we hate thy savage mien; —
But Peace, sweet nymph, be thou our lovely queen.
Come, soothe our sorrows with thy cheerful song;
Bring all thy blessings, and continue long.

Lo, Plenty springs beneath thy verdant tread,
And Art, reviving, lifts to heaven her head.
White o'er the billows moves th' adventurous sail,
And riches pour to land with every gale.
The city sees its splendid domes increase,
With all the grandeur and the fame of Greece;
The country smiles in richer verdure crowned,
While cheerful toil and rustic mirth resound;
And Science sees her favorite mansions rise,
Till Harvard's turrets tremble in the skies;
Till other Miltons stretch a loftier flight,
And other Newtons tread new fields of light.

Hail, hail, the distant beauty of our land,
That Hope has pictured with a glowing hand!
Roll on, ye happy years, in rapture roll;
Pour all your promise on th' impatient soul —
The brilliant promise of a lovelier day,
Of purer light, and clear, unclouded ray.
Fathers, your sons shall then in virtues shine,
That raise the human nearer the divine.
Mothers, your daughters, more accomplished then,
Shall smile with sweeter smiles on worthier men.
Then public good, on private virtue built,
Shall stand unmoved by vice, unstained by guilt.
Then, guided by the wisdom from above,
We all shall harmonize in perfect love;
Shall cast the trophies of our wars away,
And nobler honors to the world display.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN WORDS TO A CANON FOR THREE VOICES, BY J. H. C. BOMHARDT.

November, 1837.

The day of life is not all desolate;
Paternal Love o'er all presideth;
And though the doubting heart
May mourn when hopes depart,
Serenely Faith amid the storm abideth.
The darkest clouds of Fate
Are bright when Love confideth.

TO E. A. W.,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

Concord, N. H., August 22, 1831.

Absent! We are not absent, dear.
Of all the happy throng you see,
Not one in spirit is more near,
Or breathes a heartier wish, than we.
So take our kiss, and with it share
A brother's, sister's love and prayer.

May He who blessed your early lot
With all that makes a happy home,
O'erwatch, with equal love, the spot
That waits your life in years to come.
Trust Him, — let weal or woe betide; —
Trust; — and what can you ask beside?

HYMN,

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

April, 1839.

Tune, LYONS.

We rear not a temple, like Judah's of old,
Whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold;
No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane.

More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,
And Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul.

O Father, come in! but not in the cloud
Which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones bowed;
But come in that spirit of glory and grace,
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.

O, come in the power of thy life-giving Word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord;
Till Faith bring the peace to the penitent given,
And Love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

The pomp of Moriah has long passed away,
And soon shall our frailer erection decay;
But the souls that are builded in worship and love
Shall be temples to God, everlasting above.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

November, 1840.

Tune, Sandy and Jenny.

Come, uncles and cousins; come, nieces and aunts;
Come, nephews and brothers, — no *wonts* and no *cants:*
Put business, and shopping, and school-books away;
The year has rolled round; — it is Thanksgiving-day.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth,
Come home from your factories, Ann, Kate, and Ruth;
From the anvil, the counter, the farm come away;
Home, home, with you, home; — it is Thanksgiving-day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed;
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best:
No caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving-day.

Pies, puddings, and custards, pigs, oysters, and nuts, —
Come forward and seize them, without *ifs* or *buts;*
Bring none of your slim, little appetites here; —
Thanksgiving-day comes only once in a year.

Thrice welcome the day in its annual round!
What treasures of love in its bosom are found!
New England's high holiday, ancient and dear!
'Twould be twice as welcome, if twice in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place,
And brother and sister, long parted, embrace;
The family ring is united once more,
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the Power that has guarded his hearth;
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving-day.

Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And trustful await what the future may bring:
Let doubt and repining be banished away,
And the whole of our lives *be* a Thanksgiving-day.

HYMN.

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT HARVARD COLLEGE,

September 7, 1836.

Give praise to the God of our fathers! give praise!
At the shrine where they worshiped devoutly adore;
Kneel down, as they knelt in their perilous days,
His goodness to bless, and his favor implore.

For "Christ and the Church" they resisted and fled,
His cross for their banner, his word for their guide;
On a new world the broad light of Freedom they shed,
And poured through the wilderness Truth's living tide.

Then rose the high temple, the home of the soul,
And the proud hall of Science, the strength of the state,
That Religion and Letters might join to control
The hearts of the young, and the toils of the great.

We praise thee, O God, for the days that are gone;
We surrender the future in faith to thy hand;
O, cloud not the hope of our new-risen dawn,
O, pour the full sunlight of day on our land!

ODE,

ON OCCASION OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD COLLEGE,

September 7, 1836.

Fling wide the temple door!
The altar and the choir prepare!
Let the high chant and solemn prayer
Their holy raptures pour.
For, lo, in festal pomp arrayed,
Forth issuing from their classic shade,
The sons of Science crowd the sacred floor.

O, meetly to the house of praise
The fair and ancient mother goes,
And on Religion's altar lays
The offering due to Him who all bestows.
Grateful Memory brings her treasures,
Gathered through the centuries gone;
Hope, in sweet, prophetic measures,
Hastens brighter ages on.
The solemn rites let Heaven with favor crown;
The praise receive, nor on the vision frown.

Barbarian darkness dwelt
In hopeless night upon the land;
Till England's Pilgrims touched the strand,
And in the forest knelt.
Then light broke in; the kindling dawn
Blushed on mountain, grove, and lawn;
They planted round their growing home
The classic lights of Greece and Rome;
On every hill-top bade to shine
The blesséd cross of Palestine, —
Blended beams of heaven and earth!
Like morning on the mountains spread,
A bright and genial day they shed,
And called the glories of New England forth.

Exalt their honored name!
Heroic founders of the state!
Inscribe their titles with the great,
Who live in deathless fame!
Nor last upon th' immortal scroll
Young Harvard's modest worth enroll;
Let his own halls resound with loud acclaim!

Through languid years of pain and gloom,
He faded slow, and early died;
Passed from the altar to the tomb,
And wrought in death the work that life denied.
Stranger in the infant nation
Where he lingered but to die,
Visions of its exaltation
Dawned on his believing eye.
Cheered by the view, serenely smiled the youth,
And gave his little all to Christ and Truth.

O, from that little rill
What soul-enlivening waters flowed,
What peace and hope to man's abode,
What joy to Zion's hill!
As when along the desert land,
Smitten by the prophet's hand,
The rock its gushing torrent sent
To bless the tribes where'er they went.

The years are passed, the fathers gone;
But still the fertile flood rolls on:
Free and glorious be its flow, —
A boundless wave of life and youth, —
Till knowledge, liberty, and truth,
Restore lost Eden to our world below.

HYMN IN SICKNESS.

March, 1836.

Father, thy gentle chastisement
  Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent,
  To warn me back to thy control;
And pray, that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

The errors of my heart I know;
  I feel my deep infirmities;
For, often, virtuous feelings glow,
  And holy purposes arise,
But, like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

Forgive the weakness I deplore;
  And let thy peace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
  But wholly cast myself on thee.
O, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine.

ANTI-SLAVERY SONG.

February, 1843.

Tune, Wild Hunt of Lutzow.

The Pilgrims are launched on the wild winter main,
Their bark on the foam madly tossing:
The tempest is high; but its threats they disdain;
They are fleeing from Tyranny's sceptre and chain;
It is Liberty's sea they are crossing.
Loud rings their cry o'er the stormy wave —
"Freedom! Death or freedom!
Freedom, or ocean our grave!"

Borne high on the breath of the soft summer gale,
The slave-ship is proudly careering;
What sights of despair and what voices of wail,
What anguish and madness beneath that fair sail,
To hopeless captivity steering!
Hark! hark! from the black-hold the stifled cry —
"Freedom! Death or freedom!"
Hear how it pierces the sky!

In the darkness and rain of the chill autumn night,
The slave from the cane-field is striding;
Through hunger and hardship he urges his flight;
Nor perils dismay him, nor blood-hounds affright,

By the north star his weary feet guiding.
Help, help for him — answer his eager cry —
"Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!"
Tell him that rescue is nigh.

Up, up with your banners to honor the brave!
O'er your forefathers' tombs be they flying!
And hail to the hero, though black and a slave,
Who shrinks from oppression, but fears not the grave,
And throws off his fetters by dying.
Join — join in the shout that he flings on high,
"Freedom! Death or freedom!"
Join · — 'twas your forefathers' cry!

FOR MR. EMERSON'S ORDINATION.

March, 1829.

"PREACHING PEACE BY JESUS CHRIST"

How beautiful the feet of those
Who publish peace from Heaven!
How glad the tidings they disclose
From Him to save us given!
Glory to God! Good will to men,
And peace on earth, attend his reign.

The world was dark with woe and strife;
Pain, sin, and death, bore sway;
And souls, ordained to nobler life,
In guilt and bondage lay.
His word went forth — earth's evils cease,
And ransomed spirits rest in peace.

That peace which earth can never give,
And never take away,
Shall conquer time and death, and live
Through heaven's eternal day.
Praise to the Lord, whose boundless grace
Redeems and saves our sinful race.

THE CHURCH AT EAST LEXINGTON.

May, 1842.

The Fallen Church — how beautiful it stands,
Graceful and calm in that sequestered nook!
How doth a blessing from its placid look
Flow o'er the hamlet and its fertile lands!
Fit monument to him who placed it there;
Whose soul — all truth, benignity, and grace —
Beamed forth in benedictions, from a face
Where might and sweetness met in union rare.
O light of love, too early quenched in death! —
Yet, as that fane, though crumbled to the ground,
Would still survive, in sacred influence round,
So flows, and shall, from him a quickening breath:
Death to the good man is but life's extension;
Earth mourns his loss; Heaven joys in his ascension.

FOR FAST-DAY.

1813.

Great King of all, our nation's God,
O, hear thy people's suppliant cry;
We bow beneath thy angry rod,
We raise to thee the tearful eye.

Dark tempests brood upon our land,
And sorrow sits on every face;
O, may we own thy chastening hand!
O, may we seek and find thy grace!

Thy favor, Lord, had raised us high—
High as our loftiest hopes could soar;
But humbled now in dust we lie,
And peace and glory are no more.

For we abused the gifts of Heaven,
Consumed thy bounties on our lust,
Despised the word thy grace had given,
And trod thy promise in the dust.

Lord, we with penitence confess;
We own thy grace, our sins we own;
Deign yet to turn, receive, and bless,
Nor drive thy children from thy throne.

THE

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF DEITY.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING WORDS:

"O MON FILS, ADOREZ DIEU ET NE CHERCHEZ PAS À LE CONNAÎTRE."..... *ANACHARSIS.*

1811.

God is a spirit, great and just;
We his dependent creatures are:
His pleasure called us from the dust;
His goodness keeps us, and his care.

He dwells enthroned in light on high;
He lives throughout the boundless whole;
Invisible to mortal eye,
Unsearchable by human soul.

To feeble man 'twas never given
The great mysterious One to know,
To scan the Majesty of heaven,
Or make his essence known below.

Enough for us, his sovereign word
Reveals him as the God of love,
The just, the ever-gracious Lord,
Who can but righteousness approve;—

Unfolds his blissful heaven above,
And glory for his children there;
While those who slight his offered love
Shall sink to darkness and despair.

There, also, is enough revealed,
To guide us in the way we go;
And what his wisdom has concealed
Might be but misery to know.

O, then adore th' eternal Mind
With wonder, gratitude, and fear;
Nor seek, what man may never find,
The knowledge of his essence here.

ON OPENING OUR ORGAN,

November 9, 1822.

Tune, Great Milton.

All nature's works His praise declare,
To whom they all belong;
There is a voice in every star,
In every breeze a song.
Sweet music fills the world abroad
With strains of love and power;
The stormy sea sings praise to God,
The thunder and the shower.

To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing;
To God the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.
Like them let man the throne surround,
With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftier sound
Assist his feeble praise.

Great God, to thee we consecrate
Our voices and our skill;
We bid the pealing organ wait
To speak alone thy will.

O, teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high;
And while the music round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

OUR SOCIETY'S AUTHORS.

READ TO THE Φ. B. K. AFTER THE ANNUAL DINNER,

August 29, 1839.

I SPEAK you no speech, and I sing you no song,
And I hope not to keep you a minute too long;
I but rise to propose that you drink, as a toast,
"*Our Society's Authors;*" — not one, — but a host.

I premise, that perhaps you're not fully aware —
Though I am — how many and noted they are.
Of those, in whose honors our land is so happy,
How many belong to the *Phi Beta Kappa!*
To recite all their names I by no means insist;
'Twere a little too long for a post-dinner list.
I leave out each annual poet and orator:
That catalogue doubtless we all have *memoriter.*
I leave out the Philistine phalanx of editors,
Accounting them rather our debtors than creditors.
And I silently pass, to save patience and time,
All mere pamphleteers, both in prose and in rhyme.
I propose but the *bonos, meliores, et pessimos,*
Who appear in octavos and large duodecimos.
(And thus I escape all allusion to self;
For no big book of mine burdens any one's shelf.)

First, gravely we fill, with our waters or wines,
To the names of the gravest — our brother DIVINES.
And, beginning at home, I produce on the scene
Our brother the *Editor*, — no more the Dean, —
Whose two ample octaves, erelong to be five,
Are enough to make any man's memory thrive; —
Then *Norton*, the critic, sagacious, profound,
The fervent cloud-hater, who builds on firm ground;
And *Harris*, whose learned work, prized at a high rate,
Has twice been purloined by a base British pirate;
Our modest translator of prophecy, *Noyes*,
And the other translators, whose versions rejoice
The students that plod through the tomes of Mosheim,
Or seek the Eclectic, or love German rhyme;
Then *Burnap* and *Furness* — each one with a volume;
And *Jenks*, too, — with quarto, close printed and solemn;
And *Dewey*, whose travels and sermons are fame;
And *Channing*, the shout of whose eloquent name,
As a dear benediction or proud acclamation,
Rings loud from the echoes of every known nation.

Fill, next, to the LAWYERS, whose regal delight
Is in extra-sized octaves, bound neatly in white.
And here, — as before, — to begin with a resident,
We drink to the Author, the Judge, and our *President*:
Felix prole Librum — and each one a star,
Cœlicolæ omnes — all lights of the bar.
And around him arranged, lo! an eminent band,
Of *Sullivan*, *Pickering*, *Phillips*, and *Rand*,
And others demanding our hearty applause,
Who honor their country by serving her laws.

In order of merit and honor next follow
The diploma'd disciples of HEALING APOLLO: —

Men as scanty in books as they're various in humors; —
From *Warren*, who prints about heart-pains and tumors,
To *Oliver's* treatise of learned Physiology,
And *Bigelow's* Botany, Flora, Technology.

Now, leaving the learned professions, our glass
Let us fill to the more MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.
First, honor and laud, as are due, let us render
To the *Governor's* volume of eloquent splendor.
From one of the name pass we on to the other,
And quaff to the author of "Europe," his brother;
And since all are brothers alike at this board,
I venture to mention "Palmyra" restored.
Then defer not the notice to one moment later,
Of those in the precincts of fair Alma Mater; —
Her *Hedge*, *Farrar*, *Webster*, and *Cleaveland*, and *Peirce*,
Whose labors can hardly be hitched into verse, —
Philosophical titles, euphonious in science,
But setting the Muse and her rhymes at defiance; —
And him who once lectured in old Harvard Hall,
But doffed the Professor at Madison's call, —
That true "old man eloquent," — *Adams*, — in age
Filling up the strong lines of the Lecturer's page.

Then those who have TRAVELLED o'er mountain and main;
In Italy *Lyman*, and *Cushing* in Spain,
And *Bigelow*, roving from Scotland to Parthia,
And *Devens*, six weeks at the Vineyard of Martha.

Of POETS — our own — who have printed their tomes,
We all have known *Mellen*, and all laughed with *Holmes*.
We boast that the nervous and fanciful powers
Of *Dana*, the Idle Man, also, are ours;

And *Bryant*—the world never rings to his fame,
But our bosoms beat high to a brother's fair name.

Of Historians next, lo! the lengthening procession:
First, *Bradford*, Old Colony's honest expression;
Then *Allen*, whose ardor no industry dims,
With his five hundred Lives, and his six hundred Hymns;
Then the many fair writers in Sparks's Biography,
First trying their hands in small historiography;
As *Upham*, the eloquent champion of Vane;
And *Peabody*, guessing the matter out plain;
And *Francis*, portraying, as true pen should paint,
The career of the Indians' apostle and saint.
Next *Quincy*, who wrote his great father's career,
And has added his mother's within the last year;
Then *Irving*, who brings to his volumes of truth
The grace that adorned the light tales of his youth;
And *Sparks*, with his chapters transparent as day,
Inflexibly true, like the man they display;
And *Bancroft*, laborious, brilliant, and terse,
Enrobing grave truth in the diction of verse.
And *Prescott*, so favored beyond poet's dream,
To find, and then equal, that great epic theme.
When the nation's historical fame they discuss,
We will claim that *that* "thunder" belongs all to us.

Thus far of the living. But let me pass on
To utter the eminent names that are gone.
They speak, though they live not; their tones and their looks
Come back with their souls, when we turn to their books.
Thus *Tudor*, *Peirce*, *Frisbie*, and *Thacher*, still live;
Dehon, *Haven*, *Stearns*, and the *Abbotts* survive;

Amidst us do *Parker* and *Bancroft* still stand,
And *Bowditch* and *Buckminster* hallow our band.

Then pledge we in love, without fear or misgiving,
To the fame of the dead, and the hopes of the living.
We are proud of their works, we are proud of their number;
Their honor is ours, and our love shall not slumber.
Let Fame sound her trumpet, and tell to the breeze,
And the breeze to the nations o'er mountains and seas,
That our ancient fraternity, headed by STORY,
Quaffs to its authors the wine-cup of glory.

HYMN,

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN HINGHAM,

September 28, 1835.

Tune, St. Martin's.

We praise the Lord, who o'er the sea
Our exiled fathers led,
And on them in the wilderness
His light and glory shed.
In want and fear, for many a year,
They spread their scanty board;
Yet loud and strong their grateful song
The Giver's hand adored.

Two hundred years have passed away;
The desert frowns no more;
And glory, such as Judah knew,
Crowns hill-side, vale, and shore.
Then louder still, o'er plain and hill,
Send forth the shout of praise,
And bid it run from sire to son,
Through all succeeding days.

HYMN,

FOR THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL,

July, 1842.

Tune, Portuguese Hymn

Farewell, dear scenes of study and devotion,
Shades of the soul, in saintly musing trod;
Where, far from earth, and rude life's vain commotion,
We walked in truth's bright beam,
And drank of faith's pure stream,
And sought a true alliance with the Son of God.

Those precious days of preparation ended,
Trembling our steps forsake the cherished sod;
Like Him, on whom the anointing dove descended,
We stand at life's broad gate,
And, looking upward, wait
The unction that shall seal us for the church of God.

Sin, sloth, and self, abjured before the altar,
With fresh resolve our pilgrim path we plod;
Help, Lord, from heaven, that ne'er our feet may falter;
But gird our steadfast youth
With boldness, love, and truth,
And fill our trusting bosoms with the peace of God.

We fear no conflicts with Christ's banner o'er us;
We dread no ill beneath our Shepherd's rod;
His strength and peace, his cross and heaven, before us,
Shall arm our feeble faith,
And quell the darts of death,
And win immortal succor through the grace of God.

Glory and honor be to Him forever,
Who aids and cheers us with auspicious nod;
To him be consecrate all high endeavor;
For him all toils be done,
For him all trophies won,
Till grace shall crown our souls before the throne of God.

TO MARY,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Fairfield, Conn., October 2, 1823.

"The dawn is overcast; the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day;"
The roads are miry with continued showers,
And rain and mud deter me from my way;
And yet to me it all looks fair and bright,
For on this day my Mary saw the light.

Many returns to you of this sweet day!
And each return more happy than the last!
Peace to your heart, as thoughtful you survey
The various fortunes of the checkered past;
And bright and glorious be the visions given
That clothe your coming years in hues of heaven.

SONG,

FOR THE ABBOT FESTIVAL,

Exeter, N. H., August 23, 1838.

Tune, SANDY AND JENNY.

FROM the highways and byways of manhood we come,
And gather like children about an old home;
We return from life's weariness, tumult, and pain,
Rejoiced in our hearts to be schoolboys again.

The senator comes from the hall of debate,
The governor steps from the high chair of state,
The judge leaves the bench to "the law's wise delay,"
Rejoiced to be schoolboys again for a day.

The parson his pulpit has left unsupplied,
The doctor has put his old sulky aside,
The lawyer his client has turned from the door,
And all are at Exeter, — schoolboys once more.

O, glad to our eyes are these dear scenes displayed,
The halls where we studied, the fields where we strayed;
There is change, there is change; but we will not deplore;
Enough that we feel ourselves schoolboys once more.

Enough that once more our old master we meet,
The same as of yore when we sat at his feet;
Let us place on his brow every laurel we've won,
And show that each pupil is also a son.

And when to the harsh scenes of life we return,
Our hearts with the glow of this meeting shall burn;
Its calm light shall cheer till earth's school time is o'er,
And prepare us in heaven for one meeting more.

HYMN.

FAMILY MEETING.

August 20, 1835.

In this glad hour, when children meet,
And home with them their children bring,
Our hearts with one affection beat,
One song of praise our voices sing.

For all the faithful, loved and dear,
Whom thou so kindly, Lord, hast given;
For those who still are with us here,
And those who wait for us in heaven; —

For every past and present joy,
For honor, competence, and health,
For hopes which time may not destroy,
Our soul's imperishable wealth; —

For all, accept our humble praise;
Still bless us, Father, by thy love;
And when are closed our mortal days,
Unite us in one home above.

HYMN,

AT THE ORDINATION OF MESSRS. BARNARD AND GRAY.

November 2, 1834.

Tune, Hotham.

"Feed my sheep," the Savior said
To the chosen of his love;
"Feed them with the living bread;
Guide them to the fold above.
Feed my lambs," the Shepherd cried,
"Ere their tender hearts are cold,
Chilled with worldliness and pride,
Bring them safely to my fold.

"Preach my gospel to the poor,
Sunk in earthly want and woe;
Give them treasures that endure,
Peace and heaven-born hope bestow.
At the hedges and highways,
Where in dust and sin they roam,
Loud the gospel summons raise,
Call the hapless wanderers home."

On the sacred errand bent,
Two and two they sallied forth;
Darkness vanished where they went;
Peace immortal dawned on earth.
In their holy steps to tread,
Other two we now ordain:
On their path thy glory shed;
Lord, their steadfast feet sustain.

Heralds to the young and low,
Give them words to touch and win;
Words to calm the sobs of woe,
Words to wake the sleep of sin.
Heralds of eternal truth,
Arm them with immortal love;
Spread thy shield around their youth,
Take their honored age above.

A CURE FOR SEA-SICKNESS:

LINES ON A NEW NOTION;

COMPOSED AT SEA,

Monday Night, April 6, 1829.

I SING the story of the ancient ark, —
'That oarless, rudderless, and sailless bark,
Which through the deluge bore the holy clerk,
And saved the creatures in its chambers dark.
The clouds collect; the various tribes embark;
The fountains of the deep break up, — and hark!
Above the matins of the early lark
The thunders roll. Beyond th' appointed mark
Of ocean's ancient shores, this great nearch
Rides o'er the ruins of earth's fertile park.
How sad the wide-spread ravage to remark!
Quenched of all earth-born life the moving spark!
And wrecks, and beasts, and human corses stark,
Throng round the life-boat of the patriarch.
The months roll on. He sends the dove to mark
Th' abating floods. And now they disembark:
Men kneel; the creatures leap, fly, scream, and bark;
And o'er them circles Mercy's radiant arc.

THE VISION OF LIBERTY,

AN ODE, RECITED BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

August 26, 1824.

The matter of the following lines is not a poetical invention, but the simple versification of what was actually dreamed about thirty years ago. The dreams were repeated to the writer by one who heard them at the time, and to whose recollection they were brought by the exhilarating events of the last week. An English lady residing in Hingham, about 1794, imagined that there stood before her a vast and venerable building, which, as she was looking at it, began to wax hot and red, and at length, as if with the violence of the heat, flew to pieces and disappeared; when on the spot where it had stood, appeared a beautiful female figure, whom she knew to be the goddess of Liberty. About the same time, a gentleman in Massachusetts saw in his dream a temple of wonderful magnificence and beauty. As he was approaching to enter it, a bell sounded from the dome with an uncommonly musical tone. He cast his eye up, and was surprised to see written upon it, in golden letters, the name of Fayette.

The irregular stanza was chosen simply because it seemed to offer fewest embarrassments to a person writing in haste.

Is there some genial spirit of the night,
That rules the sleeping mind,
And pours within a more effectual light,
When the closed eye of sense is blind?

Is it some spirit, that, in vision,
The secrets of futurity betrays,
Unveiling those bright scenes Elysian,
That wait for man in better days?

Or is it but that Fancy strays
In bolder and prophetic ways,
When slumbering Reason drops her stern control;
And, from her plodding interference freed,
Resumes some native power to read
The unsealed records of Time's lengthening scroll?

The evening heavens were calm and bright;
No dimness rested on the glittering light
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high.
Those distant suns burned on with quiet ray;
The placid planets held their modest way;
And silence reigned profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky.

O, what an hour for lofty thought!
My spirit burned within; I caught
A holy inspiration from the hour.
Around me man and nature slept;
Alone my solemn watch I kept,
Till morning dawned and Sleep resumed her power.

A vision passed upon my soul.
I still was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless sons of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless night; —

When, lo! upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile
Flung up its time-defying towers;
Its lofty gates seemed scornfully to smile
At vain assault of human powers,
And threats and arms deride.
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride
In giant masses graced the walls above,
And dungeons yawned below.
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,
Grave, silent chroniclers of Time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,
See, within, a sudden blaze!
So small at first, the zephyr's lightest swell,
That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,
Nor makes the withered leaf to drop,
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread —
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red —
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
Raging with resistless power,
Till every fervent pillar glowed,
And every stone seemed burning coal,
Instinct with living heat, that flowed
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.

At length a crackling sound began;
From side to side throughout the pile it ran;
And louder yet, and louder grew,
Till now in rattling thunder peals it flew.
Huge shivered fragments from the pillars broke,
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
The shattered walls were rent and riven,
And piecemeal driven
Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.
'Tis done! What centuries had reared
In quick explosion disappeared,
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place, —
Bright with more than human grace,
Robed in more than mortal seeming,
Radiant glory in her face,
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming —
Rose a fair, majestic form,
As the mild rainbow from the storm.
I marked her smile, I knew her eye;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft the cap-crowned wand,
My slumbers fled 'mid shouts of "LIBERTY!"

Read ye the dream? and know ye not
How truly it unlocked the word of fate?
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spreads it not, and burns, in every state?
And when their old and cumbrous walls,
Filled with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear their impotent defence: —
The fabric falls!

That fervent energy must spread,
Till Despotism's towers be overthrown,
And, in their stead,
Liberty stand alone!

Hasten the day, just Heaven;
Accomplish thy design;
And let the blessings thou hast freely given
Freely on all men shine;
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,
And human power for human good employed;
Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,
And Peace and Virtue undisputed reign.

Again I slept; and where that maid had been,
Another temple rose upon the scene.
And O, what human words can render
Fitting tribute to the grace,
And the more than earthly splendor,
Of that bright and matchless place!
From thousand columns sprung the ample dome,
Of heaven's own form and heaven's own brilliancy;
It seemed some glorious spirit's favorite home,
Breathing of love and pure tranquillity.
No proud defiance, frowning there,
Looked threat and insult on the gloomy air,
But quiet dignity in conscious strength reposed.
No arms, no guards, no dungeons deep and closed;
But open, free — like God's free day,
That shines and smiles on all with heaven-descended ray.

Delighted and entranced,
I eagerly advanced

To enter and explore the glories there confined.
But suddenly, with tuneful stroke,
From the lofty dome a loud peal broke,
Flinging soft, silver tones upon the wind.
With strong, melodious swell,
Rung forth a magic chime, that fell
Like midnight music on the sleeper's ear,
Making it paradise to sleep and hear.

That strange, mysterious sound,
Soft as the mellow horn's most gentle note,
Seemed lightly on the buoyant winds to float,
And spread through all the world around.
O'er the mountain and the plain,
Beyond the desert and the main,
Wherever man is found,
Went forth that winning sound,
And breathed its summons in his raptured ear.
The tone went home to every heart;
It bade the thrilling tears of Freedom start,
And ransomed nations in her halls appear.

My eager eyes I upward threw,
The wondrous instrument to view,
In which such piercing power and ravishing sweetness met;
And on its splendid form, behold,
Inscribed in living light and gold,
That all mankind might read—thy honored name, FAYETTE!

O for a tongue of fire, to tell
How gloriously the vision was fulfilled!
How, at the touch of Liberty's sweet bell,
The hearts of countless myriads have thrilled,

And Destiny her brightest page unfurled,
Roused by the spirit that had waked the world:

Even Europe loves the sweet and stirring note;
Southern Columbia rises at the call,
With kindling eye and tyrant-scorning tread;
And Greece calls back the spirits of her dead,
And bids her ancient banners float
Where Freedom's martyrs fell, and proudly still shall fall.

O Greece, reviving Greece! thy name
Kindles the scholar's and the patriot's flame.
On thee our anxious eyes we bend.
For thee our earnest prayers ascend,
That never may thy lifted banner fall.
For thee, thine own strong eloquence
Pleads in Columbia's legislative hall.
And is there none to *arm* in thy defence?
No ardent, generous, devoted youth,
To pledge his fortunes and his truth,
And, nobly exiled, cross the wave,
To join th' oppressed and aid the brave?

Go forth, if such there be, go forth;
Stand by that nation in her second birth.
Coupled with her high cause, thy name,
Like his whose welcome presence draws
A nation's rapturous applause,
Shall ring through earth from sea to sea,
The favorite watchword of the free,
The purest shout of fame.
And when Time's slow and favoring hand
Restores the glories of that lovely land,

Thither, perchance, thy pilgrimage thou'lt take;
And while earth's older empires shake,
Receive the welcome of the new;
Which round thy steps in grateful shouts shall break,
Than those which follow kings — how heartier and more true!

TO MRS. M. R. C. E.,

ON HER MARRIAGE,

December 6, 1832.

To guard the marriage ring,
  Another ring I send:
Protector of that sacred thing,
About your finger let it cling,
  And with its magic circle blend,
  The image of your absent friend.

To guard the marriage vow,
  Another vow must bind —
To Him whose care and grace allow
The cheerful hopes that gladden now,
  And in whose love the trusting mind
  Its only deathless home can find.

That heavenly love shall be
  The strength to this of earth;
Shall guard its truth and purity,
From change, decay, and sorrow free,
  And pour upon your humble hearth
  A light of pure, celestial birth.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE BOSTON THURSDAY LECTURE,

October 17, 1833.

Like Israel's hosts to exile driven,
Across the flood the Pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,
And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

There, where their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew,
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
With light that Israel never knew.
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple heaven, and Christ her head.

Then let the grateful church, to-day,
Its ancient rite with gladness keep;
Our fathers' God! their children pray
Thy blessing, though the fathers sleep.
O bless! as thou hast blessed the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last.

FOR AN ORDINATION.

March, 1829.

Tune, Old Hundred

O Thou, who on thy chosen Son
  Didst send thy Spirit like a dove,
To mark the long-expected One,
  And seal the Messenger of love, —

And, when the heralds of his name
  Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
Didst send it down in tongues of flame,
  To hallow each devoted head, —

So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
  With holy unction from above;
Give him the tongue of living fire,
  Give him the temper of the dove.

Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day!
  Accept our work, our souls possess.
'Tis ours to labor, watch, and pray;
  Be thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.

DEDICATION

AT LECHMERE POINT,

December 25, 1827.

Tune, Tolland.

O Thou, who for thyself didst raise
  Creation's wondrous frame,
To be a temple to thy praise,
  An altar to thy name, —

And yet art pleased to dwell below,
  And there thy name record,
Where'er assembling mortals go,
  To own their common Lord, —

O, write thy name in favor here;
  And, while we bend in prayer,
Lord, bid thy glorious cloud appear,
  Thy presence to declare.

As in thy gracious courts above,
  So in these courts below,
Reveal to every soul thy love,
  And heavenly peace bestow.

Here may thy holy will be learned,
And here thy will be done;
Till all to truth and Heaven be turned
Through thy beloved Son, —

Till all who kneel in worship here,
Be faithfully prepared
In higher temples to appear,
Crowned with thy great reward.

FOR THANKSGIVING.

1825.

Tune, Melton Mowbray.

Father of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,
To thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.
We praise the Power that made us;
We praise the Love that blesses;
While every day that rolls away
Thy gracious care confesses.

Life is from thee, blest Father;
From thee our breathing spirits;
And thou dost give to all that live
The bliss that each inherits.
Day, night, and rolling seasons,
And all that life embraces,
With bliss are crowned, with joy abound,
And claim our thankful praises.

Though trial and affliction
May cast their dark shade o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us.

That Love has smiled from heaven
To cheer our path of sadness,
And lead the way, through earth's dull day,
To realms of endless gladness.

That light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ the Savior,
The holy Guide who lived and died
That we might live forever.
And since thy great compassion
Thus brings thy children near thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love as well as fear thee.

And when death's final summons
From earth's dear scenes shall move us, —
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us, —
O, then, let hope attend us;
Thy peace to us be given;
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing thy praise in heaven.

ON LAYING THE CORNER STONE

OF THE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE,

July 6, 1825.

Tune, Old Hundred.

O Thou, in whom alone is found
  The strength by which our toil is blest,
Upon this consecrated ground
  Now bid thy cloud of glory rest.

In thy great name we place this stone;
  To thy great truth these walls we rear:
Long may they make thy glory known,
  And long our Savior triumph here.

And while thy sons, from earth apart,
  Here seek the truth from heaven that sprung,
Fill with thy spirit every heart,
  With living fire touch every tongue.

Lord, feed thy church with peace and love;
  Let sin and error pass away;
Till truth's full influence from above
  Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.

AT THE

DEDICATION OF DIVINITY HALL.

1826.

With praise and prayer our gift we bring,
And consecrate to Power divine.
Great God, accept the offering,
And make it wholly, only thine.

O that we may not look in vain
To see thy glory here displayed!
As when, within thine ancient fane,
Thy royal servant knelt and prayed, —

We kneel — we pray — with earnest voice;
Our fervent supplications swell;
Speak, Lord, and bid our souls rejoice
To know that here thy grace shall dwell.

O, let thy presence ne'er depart;
Far hence be earth and error driven;
Raise, warm, and sanctify each heart,
And teach pure lips to plead for heaven.

Here let the love of God engage
The spirit's purest, first desires;

While Truth unfolds her ample page,
And Zeal enkindles all her fires.

Thus honoring, and like their Lord,
May gifted bands of teachers rise,
To bear his glorious name abroad,
And train immortals for the skies.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

November, 1841.

I REMEMBER, I remember, when I was a little boy,
How the last week in November always filled my heart with joy;
For then Thanksgiving always came with every kind of pie,
And I for once could eat my fill, though father *did* sit by.

I remember, I remember, how on Monday they began
With rolling paste, and chopping meat, and buttering patty-pan;
And proud was I to pound the crackers, or to stone the plums,
Or crack the shagbarks with flat-irons that often cracked my thumbs.

I remember, I remember, how the two next busy days
Kept the kitchen in an uproar, and the oven in a blaze;
Till all was done and cleared away by Wednesday's evening skies,
And the proud tea-table smoked with four premonitory pies.

I remember, I remember, when the morning came at last,
How joyfully at breakfast I perceived it was not Fast;

But loaded plates and smoking bowls assailed our winking sight,
With "Johnny cakes" and chocolate hot, to whet the appetite.

I remember, I remember, when the dinner came at last,
How, like the kings of Banquo's race, the dishes came and passed:
The exhaustless line seemed threatening to run on till crack of doom,
While still a voice from every stomach cried, "There yet is room."

I remember, I remember, how those lessons in gastronomy
Were sometimes mixed with questions upon Latin and astronomy,
And in geography how John did once, in accent murky,
Reply that Canaan was in Ham, and Paradise in Turkey.

I remember, I remember, then, how tight my jacket grew,
As if 'twould burst a button off with every breath I drew;
And so, to settle all, we boys kicked foot-ball down in town,
Or went to see the marksmen *try* to shoot the tied hens down.

I remember, I remember — *not* — what happened after tea,
For we had then no grandfather whom we could go and see;
I only know we went to bed when nine o'clock was rung,
— And you had better do the same now that my song is sung.

THE

FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

A POEM FOR MUSIC.

In Two Parts.

"Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed powers employ
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee."..... Milton.

To SAMUEL A. ELIOT, Esq.

PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

THIS ATTEMPT

TO DO SOMETHING FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IMPORTANT OBJECT,
TO WHICH HE HAS SO SUCCESSFULLY DEVOTED HIMSELF,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,

H. WARE, Jr.

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

The Feast of Tabernacles was one of the three great festivals of the Jewish people. In many respects it was the most remarkable of the three, being celebrated with a pomp of ceremony which is said to have attracted to it the attention of heathen nations, beyond any other solemnity of their law. It took place in the

autumn, at the gathering in of the corn harvest and the vintage, and continued for seven days; during which time the people dwelt in booths, formed of branches of trees, to commemorate their ancestors' dwelling in tents in the wilderness. Each day had its appropriate solemnity; but the last was "the great day." It was the day of annual Thanksgiving for the abundance of the earth, and was termed "the feast of in-gathering." It was a season of great exhilaration and rejoicing. It was attended, as the preceding days had been, by the singular and striking ceremony of bringing water from the fountain of Siloam, and pouring it out at the altar with songs of hosanna and dances; and was closed by an illumination of the courts and porches of the Temple.*

An attempt has been made, in the following pages, to produce a representation of the imposing scenes in the Temple on this day, which might be adapted to musical recitation and accompaniment. The work was undertaken and written with that view. The author has aimed to be generally faithful to the facts, as far as they are known, and has taken no liberties with the subject, excepting that he has not scrupulously adhered to what may be called its costume. He has freely drawn from those passages of the Old Testament which refer to this festival, but has not sought to confine himself to modes of thought and speech exclusively Jewish.

Music adapted to the work has been composed by Mr. Charles Zeuner, who has devoted to it his eminent genius and science, in a manner that cannot fail to gratify those who love the original and beautiful in his high art. Of this the public will soon have an opportunity to judge, as the piece is in preparation for public performance at the Odeon, by the choir of the Boston Academy of Music, and under the direction of the accomplished professors of that institution.

It may be proper to remark, that the copy here given differs in many passages from that to be performed in the oratorio. It was convenient to the purposes of the composer to make variations and additions for the sake of the musical effect. As the author, how-

* See Leviticus xxiii. 34—43. Numbers xxix. 12—40. Deuteronomy xvi. 13—15. Exodus xxiii. 16; xxxiv. 22. Nehemiah viii. 13—18.

ever, presumes to hope that the poem may interest his friends, and find favor with some readers, independently of the music, he has desired to exhibit it in its original form, and for that reason has made this separate publication.

H. W. Jr.

Cambridge, *March* 14, 1837.

PERSONS.

High Priest,	Watchmen,
Priests,	Women,
Levites,	People.

Place. *The Temple at Jerusalem.*

Time. *The Last Day of the Feast.*

PART I.

THE MORNING SACRIFICE.

Watchman.

The morning dawns. Its first faint beams betray
Th' approaching sun, and bid the sleeping earth
Awake. O'er Olivet[a] the light streams up,
Tinging the thin clouds with a thousand hues.
It glances on the Temple's golden tiles
And Zion's palace roofs. The mists of night
Rise from the hills, like clouds of early incense,
And heaven's sweet warblers tune their morning hymn.
'Tis time for man to wake, and join the praise.

'Tis light toward Hebron![a] Send the cry abroad,
And call the servants of the altar forth.
'Tis light toward Hebron! Send the cry abroad.

WATCHMEN, (one after another.)

'Tis light toward Hebron!

WATCHMAN.

How beautiful the morning light
Breaks on the city as it sleeps!
Fair as His love, who, day and night,
His watch o'er favored Israel keeps.

CHORUS OF WATCHMEN.

Wake, Zion, wake! and bless the Power
That guards thee in the midnight hour.
Wake, Israel, wake! and homage pay
To Him whose love outshines the day.

WATCHMAN.

See, from their sacred chambers issue forth
The priests. In flowing robes arrayed, they come
To wait around the altars, and renew
The Temple's daily pomp. Jehovah clothe
His servants with salvation! that his saints
May fill these holy courts with shouts of joy.[b]

PRIEST.

Seven days the people, in their countless tents, —
Spread on the mountain-side and in the vale,
Stretched on the joyous house-tops, street by street,
And in Moriah's sacred courts, — have kept
The holy season.[c] Solemn rite, by day,

And lofty pomp and choral song, have filled
The circling hours; by night, the cloistered halls,
Bright with ten thousand lamps, have echoed back
The shouts and anthems of th' assembled tribes.
The final day has come, the day of chief
And holiest concourse. Let the trumpet sound, —
The consecrated trumpet, — to proclaim
The last, the great day of the festival.

Chorus of Priests and Watchmen.

Welcome the dawning light!
Welcome the joyous day!
Let Jacob's tribes again unite
To celebrate their ancient rite,
And grateful homage pay.
Wave the willow and the palm!
Bow the knee, and chant the psalm!
Throng the holy altar round!
Bid the lofty courts resound!

Priest.

When, from Egyptian bondage driven,
Our fathers sought their promised home,
For many a year offended Heaven
Condemned them in the wild to roam.
No house received their weary forms,
No city knew their way-worn feet;
In tents they braved the winter's storms,
In tents endured the summer's heat.
And now, in Judah's prosperous days,
Oft as the harvest month comes round,
Our humble tents and booths we raise,
And houseless, like our sires, are found.

We bring to mind their sins and woes;
Their path o'er Jordan's wave we trace,
Till on these fruitful hills arose
Their heritage and resting-place.

CHORUS.

Praise for that fruitful heritage!
Praise for that glorious resting-place!
The home and pride, through every age,
Of Zion's God and Israel's race.

HIGH PRIEST.

Now let the morning sacrifice begin!
Fire the rich censer! Let the incense rise
In rolling clouds of fragrance, till it fill
The Holy Place, and with the clouds of heaven
Mingle its perfume. Bring the victims forth!
Bid the high altar blaze! And while its fires
Flash upward, brightening all the morning sky,
Ye white-robed Levites,[d] at your sacred post
Exalt his name for whom these honors rise.
Strike all your strings! Breathe forth your loudest voice!
Wake, timbrel, harp, and lute! wake, psaltery, pipe,
And sackbut! cymbal, drum, and trumpet, wake!
Let Zion hear, and Israel's utmost shore;
Let farthest Gentile catch the sound, and know
That Jacob's God is God of earth and heaven.

LEVITES.

Glory to God! Bid the glad tribes rejoice!
Let earth and heaven reëcho to their voice!
Down with the idols that usurp his throne!
Exalt Jehovah, King and God alone!

Sing, O ye heavens! ye unknown worlds, adore!
Praise Him who was, and is, and shall be evermore!

VOICE from among the multitude, (as in soliloquy.)

How gloriously to heaven that odorous cloud
Rolls from the altar, brightening in the sun!
How like celestial harmony, that hymn,
Chanted by holy voices, peals along
Th' echoing porches! With the flame and song
Send up thy heart, O Israel, and be blest.

HIGH PRIEST.

Children of Abraham! to the altar throng,
And add your voices to the Levite choir.
Fresh from the vintage and the harvest field,
Present your annual offering. Bow your souls,
Adoring; while your wives and children kneel,
Uplifting heart and voice in holy joy.

PEOPLE.

We hear, and we obey.
From all the borders of the land,
Assembled at the call we stand,
And hail the festal day.
Before the altar humbly bowed,
We lift our thousand voices loud,
And grateful homage pay.
Let our anthem reach the skies!
Let our thanks accepted rise!

VOICE.

From Carmel's fruitful mountain,
From Hebron's ancient towers,

From Jordan's rushing fountain,
From Sharon's vale of flowers, —

PEOPLE.

We come, we come, the harvest o'er,
To meet in Zion and adore.

VOICE.

Lo! Ashur brings his treasures,
Drawn from the heaving main;
And Issachar his measures
Of life-sustaining grain.

PEOPLE.

The varied gifts of Heaven we bring,
And pay our thanks to Israel's King.

VOICE.

Lo! the vineyard's ripe donation!
Lo! the honey from the rock!
Lo! the olive's pure oblation!
Lo! the fleeces of the flock!

PEOPLE.

Blessing, honor, glory, be,
Lord of life and love, to thee!

VOICE.

Like a full, o'erflowing river,
Blessings from on high descend;
Glory to the bounteous Giver!
Glory, till the world shall end!

PEOPLE.

Let our anthem reach the skies!
Let our thanks accepted rise!

WOMAN.

And hark, the sweet voices of Jacob's fair daughters[f]
Join the high chorus of gladness and love;
From the hill-sides of Judah, from Galilee's waters,
They crowd to the courts of their Sovereign above.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

From our homes by the hill-side, our rest by the waters,
We crowd to the courts of our Sovereign above;
We bring the full hearts of wives, sisters, and daughters;
We join the high chorus of gladness and love.

ALL.

Join, every voice, in the rapturous chorus;
Swell the loud anthem of gladness and love;
For the blessings of Heaven spread around us and o'er us,
Shout to the praise of our Sovereign above.

HIGH PRIEST.

Not unto us, O Lord, is glory due.[g]
We are but dust and sin. The gifts, the grace,
The glory, all are thine. Be thine the praise!
All other gods are idols; human hands
Have made them, human folly serves. *Our* God,
Jehovah, *lives*. Earth, heaven, all things, he made;
He rules o'er all supreme. Praise him alone!

PEOPLE.

Praise him alone!
Beyond the splendors of the sun,
He reigns eternal, glorious, one,
On no divided throne.
Round that throne what wonders meet!
Clouds, the dust beneath his feet;[h]
Thunder, but his voice; and fire,
Angel of his love, or ire.
Raise the universal song!
Sound it, Zion, first and long!
Hosts of heaven, angelic choirs,
Strike it on your living lyres!
Sea, and earth, and skies, unite,
Sun, and moon, and stars of light!
Praise him, praise, with one accord!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

PART II.

THE EVENING SACRIFICE.

HIGH PRIEST.

AGAIN lift up the voice! Wake, trump and harp!
Repeat the chorus of your sounding praise!
Let Asaph's tuneful choir the strain resume,
And Israel, with his thousand voices, sing
Praise to the Lord, whose mercy never fails!

CHOIR OF ASAPH.

Praise to the Lord, whose mercy never fails![1]

HIGH PRIEST.

Let Aaron, with his sons, repeat the song.

CHOIR OF PRIESTS AND LEVITES.

Praise to the Lord, whose mercy never fails!

HIGH PRIEST.

Let all who fear the Lord repeat the song.

PEOPLE.

Praise to the Lord, whose mercy never fails!

ALL.

Praise! hallelujah! praise!
Adore his wondrous ways!
Ye tribes, prolong the grateful song,
And utter all his praise!

PRIEST.

Our fathers trusted in his name,
And leaned upon his hand;
He led them by his cloud and flame
To this the promised land.

ALL.

Praise, hallelujah, praise!

PRIEST.

When, pressed by fears and foes, they dwelt
In darkness and dismay,

He made his powerful presence felt,
And turned their night to day.

ALL.

Praise, hallelujah, praise!

PRIEST.

And when, in mad and stubborn pride,
They rose against his word,
His mercy turned their sins aside,
His pitying grace restored.

ALL.

Praise, hallelujah, praise!
Adore his wondrous ways!
Ye tribes, prolong the grateful song,
And utter all his praise!
Power, grace, and majesty are his alone!
Send up the anthem to his heavenly throne!

HIGH PRIEST.

'Tis done. The praise is said. Another rite
Succeeds. Bring forth the sacred golden bowl;
And let th' appointed priest convey it down
To Siloa's hallowed fountain. Let him draw
The sparkling waters: and with cautious step,
In glad procession, bring them up the mount,
And bear them to the altar of the Lord.
Attend him, ye that will; and ye that will,
Abide, till, with loud trump, and echoing shout,
And waving palms, the absent throng return.

WOMEN.

They go; they pass the gates; the sacred courts
They leave; their distant tread dies on the ear.
Wait not in silence for their slow return;
But wake the echoes of the Holy Place
With song, and warble forth the coming rite.

SONG, (WOMAN.)

Flow on, flow on, thou bright, clear stream!
Flow on, thou fair, perpetual fount!
Transparent as the sun's warm beam,
Bathe the stern foot of Judah's mount.
The sun above, thy waves below,
Unsullied shines, unsullied flow;
Thou as the crystal heavens art pure,
And like the heavens thou shalt endure.

The Temple crowns Moriah's height,
Thy waters murmur at its base;
That seems Jehovah's throne of light,
Thou his exhaustless fount of grace.
And when the emblems we would join
Of holy Love and Power divine,
We draw thy waters from their bed,
And pour them on the mountain's head.

(*Trumpet.*)

PRIEST.

They come, they come; their signal notes resound;
Their steps approach; their gladdening songs draw near.

PEOPLE, (returning.)

Hosanna! hosanna! we bring the libation,
The waters that flow from the fount of salvation.[k]

HIGH PRIEST.

Now let the sacred element be borne
To the high altar's top; there, with the wine
Already hallowed for the sacrifice,
Let it be mingled. With a reverent hand[l]
Then pour the mixture out; while, flinging high
Their verdant palms, with solemn shout and song,
The people dance around their glorious shrine.

PEOPLE.

Hosanna! hosanna! pour out the libation!
Glory and beauty, O altar, to thee![m]
With gladness we draw from the wells of salvation
Waters of life, ever flowing and free.

Joy to thee, joy to thee, life-giving river!
Glory and beauty, O altar, to thee!
The streams of salvation roll onward forever, —
Life to the universe, boundless and free.

HIGH PRIEST.

Now tell your children what this rite intends;
What mean these glowing forms, these words of joy.

PRIEST.

The prophet gave the blow;[n]
Forth gushed the cool, refreshing wave,
The parched and perishing to save,
Far as its waters flow.
Recalled to life, the dying band
Pressed eager to the destined land.

So, in some latter day,
When Israel lies in woe and fear,
Her great Anointed shall appear,
To chase her dark dismay.
From Him a holier stream shall flow,
To save the world from darker woe.

O, haste the glorious hour!
Haste, David's Son, illustrious King!
Come to thy waiting saints, and bring
Thy glory, peace, and power.
Hosanna! let the people cry;
Hosanna! earth and heaven reply.

HIGH PRIEST.

The day declines. The slow-descending sun
Casts lengthening shadows o'er the darkened vales.
Light up the temple! Through the pillared walks
Hang out the lamps,° and from the crowded courts
Keep off the gathering night. Then, while the blaze
Is flashing from the altars, gates, and roofs,
Till evening shines with more than noonday fires,
Let one loud choral anthem close the day.

PEOPLE.

Jehovah dwells in light!
Bright on his glorious courts below
Ten thousand lamps their splendor throw;
To build his throne of heavenly light,
Ten thousand suns their flames unite.
There dwells the pure, immortal ray!
Serene, resplendent, infinite, alone,

It robes the essence of the Holy One
In everlasting day.

From this dim, shadowy sphere,
We seek that central day on high.
Hail, holy Light, all hail! we cry;
Send down the full effulgence here,
Till earth's long darkness disappear.
Author of light and being, hail!
The soul, the stars, the universe are thine;
Bid light o'er all, thy light immortal, shine,
Till truth and love prevail.

HIGH PRIEST.

The anthem ends; the festival is o'er.
To-morrow sees you scattered on your way,
Hastening o'er hills and valleys to your homes.
Israel, depart in peace! Jehovah send
His angel by your side! Nor sun by day,[p]
Nor moon by night, nor pestilence, nor foe,
Annoy your march, and peace await you home!
Now humbly let your inmost souls receive
The solemn benediction of the Law.[q]
Jehovah bless and keep you! bless and keep!

PEOPLE.

Amen!

HIGH PRIEST.

Jehovah cause his face to beam in love
Upon you, and his favor be your life!

PEOPLE.

Amen! Amen!

HIGH PRIEST.

Jehovah lift his countenance of light
Upon you, and shed down his boundless peace!

PEOPLE.

Amen! Amen! Amen!

NOTES.

Pages 290, 291.

(a) The Mount of Olives was on the east side of the city, directly over against the Temple. Hebron lay to the south, at the distance of about twenty-five miles. One of the priests, here called a watchman for the sake of the scene, was appointed to watch for the first dawning of the day. On its approach he cried, "It is day." "But is the heaven bright all up to Hebron?" was asked in reply. — See LIGHTFOOT'S "*Temple Service.*"

(b) Psalm cxxxii. 16. "I will also clothe her priests with salvation; and her saints shall shout aloud for joy."

(c) Nehemiah viii. 16. "So the people went forth, and brought them, and made themselves booths, every one upon the roof of his house, and in their courts, and in the courts of the house of God, and in the street of the water gate, and in the street of the gate of Ephraim."

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(d) The music of the Temple was performed by a choir of Levites appointed for that purpose. In the reign of David, that monarch arranged this part of the service with great care, under the direction of three chiefs, Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun. Their number at that time was two hundred and eighty-eight, and the accompanying instruments very various. The music began with the morning sacrifice, and continued during the whole time that the burnt-offering was consuming. 1 Chron. xv. 16—22; xxv. 1—7; 2 Chron. v. 11, 12; xxix. 25—28.

Page 294.

(e) The law required it only of the males to be present at the festivals; but there is no doubt that they were largely attended by women and children. It is enough to refer to the instances of Hannah, the mother of Samuel, and of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

Page 296.

(f) There is reason to suppose that women, as well as men, were engaged in performing the musical portion of the daily worship. 1 Chron. xxv. 5, 6. Ezra ii. 65. Psalm lxviii. 25. Calmet gives additional reasons in confirmation.

(g) Psalm cxv. This is one of the psalms appointed to be sung at this feast.

Page 297.

(h) Nahum i. 3. "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and the storm; and the clouds are the dust of his feet."

Page 298.

(i) Psalm cxviii. 2, 3, 4. "Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth forever. Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth forever. Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth forever."

Page 299.

(j) "This pouring out of water was used every day of the feast; and their rejoicing upon it was so great, that in all this feast, nay, in all their feasts throughout all the year, they had not the like. One of the priests, with a golden tankard, went to the fountain or pool of Siloam, and filled it there with water. He returned back again into the court through that which was called the water gate, and when he came there the trumpets sounded. He goeth up the side of the altar, where stood two basins, one with wine in it, and into the other he put the water, and he pours either the wine into the water or the water into the wine, and then pours them out by way of libation." — LIGHTFOOT.

Page 300.

(k) The people, during this ceremony, repeated Isaiah xii. 3: "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." It

is supposed to have been at this period in the solemnity, that our Lord, on the last day, the great day of the feast, stood and cried, saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," &c. John vii. 37, 38.

Page 301.

(l) *With a reverent hand.* It is said that, at the moment of pouring out the water, the people cried out to the priest, "Hold up your hand;" the reason of which was, that on a certain time there was one who poured it upon his feet; upon which the people pelted him with the pomecitrons which they carried in their hands during this festival, and in the disturbance a horn of the altar was broken.

(m) "Beauty be to thee, O altar! beauty be to thee, O altar!" was the exclamation of the people, as they retired through the gates nearest to the altar.

(n) Exodus xvii. 6. It is said, by some, that the unusual rejoicings which attended this festival were connected with the expectation of the Messiah's coming. "The Jews acknowledge," says Lightfoot, "that their latter Redeemer is to procure water for them, as their former redeemer, Moses, had done." Beausobre says, "The days of the Messiah were styled by the Jews *the Feast of Tabernacles.*"

Page 302.

(o) "Dancing, music, and feasting were the accompaniments of this festival, together with such brilliant illuminations as lighted the whole city of Jerusalem." — Horne. — It was a proverb among the Jews, "He that never saw the rejoicing of the pouring out of water, never saw rejoicing in his life." It has not seemed necessary, however, to adhere strictly to the accounts we have received of the manner in which the festival was closed. Those who would make the comparison may be pleased to see the following passage from Lightfoot, the latter portion of which is translated from a rabbinical author.

"Towards night, they began the rejoicing for the pouring out or drawing of the water, which mirth they continued far in the night, every night of the feast. . . . . .

"The manner was thus: —

"They went into the court of the women, and there the women placed themselves upon balconies round about the court, and the men stood upon the ground. There were four candlesticks (or

beacons, rather, I might call them) of an exceeding great bigness, and mounted on an exceeding great height, overtopping and overlooking the walls of the court and of the mountain of the house, at a great elevation; by every candlestick were four ladders set, by which four of the younger priests went up, having bottles in their hands, that contained a hundred and twenty logs, which they emptied into every cup. Of the rags of the garments and girdles of the priests they made wicks to light those lamps; and there was not a street throughout all Jerusalem that did not shine with that light.

"The religious and devout danced before them, having lighted torches in their hands, and sang songs and doxologies. The Levites, with harps, psalteries, cymbals, and other instruments of music without number, stood upon those fifteen steps, by which they went down from the court of the women, according to the fifteen psalms of degrees, and sang. Two priests also stood in the upper gate, which goes down from the Court of Israel to the Court of the Women, with two trumpets in their hands. קרא גבר. When the cock crew, [or the president gave his signal,] the trumpets sounded; when they came to the tenth step, they sounded again; when they came to the court, they sounded; when they came to the pavement, they sounded; and so went on sounding the trumpets, till they came to the east gate of the court. When they came thither, they turned their faces from the east to west, and said, Our fathers in this place, turning their backs upon the Temple, and their faces toward the east, worshipped the sun; but we turn our faces to God," &c.

"The rabbins have a tradition. Some of them, while they were dancing, said, Blessed be our youth, for that they have not made our old men ashamed. אילו חסדים ואנשי מעשה. These were the religious, and men of good works. And some said, Blessed be our old men, that have made atonement for our youth. And both one and the other said, Blessed be he who hath not sinned; and he who hath, let it be forgiven him." — LIGHTFOOT'S Works, IX. 105; XII. 300.

Page 303.

(p) Psalm cxxi. 5—8. "The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee

by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forevermore."

(q) Numbers vi. 23—26. "Speak unto Aaron, and unto his sons, saying, On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them, The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

STANZAS,

ADDITIONAL TO MRS. HEMANS'S "BIRD'S RELEASE."

February, 1827.

And thou art happier now
In the free, wide fields of the boundless air,
With thy wing on the wind, and thy thought without care,
And thy home on the forest bough.

Even so with the lost and dear;
She is soaring in regions of light above;
She's at home with the blessed in their bowers of love;
And who would recall her here?

LINES TO W. R. G. BATES.

WILLIAM RUFUS GRAY BATES, son of Joshua Bates, Esq., of the house of Baring, Brothers, & Co., London, was born in Boston, July 2, 1815. When three years old, he accompanied his mother to France, where his father was then residing. This poem was written on the occasion of his embarking.

Lo! how impatiently upon the tide
The proud ship tosses, eager to be free!
Her flag streams wildly, and her fluttering sails
Pant to be on their flight. A few hours more,
And she will move in stately grandeur on,
Cleaving her path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep.
O, 'tis a thought sublime, that man can force
A path upon the waste, can find a way
Where all is trackless, and compel the winds —
Those freest agents of almighty power —
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes. — Thou, William, still art young,
And dost not see the wonder. Thou wilt tread
The buoyant deck, and look upon the flood,
Unconscious of the high sublimity,
As 'twere a common thing — thy soul unawed,
Thy childish sports unchecked; while thinking man
Shrinks back into himself, — himself so mean

'Mid things so vast, — and, rapt in deepest awe,
Bends to the might of that mysterious Power,
Who holds the waters in his hand, and guides
Th' ungovernable winds. 'Tis not in man
To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'erarching heavens on every side,
Blending their hues in distant faintness there.
'Tis wonderful! — and yet, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And Hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*. O, then, be early wise;
Learn from the mariner his skilful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path,
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port,
Unerringly secure. O, learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thyself from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not, in heaven.
Farewell! Heaven smile propitious on thy course,
And favoring breezes waft thee to the arms
Of love paternal. Yes, and more than this —

Blest be thy passage o'er the changing sea
Of life; the clouds be few that intercept
The light of joy; the waves roll gently on
Beneath thy bark of hope, and bear thee safe
To meet in peace thine other Father — God.*

* The young person to whom these lines were addressed was accidentally killed by the discharge of his fowling-piece, at Elton, in the county of Huntingdon, (England,) in 1834, at the age of nineteen years. His improvement and virtues had secured the love and esteem of his friends, and filled the hearts of his parents with fond hopes of his future success and honor.

TO MARY.

Salisbury and Vergennes, September 4 and 5, 1828.

Dear Mary, 'tis the fourteenth day
  Since I was parted from your side;
And still upon my lengthening way
  In solitude I ride;
But not a word has come to tell
If those I left at home are well.

I am not of an anxious mind,
  Nor prone to cherish useless fear;
Yet oft, methinks, the very wind
  Is whispering in my ear,
That many an evil may take place
Within a fortnight's narrow space.

'Tis true, indeed, disease and pain
  May all this while have been your lot;
And when I reach my home again,
  Death may have marked the spot.
I need but dwell on thoughts like these,
To be as wretched as I please.

But no, — a happier thought is mine;
  The absent like the present scene

Is guided by a Friend divine,
  Who bids us wait serene
The issues of that gracious will
Which mingles good with every ill.

And who should feel this tranquil trust
  In that benignant One above, —
Who ne'er forgets that we are dust,
  And rules with pitying love, —
Like us, who both have just been led
Back from the confines of the dead? —

Like us, who, 'mid the various hours
  That mark life's changeful wilderness,
Have always found its suns and showers
  Alike designed to bless?
Led on and taught as we have been,
Distrust would be indeed a sin.

Darkness, 'tis true, and death, must come;
  But they should bring us no dismay;
They are but guides to lead us home,
  And then to pass away.
O, who will keep a troubled mind,
That knows this glory is designed?

Then, dearest, present or apart,
  An equal calmness let us wear;
Let steadfast Faith control the heart,
  And still its throbs of care.
We may not lean on things of dust;
But Heaven is worthy all our trust.

SONG.

1815.

O, say not that love is the light of an hour,
  Which fades when youth's wildness is o'er;
It glows with its purest and liveliest power
  When beauty and mirth are no more.

I covet the love that will waken and stay,
  Like the progress of light from the dawn,
Which opens in blushes, and spreads into day
  More bright as the minutes move on.

The face I could love must reflect the fair beam
  Of a soul that is lighted from heaven;
Its smile, like the sunshine that glows on a stream,
  Forever unruffled and even.

Then sorrow might come, but it would not be dark;
  That love on the shadows would shine;
And the near hope of heaven, with its rapturous spark,
  Would lighten and warm our decline.

FOR THE

ORDINATION OF MR. SPARKS.

1819.

Tune, Old Hundred.

Great God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

O, grant thy blessing here to-day!
O, give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

We seek the truth that Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven!

LINES

Written March 29, 1836.

It is not what my hands have done,
  That weighs my spirit down,
That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
  And over earth a frown;
It is not any heinous guilt,
  Or vice by men abhorred;
For fair the fame that I have built,
  A fair life's just reward;
And men would wonder if they knew
How sad I feel with sins so few.

Alas! they only see in part,
  When thus they judge the whole;
They cannot look upon the heart,
  They cannot read the soul;
But I survey myself within,
  And mournfully I feel
How deep the principle of sin
  Its root may there conceal,
And spread its poison through the frame
Without a deed that men can blame.

They judge by actions which they see
  Brought out before the sun;

But conscience brings reproach to me
For what I've left undone, —
For opportunities of good
In folly thrown away,
For hours misspent in solitude,
Forgetfulness to pray, —
And thousand more omitted things,
Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

And therefore is my heart oppressed
With thoughtfulness and gloom;
Nor can I hope for perfect rest,
Till I escape this doom.
Help me, thou Merciful and Just,
This fearful doom to fly;
Thou art my strength, my hope, my trust; —
O, help me, lest I die!
And let my full obedience prove
The perfect power of faith and love.

TWO SONNETS OF TASK-WORK.

I.

We arrived at Bolsena, between Florence and Rome, on a cool evening, December 11, 1829; and to help cheer the dismal hours in a huge, comfortless apartment, it was proposed to have a sonnet on our approach to the Eternal City. I called on the company for rhymes, *à la mode improvisatrice;* and having obtained them, I wrote the following:—

Hail our approach to venerable Rome!
We go to kneel and wonder at her shrine,
To watch where still her parting glories shine,
And bear the memory of her greatness home.
There the late marvel of her sacred Dome
Doth with her hoary monuments combine,
Like ruined elm o'ertop'd by towering vine,
To stir the souls of those that thither roam.
There, 'mid her crumbling relics, we will stray
To tread her Forum in the noonday bright;
Her Colosseum under midnight skies,
And there, in grief, with silent gaze survey,
The world's chief glory fading from its height,
Till in the dust it sinks, and all ignobly dies.

II.

This was written at St. Agata, on the way to Naples, in the same manner, December 31, 1829.

Hark to the summons of departing Time!
Its echoes die upon the fading year;
Build up its requiem in some solemn rhyme,
And bring the final end of all things near.
The tide of being, rushing from afar,
Bears on the fortunes of the deathless soul;
Bright o'er its waters beams a holy star,
And heaven's blest island crowns the glorious whole.
Review the past of this all-varying scene;
Recount with gratitude its every joy;
How few the days unclouded and serene!
How mixed the happiest moments with alloy!
Yet from this mingled mass the soul may reap
The harvest gathered after death's long sleep.

A SUNDAY MORNING ECLOGUE.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DEATH OF REV. GEORGE WHITNEY, OF JAMAICA PLAIN, ROXBURY, AND REV. DR. HARRIS, OF DORCHESTER.

SCENE. — *A rustic Cottage on a Hill-side; a Lake beneath; a Village in the distance beyond. — A Child is sitting on the bank near the cottage door, at which his Father appears.*

CHILD.

Is it not time, dear father, for the bell?
I'm weary listening for it. Here I've sat
Since breakfast, waiting, waiting; but I hear
No sound. I'm tired of waiting!

FATHER.

How the child
Delights to catch the music of that bell!
And so do I, in truth. I love its peal,
As it comes swelling o'er the placid lake,
And stirs the silence of our far hill-side.
The undulating tones float calmly on,
As if from heaven's broad depths they wafted down
Sweet messages of peace, such as befit
A Sunday's sacred calm. — Come hither, boy;

Sit on the door-stone by your father's side,
And I will listen with you for the bell.

CHILD.

How beautiful it is!

FATHER.

What's beautiful?

CHILD.

Why, every thing; — the trees, and flowers, and clouds,
And pond, and houses; — all are beautiful.
What makes them always look most beautiful
On Sunday morning?

FATHER.

Do they so?

CHILD.

Why, yes;
And mother says so too; and then she asks,
If heaven will be more fair than this bright earth.

FATHER.

Well, child, and will it?

CHILD.

O, I asked her that;
She answered, "Surely yes;" and said the hymn,
"If God hath made *this* world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Must Paradise be found!"
But why on Sunday should it seem *most* fair?

FATHER.

Because the mind is then in tune; its thoughts
Of holy truth have roused it to perceive
The harmony of all with things divine:
The heart, attuned to heavenly melody,
Beats in accord with nature's melodies,
Which always are of Heaven. You understand?

CHILD.

O, yes; for mother always says, you know,
If I am sweet and pleasant, every thing
Will pleasant be to me and sweet; and so
All things will be most heavenly to the eye
Beneath a Sabbath sun, because ourselves
Are then most heavenly.

FATHER.

Ay, but might we not
Find all as full of heaven another day?

CHILD.

Surely, — as all would pleasant be to me
If I were always in a pleasant mood.

FATHER.

But children fret, and then all joys are soured;
And men disturb their minds with foolish cares,
Till nature's peace and God's great presence fade;
Till noxious mists have darkened all their world,
And rarely yield a moment's glimpse of heaven.
Bless me, this day, my God, with one such glimpse!
Lift off the darkness from my soul! Remove
The dimness of my eye, that I may see,

The dulness of my ear, that I may hear,
The melodies and beauties of thy realms.

CHILD.

Hark! hark! Methought I heard it. — Have they bells
In heaven, father?

FATHER.

They have *music*, dear,
And worship — love and angels. — Hark! — 'Tis strange!
'Tis very strange! The shadows have grown short,
The sun rides high, and yet no call to church!
The air is still — we could not fail to hear.
But what should cause that iron tongue to lie
Speechless to-day, which for two hundred years
Ne'er failed before to ring its summons forth,
Proclaiming, to the forests and the hills,
That toil had pause, and earth was bowed in praise?
What can it mean?

CHILD.

List, father! Up the steep,
Straight from the village, comes the sound of wheels.

FATHER.

And now I see the wagon, as it winds
Round yonder turn. I will approach and know
The reason of this mystery. — Neighbor, hail!
A Sabbath's salutation to you, friend!
But why this more than Sabbath's silence? Why
No customary bell?

NEIGHBOR.

Have you not heard?

FATHER.

I have heard nothing.

NEIGHBOR.

Not the heavy news
That fills the vale with sadness, and makes dim
The eyes of all its dwellers?

FATHER.

Not a word.

NEIGHBOR.

Then hear and weep with them. Our pastor's dead!

FATHER.

Dead? Dead? Impossible; so young, so strong—
Impossible! I saw him three days since.

NEIGHBOR.

A sudden illness, with its stern assault,
Leaped on his sturdy frame, and bore him down.
But yesterday he sat as he was wont,
Scarce conscious of an ill beyond the dull
And languid apathy which often keeps
The student from his books. This morning's sun
Beheld his spirit mounting from its clay,
And stricken children weeping o'er his corse,
Appalled and comfortless.

FATHER.

God comfort them,
And us, and all! What mystery is this,
That puts this fearful pause to so much life

And useful cares, so needed and so loved, —
While withered forms, that scarce can drag their limbs,
And spent their stores of blessings long ago,
Still bear the burden of infirmest age,
Helpless and hopeless! Who can note unawed
God's deep-sealed secret? Why was he not left
To run his tranquil course of seventy years,
And then, all duty done, reposing wait, —
As in the twilight of a summer's day
The rustic lingers at his cottage door, —
And to the pressure of Time's heavy hand
Yield gently, sinking to the grave as men
Withdrawing to their chambers seek their rest,
In Sleep's protecting bosom?

NEIGHBOR.

So, last night,
In ripe old age, and ever gentle faith,
That old man passed away; life's twilight calm
Still beautiful around him; no more toil
For him on earth, and every hope in heaven.

FATHER.

What old man speak you of, whose sun has set
In timely beauty thus, while yonder orb
Is stricken headlong from its noonday height?

NEIGHBOR.

You know old Father Simon; long withdrawn
From charge of holy things, but loving still
The hallowed office which so long he held,
An humble priest. A messenger was sent
To tell the venerable man that death

Had robbed our altar of its youthful priest,
And lead the elder to the vacant rite.
Guess what a thrill of consternation struck
The village heart when he, returning, told
That Father Simon, too, had died last night!
Therefore it is that every sound is mute; the church
Is closed; the scattered flock, that should have thronged
The house of prayer, amazed, and pale, retreat,
And mournful silence broods o'er all the scene.
I, too, would fain retire. I have no heart
For human intercourse to-day. Farewell!

FATHER.

Farewell! — His work was done. From early morn,
Through all the heat and burden of the noon,
Unresting, — always at the task he loved, —
He labored on, till round him gathering eve
Began to cast its shades. The wearied man
Now sat him down to rest; about him cast
A placid look on his accomplished task,
And smiled that all was done. What had he more
To live for? Pleasures, hopes, and useful toils,
For him there none remained, except in heaven.
There they awaited him; and there his trust
Serenely fixed, the gentle summons came,
And called him home — "Go to thy rest, old man!
Peace waits thee in the Father's house, on earth
Unknown. Go, we have known and loved thee long;
We can but weep to miss thee; but our tears
Are tears of hope as well as fond regret —
Of joy yet more than grief; of sympathy
With thy rejoicing in thy new-found bliss."

But other feelings wake at W******'s death.
Gone, in his prime — not two score years yet told —
The vigor of brave manhood in his limbs;
And youth's frank hopefulness upon his brow; —
As suddenly as if from this green bank,
Just where I sit and gaze upon the flowers
That lift their smiling beauty 'mong the grass,
And deck the verdant hills with countless hues,
Now, as I look, some hidden fount of fire
Should spout, like Etna's flaming torrent, forth,
And in an instant desolate the scene.

Gone, in his prime! In him how many homes
Their light have lost! how many poor their stay!
The young a counsellor — the old a stâff —
The flock of Christ a shepherd kind and true.
Yes, we have lost a friend; but heaven has gained
One more inhabitant; and Sabbath choirs to-day,
With loud rejoicing, shout him welcome home.

A WINTER SCENE.

AN EXTRACT FROM A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

January 13, 1829.

O, would you could see, since the last week's rain,
What splendor adorns our grove and plain!
For it froze as it fell, and the drizzling sleet
Cast thick o'er the earth an icy sheet;
The crusted trees in their glory appear,
Each like a crystal chandelier,
On whose brilliant jewels the sunbeams glance,
As their limbs in the light breeze twinkle and dance;
And every twig and spire of grass
Is a splendid prism of solid glass,
Sparkling and flashing in day's broad glare,
With all the hues of the rainbow there.
O, 'tis a gorgeous sight to behold
The fields all strewed with rubies and gold,
And emeralds, bright with their rich green rays,
And diamonds, that fiercely burn and blaze,
And sapphires and pearls profusely strown,
Till a more magnificent view is shown,
Than the garden of gems in the Eastern tale
Which Aladdin found in the secret vale.

THE WATERFALL AT CATSKILL.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM IN THE HOTEL,

July 2, 1826.

Bold, bold, and beautiful, the headlong wave
Leaps from the dizzy height — in floods of foam
Broken and glittering — flinging up its clouds
Of playful mist, that meet the wanton sun,
And take all hues, and deck the shattered stream
In floating rainbows, that, like fairy forms
Before the dreamer's eye, flit here and there,
Now bright, now faded. Thus it plunges on,
Roaring and restless, till the gulf profound
Spreads wide its peaceful bosom, and the vexed,
Impetuous torrent slumbers in the shade.
Such be my quiet, when life's troubled tide
Shall reach the vale serene of tranquil age!
So it has been for ages — so shall be
For ages yet to come. Years roll on years,
And find that sound and motion still unchanged.
Things that have life decay; but thou, fair rill, —
So like a living thing, that yet art none, —
Thou changest not. The forests round thee die;
The beasts that roam them perish in their shade;
The solid rock, thy bed, is worn away;

Empires are moved. And man, the prince of all,
Lives but to die. And thou dost see this change
Pass upon all, and in perpetual youth
Dost sing and frolic 'mid a world of graves.

HYMN TO THE GOD OF BATTLES.

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM ON THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

God of our fathers! who didst bear
Their pilgrim footsteps o'er the wave,
O, listen to their offspring's prayer!
Rise, as for Israel, rise and save!

God of our children! spare for them
The heritage our fathers gained;
Let Freedom's glorious diadem
And Truth's pure light abide unstained.

Great God of battles! to the field
Lead forth our armed and conquering host;
Be thou their strength, their guide, their shield,
And drive th' invader from our coast.

Hear, Lord! Without thy aid we die:
Hear us! To thee our cause we trust:
O, hear! and, from thy throne on high,
Rescue the offspring of the just.

ANTI-SLAVERY SONG.*

March 15, 1843.

Oppression shall not always reign:
There comes a brighter day,
When Freedom, bursting every chain,
Shall have triumphant way.
Then Right shall over Might prevail;
And Truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

E'en now that glorious day draws near;
Its coming is not far;
In heaven and earth its signs appear;
We see its morning star;
Its dawn has flushed the eastern sky;
The western hills reflect it high;
The southern clouds before it fly. —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

It flashes on the Indian isles. — Hurra!
It gilds their plains with gladdening smiles. — Hurra!

* This was Mr. Ware's last composition in verse.

Eight hundred thousand, newly free,
Pour out their songs of jubilee,
That shake the globe from sea to sea. —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

That shout which every bosom thrills — Hurra!
In thunder rings from all our hills. — Hurra!
The waves reply on every shore,
Old Faneuil echoes to the roar,
And rocks as ne'er it rocked before —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

What arm shall check its onward way? — Hurra!
What voice arrest the growing day? — Hurra!
What dastard soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Or Slavery's night of guilt prolong? —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Then shout, ye lovers of your race! — Hurra!
The glorious hour comes on apace! — Hurra!
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!
Thy flag unfurl, thy trumpet swell!
From land to land the triumph tell! —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

The day has come, the hour draws nigh! — Hurra!
Send forth the tidings far and high! — Hurra!
From every hill, by every sea,
In shouts proclaim the great decree, —
"All chains are broke! all men are free!" —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Then shout! The hour comes on apace! — Hurra!
The hour of glory for the race! — Hurra!
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell,
Bid high thy sacred banner swell,
And trump on trump the triumph tell. —
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

MOUNT WASHINGTON.*

Franconia, August 8, 1835.

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* * * * * * Up! The worst
Is past; the bold rock stands unveiled; and now
One effort more. 'Tis done. Breathless and pale,
We stand upon the peak above the clouds.
Vast and immeasurable! How the eye
Searches the great expanse for rest in vain!
Magnificent obscurity! sublime!
Dim! fathomless! Above, is only heaven
Spread forth o'er all, in deep, pure, lustrous light!
Below, earth — only earth — yet so displayed
As fills the gazing soul with trembling awe.
O, what a place for thought! Give me my cloak,
And leave me here alone. I'll wrap it round
To keep me from the keen, imperious wind,
And hold a moment's musing by myself.
And not a human foot within the land
It planted high as mine! Great heaven except,
On all else I look down. That glorious dome,
Unchanged, appears — in beauty, grandeur, pomp,
As unapproached, as unapproachable,

* This piece and the two following are extracts from Poetical Notes of a Pedestrian Tour.

As when I upward gazed from common earth.
I have ascended, yet have not drawn near;
But things of earth, how changed! Man and his works
Are scarce discerned. Yon hills, whose vastness seemed
Immeasurable, lie, beneath my look,
Dwindled to vulgar eminences. Lo!
How they onward roll, like waves at sea,
Less and still less, till in the horizon far
They mingle with the clouds and disappear.
And yonder speck is ocean! infinite, sublime,
Resistless ocean! pride and dread of man!
Now but a glittering thread of twinkling light,
Like a faint lamp reflected from the pool,
So dim, so faint, we doubt if it be there.
What, then, am I — when all earth's mightiness
Thus disappears? Instruct me, awful Teacher,
While from this stand of truth I measure earth
And heaven! instruct me of myself. O, teach,
Teach me to feel that by approach toward Heaven
All things are seen in their own magnitude.
"God seems more grand — man crumbles into dust."
The pomp of wealth and power, the state, the luxury,
The strife which mad ambition seeks, and earth
Is torn with hot convulsions to attain,
Here show for what they are — hollow and vain —
Even as those clouds, that, floating in mid air,
Send out a glory to the eye below,
But drop their shroud upon the summit rock,
And hide with empty vapor earth and heaven.
Yet in these clouds as truly God resides,
As in the dark pavilion which arrayed
Old Sinai's top — as truly gives a law
To his attendant servant. Lend thine ear,

And hear it — ope thine heart, and honor it —
Bend reverently to its message all thy soul;
And let the lesson thou hast gathered here,
In solitary thought and intercourse
With truth and nature, cause thy unveiled soul,
Like Moses' face, to glow with obvious light —
Be a commandment to thy devious step,
And keep thee on thy high, immortal march. —
The body climbs toward heaven in vain — the soul,
If it will climb, may reach and enter in.

THE WILLEY HOUSE.

Here pause upon this ruin. What a tale
Of grandeur and of woe is written here!
He, whom we think not of, because his power
Leads all things gently with the cords of love,
Doth sometimes teach us with a startling blow,
That wakes our senses to his majesty.
He touched the trembling mountain and it fell, —
Fell, with its burden of rent rocks and trees
Of giant growth, a fearful avalanche, —
Fell, amid storm and tempest, while the clouds
Dropped down in floods, and angry lightnings flashed,
And thunders echoing rolled. It seemed as God
Descended in his terrors, as of old
On Sinai, wrapped in darkness, clouds, and storm.
The mountain felt him near,
And trembled from its base; the swelling streams,
Each with its own commission, carried forth
The message of destruction, bidding man
Tremble, adore, and think upon his God.
Behold this house. Thus near the horror came,
A few short feet, and stayed, and left it safe.
O, had its panic-stricken tenants staid,
They had been safe; but in their fear they fled, —
Fled from their shelter to the very death
They feared. The morning saw them in their tranquil home,

A family of love; the mother smiled
Upon her five young mountaineers, and joyed
To aid them in their sports, and lead them on
To better things than sport. The drizzly rains
Confined the father, too, within; and much
They talked, perchance, and marvelled at the storm,
That, seemingly exhausted, still poured on
Floods inexhaustible, and gathering
Blackness and fury tenfold, as the day
Passed on. Yet what felt they of fear, or why?
Were they not sheltered in a quiet home?
And what but pleasure, from their nook secure,
To look abroad on this sublime display
Of nature's glorious and unusual pomp?

So came the eve, and with the eve came fear.
The tumult thickens, fiercer winds arise,
More copious torrents fall, the mountain groans,
Signs of unwonted dread are heard abroad.
But what do they portend? — the danger, what?
The safety, where? in quiet or in flight?
O, horrible suspense! and, at some sound
Of ominous import, forth at once
Wife, husband, children, in distraction rush.
Again the sound terrific, like the crash
Of earth's last wreck, burst on their frightened ear,
And the descending ruin bears them down.

They sleep in peace; and, humble as they were,
Few of earth's honored sons have monument
Magnificent as this.
To form it, this perpetual hill did bow,
These hoary rocks forsook their ancient base,
And here, while time shall last, the funeral pile
Shall tell where they repose. The crowds that come

To worship at this mountain, countless tribes,
With numbers yearly growing, shall be found
Seeking their sepulchre, to learn their names,
To hear the story of their fate, and speak
One word of pity at the awful tale.
Sleep, then, in peace; unwonted death was yours;
Yours an unwonted monument; and yours
Funereal pomp that kings have never known.
Here, in the embosomed depth
Of these your native mountains, sleep in peace,
Till the last tempest rend the mount again,
And call you from its bosom into light.

RED HILL.

Then reverently we bared our heads, and stood;
And from that holy bard, whose sightless eye
Beheld the wonders of the Invisible,
We raised the hymn so worthy Paradise,
In its pure early worship. With the words
I trust our hearts rose up; the morning wind
Bore them, like incense, upward, and there seemed
A soul of deep devotion breathed abroad
On all the things we saw: they heard the call,
The eloquent call, of Milton and of God,
And uttered praise. The sun and clouds in heaven
Heard, as they rose above us, and replied;
The lake responded with her thousand isles;
The mountains, that encompassed us around,
Near and more distant, seemed to bow assent;
The birds joined harmony; the lowing kine,
The waving trees, the lowly herb beneath
Our feet, with burden of rich fruit, and last
The scattered hamlets, whose ascending smokes
Showed human life awaking to the day, —
All seemed to hear and join the act of praise.
So to our hearts it seemed, so full, so warm.
So loud, the burst of holy praise rung forth
In words that reach and rouse the inmost soul

Of nature, as of man, — the general soul
That fills and vivifies whate'er exists.
'Tis well to worship where the pomp of man
Intrudes not. So infirm are we, so bound
In chains of sense, that crowded chapels, throngs
Of dressed adorers, bursts of choral song,
The formal, eloquent routine of praise,
Sometimes excite, sometimes distract, confound,
Or dissipate the soul.
'Tis well to know that piety
Draws its best nutriment from solitude,
Withdrawn from man, in secret intercourse
With man's Creator; on the mountain-top,
Beside the waterfall, within the dark
And silent forest, on the midnight bed,
Within the chambers of the secret mind,
Where no eye pierces, no ear listens, save
That of the indwelling spirit, which pervades,
And moves, and blesses all. Then worship grows
A holy, heavenly thing; th' unfettered soul,
Emancipate from earth, no more disturbed
With others' thoughts, nor bound to tread
The path by others signified, springs free,
Exalted, spiritualized, and carries back
To earth and life a fragrance and a strength
That earth gives not, and that prepares for heaven.
Such Sabbath is not lost; and, from the mount
When we descended, with the little flock
That gathers in an humble, upper room,
Like that, perchance, wherein Paul preached, we, too,
Were found. A touching sight, thus far from home,
Amid the wild hills, to behold a few,
Summoned at call of Him who rules the earth

As King, and numbers millions for his own,
In every age and nation, bending down
In prayer, and listening to the word of life; —
A fragment of the universal church;
Pondering upon the thoughts which make the joy
Of spirits in heaven, and urged to find, like them,
Their happiness in glorifying God.
How truly came from Heaven a messenger
Like this, — how surely leads to Heaven.

MY DREAM OF LIFE.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

I KNOW not how to describe the Dream of Life better than by calling it a Poetical Autobiography. It is unfinished and fragmentary; but the portions which Mr. Ware has left are enough to show that he intended to record in it (allowing himself great freedom) the prominent events of his own life, sketches of natural scenery, of his journeys and his friends, and his impressions at different periods, and under different circumstances.

Between two and three thousand lines, more or less perfectly written out, have been found in several disconnected manuscripts, composed at intervals, sometimes of days, and sometimes of years — at home in his study, and in various places in Europe. From these I have selected such portions as appeared to be most nearly finished.

It was one of his pleasing anticipations, that he might complete this poem in those seasons of comparative tranquillity and leisure, which, if he lived, he hoped to enjoy in the evening of his life, after the hard toils of his manhood.

The poem has two mottoes —

Dicite, lectores, si non sit grave, qua sit eundum,
Quasque petam sedes hospes in urbe liber.

OVID, *Trist.* III. 1.

Quel est donc ce vieillard si modeste, avec tant d'amour propre,
et si malheureux avec tant de bonheur?

The few following fragments will enable the reader to form some idea of the character and merits of the Dream of Life.

HIS BIRTHPLACE.

THERE is the spot! My memory has a spell
Which clothes it with ten thousand charms, unseen
By other eyes, by other hearts unfelt.
The low, white house, whose far-retreating roof
Turned two front stories into one behind;
The green-capped picket-fence; the gay front yard,
Skirted with rose and lilach; here the plat
Of grass, divided by the gravelled walk,
And shaded by the spreading apple-tree;
There, the neat garden, more for use than show,
Bordered with box, with gaudy holly-hocks gay,
And crowded with th' unsightly forms of things
The palate loves; the tasteful eye disdains.
Beyond, the orchard flung its fruitful arms,
And stretched its thirsty roots along the bank
Of that fair pond, which lies 'mid gentle slopes
And fertile meadows, like a lovely babe
Upon its mother's bosom, — now at rest
In tranquil beauty; now all smiles and charms,
Now, in capricious passion, wild and fierce.
Lake of my youth! I love thy flowery shores —
Thy buoyant waters more — for they have tossed
My wayward skiff through many a playful hour,
When dancing ripples sparkled to the sun —
And murmured round my moonlight bark, that seemed
A floating paradise of youth and love —
And lent their marble surface to my flight,
When my steeled foot would emulate the winds,
Or when, descending from the headlong steep,

Breathless I dashed through drifting snow, that flew
Like dust about my path, and furious plunged
Across the solid flood. O, those were days
Whose memory warms the blood, and makes instinct
With life and soul the whole surrounding scene.
Nought meets the eye but wakens in my heart
Old thoughts that make it throb. The very earth
Possesses conscious life, and every tree
Tells its own tale, and asks a smile or tear.
There stands the ancient elm, whose giant growth
My boyish eyes admired, and on whose boughs,
Adventurous, I would rock myself, and swing
Above the carriage path, and shout to catch
Th' applauding eye of passengers below.
It shadows with its venerable arms
The simple dwelling where I had my birth.
How dear is every room beneath that roof!
There we assembled at the cheerful meal,
And asked Heaven's blessing on a band of love.
There the gay circle, on a winter's eve,
Gathered about the lavish blaze, and pressed
Within the chimney's ample range, to catch
The tales of wonder childhood loves to hear,
And age delights to tell. There stood my bed;
There I lay waiting for a mother's kiss,
And soft good night; then, breathless, sought to catch
Her last faint footstep as she slow retired;
Then drew the blanket o'er my face, and slept.
Time, in its lengthened flight, has wrought such change,
That hardly could I recognize those walls;
But that sweet evening kiss, I feel it now;
I hear that soft good-night, that parting step

Still faintly fall upon my waiting ear.
The past comes thick around me — faded shapes,
But beautiful, of all that once have been,
And are no more. I sit beside the hearth,
And weep at scenes that once were only joy.
O, what is tender like a mother's love?
And what can pay its loss? To her I looked
To cheer and guide me in the fearful way
That leads through toil and peril into life;
And trusted then, when strength and wealth were mine,
To rock the cradle of her fading age,
As she had soothed the infancy of mine.
But Heaven refused the boon. There is a grief
Severe with double anguish; when the heart
Sinks burdened with a present woe, and waits
For darker evils hastening in its train.
Such grief was ours. . . . . .
What darkness followed then!
It settled down upon the present scene
In thick dismay, and on the future cast
An ominous shade, involving earth, and life,
And hope. The sacred light of home was dimmed.
The tender smile, the voice of patient love,
The anxious counsel, the directing eye,
Cheered the sad pathway of my youth no more.
The shadow settled on my heart. The world
Had other lights, but none to fill that void;
And friends, but none that wore a mother's heart.

IMPRESSIONS ON ENTERING COLLEGE. PORTRAIT OF HIS EARLY FRIEND, JOHN E. ABBOT.

Thus months rolled on, and academic halls
Received me to their venerable shade.
What awe befell me, when beneath my foot
Echoed those walks and chambers, consecrate
To mind, and hallowed by the memory
Of older times, and memorable men!
There roamed the bashful rustic, friendless, lone,
Unnoticed. Every form that crossed his path
Was new, and each to his enthusiast eye
His far superior. These were sons of light,
Favorites of Science, votaries of the Muse,
For whom the laurel puts its honors forth,
And Fame prepares her pedestal, and Earth
Waits with her myriads through all future years
To take instruction from their reverend lips.
He shrunk aside, — for what, alas! was he,
Amid the throng of Learning's hopeful sons?
His spirit sickened, and the thought of home,
Where he was cherished, and could feel himself
To that recluse and unambitious walk
Not all inadequate, weighed on his frame.
He panted to return — longed to resign
His hope of lettered honors — and repose,
Not all alone, upon the hearth he loved.
Then — like an angel who can read the soul,
Appointed to come down and cheer the weak —
The generous, the devoted Reginald,
My elder, my superior, but through love
And lowly self-abandonment my friend,

Beheld me droop, interpreted my thought,
Read the deep trouble of my wandering eye,
And knew the language of my hectic cheek.
He spoke to me — he drew my arm in his —
With cheerful tones encouraged me — revived
My palsied energy — breathed hope, life, strength,
And emulation; with a brother's arm,
And love like that a gentle sister feels,
He led me onward, now no more alone.
How blest the passage of those halcyon days,
When mind with mind communed, and heart with heart,
As, freed from care, in learning's shady walks,
We culled the idle fancies of the hour;
Or, in our higher moments, talked of truth,
Of science, virtue, and philosophy —
The powers of nature and the soul — the world's
Strange history — man's illustrious works
And wayward fate! Then all the ages past
Came in review to help us prophesy
Of those to come, and judge of that which is.
These were rich hours. We had them not alone.
The sages of all time were summoned up
To talk with us, and thoughts grew large,
And manhood swelled within us as we drank
Their glorious accents in. And thence we turned
To watch the dawn of an Augustan age
Opening around us, destined to outshine
The Roman glory. Quick our bosoms throbbed,
And with keen eyes we traced the rising light,
And ardently foretold the coming day.
Earth heaved with the commotion — nations groaned;
Mind sprang to life and exercise — the bounds
Of ancient knowledge every where gave way —

New truths, new lights, new wonders grew and spread;
And from the very horrors of the field,
Which teemed with blood and crime, leaped forth to life
The science that adorns, the arts that bless.
Genius awoke in every land; a voice,
Loud as the cry which from the cloisters rang,
And armed all Europe for the sacred war,
Spoke to the earnest heart of generous youth,
And bade them join this new crusade for man.
We heard the voice — our bosoms gave response.
We spoke strong words of gratulation deep,
That we were born to witness and partake
The high excitement of the teeming age.
We longed to know the issue of events,
And what this toiling energy of mind,
With Heaven co-working, should bring forth to bless
The waiting earth. How glowed our prophet words!
How eagerly we sketched our plans! How pure,
How large, benevolent, and resolute,
The track of useful glory he portrayed!
And with enthusiast eye, and thrilling voice,
That trembled with the emotion of the soul,
He breathed his hopes aloud, and none could doubt,
Who heard him pour his burning spirit forth,
That he had will to make his visions truth,
And only death could rob him of the power.
I had not thought him mortal. For he seemed
So fitted for some chosen work on earth,
That, in my rash fatuity, I thought,
God cannot spare him from this suffering sphere;
Life shall be long to him, and crowned at length,
In the calm evening of a gray old age,
With heaven's bright chaplet of successful toil,

And earth's of reverend honor. So I dreamed;
And all my future projects, plans, and hopes
Twined with his presence. . . . . .
Tell me, you that can,
The colored language that shall paint his soul.
Give me the words, that I may draw him true,
And lovely as he was to those he loved.
Gentleness sat upon his even brow,
And from his eye beamed meek benignity;
While its peculiar, almost tearful gaze,
Went to the soul of all it fell upon.
If we might think some spirit, purified
From evil stains, robed once again in flesh,
And sent on messages of love to men,
Such we might deem my friend; so pure; so calm;
So unregardful of the petty cares
And small impertinences that annoy
All other men; so thoughtless of himself;
So bent on others' good; so seemingly
Unconscious of the tempting things of earth,
And musing ever on some purer scenes.
How quietly, yet forcibly, he stood!
Humble, yet bold; not eloquent, indeed,
But something better; winning, clear, and sweet;
Where his fond flock looked up to hear and learn.
No thunder from his voice, and from his eye
No lightning; but the gentle breath of spring
Recalling flowers to life, — the summer shower
Softly refreshing the luxuriant herb, —
The placid sun, whose penetrating beams,
Steadfast and gradual, lead the season on, —
The quiet dew, that nourishes unseen, —
These are the holy images that tell

The style and efficacy of his work;
While from the sacred rostrum he came down
To cheer the humble, and reclaim the bad,
And as a friend, from house to house to spread
Improvement, consolation, joy, reproof,
And turn his parish walks to walks of heaven.
What was my joy to sit beneath his voice,
To witness the intense, devoted love
Which bound his people to him, hear their words,
And see their tears of gratitude and praise,
And watch the growth of goodness from his toil!
O Heaven! that I should see it all, and live
To see its end, its mournful end so soon!
A few short months in manhood's early prime,
He labored, faltered; — and my broken heart
Felt that yon grave had buried in its womb
The strongest tie that bound me to the world.
So pass the friendships of this earth away;
So shades and sorrows fall upon the path
That beamed the brightest. But the shades of grief
Rest not forever on the darkened soul;
Time gently scatters them; and deathless hope
Throws back the curtain of the fearful tomb,
And shows its tenants robed in radiant day.
The heart no more is troubled; anchored fast
On this strong hope, it sits in peace,
Serenely waiting — wisdom harshly learned,
Perchance, but needful, known in words to all,
But husbanded and real to the few,
Who, willingly submissive, at the feet
Of stern affliction sit. And blessed are they
Who bear that sweet serenity of mind
Taught by the consciousness that every good

Of earth is fleeting, save the one high worth,
Which, being kindred to the worth of heaven,
Partakes its immortality, and glows
Brighter and better when all else decays.
These ne'er shall know with hopeless pang to mourn
A true friend's loss. Hope triumphs; dust and death
Sever them not; for earth, to them, and heaven
Are one; and in communion of the soul,
In all that truly makes th' immortal mind,
In thoughts, affections, wishes, they are joined
Inseparably; till hoary Time, at length,
The great restorer, lifts his awful veil,
And ushers them to glory, face to face.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

A SISTER'S love! I dwell upon the theme —
The only love on earth to which the earth
Has given no taint of self-regardful care.
In even the mother's breast, a selfish fear
Throbs with the pulse of pure maternal joy,
And her own image mingles with the scene
Which Hope makes radiant with her boy's renown.
But in a sister's breast affection lives,
All pure, unselfish, looking but to him.
Angel for angel glows with such regard,
Thus whole, deep, self-forgetting. Bowers of heaven
Witness it in the cherubs' changeless loves;
Earth sees it in a sister's heart alone.
Devoted, passionless, unwearied — strong
To bear, exhaustless in its sympathy —

True in all change — unchilled by coldness. Scorn,
Neglect, and rudeness such as man's poor pride
Sometimes returns for all the gentle cares
And sacrifice of sisterly regard, —
These never move her. Patient to the last,
She watches through an unrewarded life,
And smooths the pillow of ungrateful death.
But when the brother knows and owns her worth,
Tell me, what fellowship on earth like theirs?
See what a radiance glows upon their path!
Such as thy hand has drawn, illustrious bard,
In Jane de Montfort — image unapproached
Of noble tenderness — or such as stood
In tears and woe at Korner's early tomb;
Or sat, through days of waywardness and love,
By Elia's side, to cheer a languid hope,
And soothe th' unequal pilgrimage of pain.
And always thus — beneath a thousand roofs,
It toils, waits, watches, and imparts a hue
Of holiest heaven to low humanity.

THE OLD ELM.

Graceful and vigorous to the last, thine arms
Still stretching forth their broad, protecting shade,
With wooing invitation, and thy leaves
Smiling and whispering peace, — so dost thou wait
With patient gentleness the slow decay
That bears thee to the dust. I bless thee, friend,
Companion, teacher. Many are the joys
And much the wisdom I have drawn from thee

At noon and evetide musing in thy shade,
In childhood's sport and manhood's thoughtfulness;
And now, upon thy venerable form,
Which years have shattered, my enfeebled eyes,
Which years have dimmed, I rest, — and gather in
Lessons of strength and peace to cheer life's slow decline.

* * * * * * * *

There the bright oriole built his airy home,
Pendent from slender bough, beyond the hope
Of truant boy. In safety there his brood,
Rocked by the varying winds, enjoyed repose.
Gay, brilliant creature; hidden 'mid the leaves,
Silent, or shouting forth his rich, free note;
And now from bough to bough flitting along,
Just seen by glimpses, like a bright-red flash
Stealthily gleaming from the ragged clouds: —
Or redbreast, at the twilight close of day,
Pouring out happiness in cheerful tones
Of clear, strong melody. * * * *
Or watch the swallows — while on busy wing,
Now mounting high in frolic play, and now
Skimming with level sweep the grassy plain,
Or pool's smooth surface; chattering now
In congregated crowds upon the roof,
Or darting in and out the ancient barn,
With notes of glee and motions of delight,
That made me long to join their gladsome sport,
On buoyant wings like theirs; — and now retired
Apart from crowd and song, and gliding soft
On silent pinions poised, as if to muse
In meditative wisdom, and restore
The sober balance of a thoughtful mind.

AMBITION.

Like the fierce war-horse on the battle's verge,
That sees the tumult and the fire, and pants
To be a sharer in the crimson strife, —
Youth stands upon the threshold of the world:
It sees the stir and struggle; courts a share,
Impatient, in the manly enterprise,
And burns to wreck its buoyancy of mind
And body in some province of the field
Where action would be glory. Health and hope
Fill every vein with fire, and urge the charge.
It cannot bear to be the thing it is,
Nor suffer other men to be so — thinks
All might be better, and resolves they shall.
Then, in the deep recesses of its breast,
Muses, and plans, and builds its vast designs,
Like the prophetic architect, who sees
The purposed fabric ere its columns rise,
And feeds in prospect on its future fame.
Or moved, it may be, with less generous aim,
The young adventurer for *greatness* pants;
And, cheated by that most perverted word,
Plots mischief, rides on ruin's wing, extends
The empire of his name, and lives on blood,
The vampyre of his age. — 'Tis from these dreams
Of passionate youth the germ has sprung to life
That ripened into Cæsars. Praise to God,
Who baffles human madness as he will,
That schemes of such ambitious wickedness
So often fall, like bad, untimely fruit,
Blasted in early budding! But, alas!

A countless progeny of good resolves
Dies also in the flower, — whose ripened fruit
Exulting earth would hail, and heaven reward.
The pathway of my youth is strewed with wrecks
Of noble plans o'erthrown; and as I stray
Among the ruins, melancholy fills
My sad, regretful spirit. Not in Rome,
Nor glorious Athens, nor the older world
Entombed beside the Nile, the wanderer finds
More fruitful themes for curious, pensive thought
And meditative wisdom, than are given
By the strewed remnants of those brilliant schemes,
Those wasted day-dreams of magnificence,
Which built their splendid structures in my brain,
And rose and fell like visions of the night; —
Some proud and selfish, like that prodigal
Extent of stone and gold which Rome's bad lord
Reared on the Palatine — the wonder, shame,
And folly of the age — the monument of lust
Which preyed on others, and of pride which scoffed
At man, and virtue, justice, truth, and Heaven; —
Some pure and generous, like those huge-arched piles
Which stretch their haggard lines across the bleak
Campagna, formed, in better days, to bear
Refreshing streams of purity and health
To Rome's hot crowd; some consecrate to Heaven,
Like that rich house, the wonder of the world,
Which on the sacred mount received the cloud
Of God's symbolic presence, and the steps
Of his benignant Son. But all alike —
Fane, palace, conduit, fabric of the brain —
Have perished, — perished never to revive, —
The good and ill together.

LOVE.

Then came the June-like season, when fond youth,
Like solitary man in Paradise,
Finds there is yet a good he has not gained. —
Maternal Nature whispers in his heart
That there is somewhere one to make him blest,
And guides him, by her mystic sympathy,
To find the stranger out. The new pursuit
How full of wild delight! Through what strange walks
Of timorous eagerness, doubt, fear, and hope,
He shuns, approaches, trembles, joys, despairs!
In twilight walks, in moonlight reveries,
In midnight watchings, she is with him still.
The wave reflects her form; the balmy air
Breathes on him with her breath; the rustling bough
Repeats the name that murmurs at his heart.
One object fills and satisfies his soul.
Others are there by sufferance — joys and tasks
Alike are hurried through with absent thought,
And nought finds welcome but the one, one loved
And ever-present image. This, enshrined,
Like some select divinity, within,
Fills with its conscious presence all the place;
Sheds its own hue and character around;
And lulls the spirit in delicious trance,
Like the half-waking sleeper of the morn,
Who knows he dreams, yet loves his dream the more.
O, days to be remembered! days of balm!
Spring-tide of life! when flowers strew all the path,
And odorous blossoms burden every bough!
Is there a path about my native home,

Is there a hidden beauty of the fields,
A more obscure retirement in the woods,
A fairer bank upon the rippling lake,
Or lovelier arbor in her grottoed isle,
That was not witness, is not monument,
Of those delicious days? The earth still speaks,
The groves and waters, of the musing mood
In which I roamed, and thought of her I loved.
* * * * * Lately I returned,
Threaded the woods again, and climbed the stile,
And launched upon the pond, — and spite the change
Which time had made, a voice rose up from all,
The voice of early hope, and told again,
In the same tones, the tales it told of yore.
But other voices mingled in the breeze,
And sung, methought, a requiem for the dead —
So wild, so soothing, that my fancy deemed
The sainted spirit, once the life and breath
Of all these scenes, was present yet again,
Hovering on wings celestial and unseen,
And pouring blessings on the heart she loved.
Why should we deem it fable that the good
Lean, sometimes, from their paradise on high,
To soothe and pity those they loved below?
It was not beauty which had won my heart,
But something more enchanting. Beauty lies
Ofttimes in forms, in features, hue, or grace,
To which the soul has lent no eloquence.
* * * * * * * *
But angels called her good, and smiled, well pleased,
When she was numbered of their happy choir.
If purity of heart, serene and clear
As the bright depths of liquid Horicon, —

If energy and strength of resolute will,
To do and suffer, though all earth oppose, —
Like faithful Abdiel, — kindness never tired
In toil for others, quiet self-respect
Which awes th' unworthy from too near approach,
With unassuming diffidence of self,
Which scarce dares hear, and never asks for praise,
And deep, confiding trust in Him whose work
And minister it was her joy to be, —
If these be traits that mark th' angelic host,
Then was she one of that illustrious choir.

* * * * * * * *

To one upon the threshold of the world,
Whose opening way to life is thronged with forms
That lie in wait to threaten and seduce,
There is a worth untold in virtuous love.
'Tis as a talisman of power: unhurt
It bears him on, through snares of crafty vice,
And long array of pleasure's subtle host,
Baffling with potent charm their wily arts,
That lose their power to touch him. Thoughts impure,
Low aims, and selfish passions, shrink away.
It keeps him chaste — makes all his purposes
Companions of a virtuous hope — beats down
The harmful empire of the present hour,
Pointing his thought to some sweet future home,
Henceforth his central purpose, which imparts
Fresh vigor to his enterprise — to hand
And mind gives nerve, to pleasure turns all toil,
Makes honor doubly dear — all that is bad
In young ambition purifies, and lifts
High above selfishness the darling plan
Which forms his ruling passion. For he toils

No more alone, nor only for himself.
The honor, peace, yea, life — and, more than all,
The good opinion of a purer mind —
A second, better conscience, — whose reproof
Stings deeper, whose approval gives more joy
Than his own breast — are all at stake in him;
And for her sake, in whom are hoarded up
The dearest treasures of his life on earth,
He keeps an uncontaminated heart,
And scorns the base seductiveness of sin.
O holy power of pure, devoted love!
And O, thou holy, sacred name of home!
Prime bliss of earth! Behind us and before
Our guiding star, our refuge! When we plunge,
Loose from the safeguard of a father's roof,
On life's uncertain flood, exposed and driven,
'Tis the mild memory of thy sacred days
That keeps the young man pure. A father's eye,
A mother's smile, a sister's gentle love,
The table, and the altar, and the hearth,
In reverend image, keep their early hold
Upon his heart, and crowd out guilt and shame.
Then, too, the hope, that in some after day
These consecrated ties shall be renewed
In him, the founder of another house;
And wife and children — earth's so precious names —
Be gathered round the hearth, where he himself
Shall be the father — O, this glowing hope,
With memory co-working, lightens toil,
And renders impotent the plots of earth
To warp him from his innocence and faith.

MANHOOD.

Wild solitude of precipice and flood,
Romantic Trenton! let me sing thy praise.
The hills were cleft to give thy waters way;
The rocks were riven to form their chasmed bed.
On either hand the steep, dark walls ascend,
Like ruined towers o'erhung with tangled vines,
And plants that love the rock, and tall, thick trees
That twine their boughs above, and fling a hue
Of solemn darkness on the flood below.
Rushing impetuous through this charmed ravine,
Thy roaring torrent pours — now swift and smooth;
Now shattered by intruding crags; now hurled
Headlong down sudden gulfs, where dizzying whirls
Point to the fearful depth that yawns below;
Now crowding fiercely through the straitened pass;
Now in th' outspreading basin finding rest
In cool and sombrous shades — a lucid lake
Of clear, black waters, motionless as glass —
Thence, issuing swift, they leap the precipice,
And, foaming down from ledge to ledge, keep on
Their reckless way; till, from the hills set free,
Through level plains they calmly glide along,
Refresh the quiet meadows as they pass,
And seek their mother sea. Upon thy bank,
Fair creek of Canada, the wanderer's foot
Ne'er wearies. Kindled by the varying scene,
From crag he springs to crag, from pass to pass —
Now, treading on the low, broad marge, his foot
Touches the wave; now, clambering the ascent,
He creeps with cautious step along the shelf

Hewn midway in the dizzy precipice —
Nor stays his course, till in the open heaven,
Freed from its troubled channel, he beholds
The wearied flood roll languid o'er the plain.
O Life! so often likened to a stream, —
Thus by thy youth's wild banks and rushing tide
My memory fondly lingers — thus I trace
Its bright, impetuous, fickle, playful course,
Wild, changeful, beautiful. But now the flood
Emerges into manhood's sober day:
With useful wave it irrigates the mead,
And crowds and duties press its fruitful shores.
But "the Nine" haunt it not. Romance forsakes
Its tamer borders. Vulgar toil, with plough
And wagon, treads its busy banks,
And soulless drudges scornfully survey
The beauties of the stream that yields them gain.

AGE.

Youth's fires are quenched, and manhood's toils are o'er;
The days of early hope, the older years
Of disappointment, all have run their course,
And hope and disappointment here below
Are mine no more. From morn to noon, my life
Has rolled its brightening and its cloudy way,
And noon begins to wane. The Spring has seen
Her garlands blush and wither on my brow; —
The Summer wheeled her burning suns abroad,
And I have toiled beneath their ripening blaze.
Now, welcome to my faint and weary limbs

Autumn's cool breath, and sober bowers of rest.
I long to sit in their refreshing shade,
And bare my whitening tresses to the wind,
And pluck th' o'erhanging fruit, and yield my mind
To pensive musing. Come, advancing age —
I bid thee welcome with thy reverend brow,
And mien of bland composure. Come, and lay
Thy hand benignant on my aching head;
Pour thy tranquillity upon my heart;
And let thy soothing calm, thy thoughtful peace,
Thy wise and venerable cheerfulness,
Hush down the stormy elements of strife,
And rock my harassed being to repose.

There are who paint thee hideous — eyes of rheum,
And ears that catch no sound — bones full of pain —
The day a burden — night one weary watch —
The temper soured — the heart's sweet fountains dried —
Mind dull and prejudiced — this curious frame,
This matchless instrument of sense and soul,
Turned to a rack of torture — and this life,
Once of itself enjoyment, made a curse.

O, come not in this fearful guise to me!
This garb of living death — nor lengthen out
The useless hours of this poor tortured clay
To pine in stupid dotage — to annoy,
With its encumbering helplessness, the path
Of those who love me, and to be a mark
For gaze and insult to th' unfeeling crowd,
That mock at human weakness. More than all,
Spare, spare the mind! from touch of fell decay
O keep the spirit free! nor let a frost
Fall on the heart's affections, to congeal
Its generous blood. 'Tis sad, 'tis horrible,

When the frail, tottering, shrivelled form of age
Shakes with its petty passions, and degrades
Its sacred hairs,
And dull fatuity, with garrulous tongue,
Prates from the lips which should be wisdom's throne.
'Tis horrible to see the great mind bowed,
The spark ethereal quenched, thought, feeling, heart,
And all that makes man honored, loved, revered,
Sunk in the baby idiocy of years
Without revival. Then, if length of days
Must bring such degradation, be their flight
In mercy stayed, is still my earnest prayer.
I would not see the day when I might wish
My friend or father dead — when friend or child
Might wish me so. O, when in good ripe age
A sharp disease would summon us away,
Let not too fond affection interpose,
Compelling us to stay. Better depart
While we can go lamented, ere the hands
Of those that love are weary of their charge,
And o'er our tomb no voice exclaims, "O, friend
Too early lost!" I saw an old man once
Laid on a couch from which there seemed no hope
That he should rise. He had been one of those
Whom all men honor, and whom friends revere.
Years had not dimmed his mind, and his warm heart
Glowed with youth's generous fires and faithful loves.
Disease had changed him not. The placid brow,
Furrowed by time, yet speaking cheerful things,
The mild, sweet smile, the serious, playful eye,
Adorned his bed, as they had decked his health;
While quiet words of love to friends below,
And trust in Him above, flowed forth from lips

Accustomed to their utterance. Ripe he seemed
For Heaven's immortal garner; and if then
He had been gathered by God's reaper in,
Admiring, weeping crowds had led him home,
And made his tomb a shrine of pilgrimage.
But wife, friends, children, day and night, with tears
And cries that would not be refused, desired
That he might live. They knew not what they asked,
Blind through excess of love. The answer came,
Fraught with rebuke and wisdom. He was spared.
His flesh came to him like a child's; his frame
Once more grew strong; but back to infancy
His doting mind returned — he lived a babe —
Sense, memory, knowledge, all deserted him,
And left him but a blank, an idiot blank,
To be watched, tended, chidden, like a child;
Till those who had refused to set him free,
Because they loved him fondly, lived to mourn
His wearily-protracted days, and wish
That Death would strike and rid them of their charge.

* * * * * * * *

But thou, most ancient and majestic elm,
Whose ample arms my childish sports o'erspread,
Whose long familiar shades, with grateful gloom,
Are still so welcome to my fevered brow,
Thou — in thy vigorous and brawny form —
Hoary, yet cheerful — gently touched by time,
Not broken — tellest of a kindlier age —
With what a stately grace thy massive trunk
Bears up its burden of a hundred years!
With just enough decay upon its boughs
To lend a graceful sadness to its strength.
In form like this, I woo the slow advance

Of long-protracted life — protracted not
Too long. — Such be its deep tranquillity,
Its cheerful vigor, dignity, and grace,
And calm, religious peace, as Bryant sketched, —
Whose tints are beauty, and whose pencil truth, —
Or like the reverend portrait Tully drew.

* * * * * * * *

For I have faith that in that distant day —
That bright, enduring day, for which man's soul
Is destined — I shall roam, from light to light,
Through all your orbs, and tread your spotless courts,
Read the long records of your ancient day,
And share your toils and pleasures. Glorious hope!
To spring from this dim planet, wafted on
To brightness after brightness — visitant
And witness of the infinite abodes
Of perfect truth and love — to trace with joy
In all the One Almighty, and to join
The harmonious choirs of heaven, whose glorious song
Rings through the eternal arches evermore —
To sit in converse blessed, not with the saints
Alone on earth illustrious, but with those
The sage and holy of remoter spheres —
The ransomed from all planets — sons of grace
And purity from all the stars — whose eyes
Have never looked, perchance, on sin; whose ears
Have heard, whose hearts conceived no crime;
Whose stainless hands have wrought no task but love's;
Whose voice has uttered only wisdom; — bards
Inspired from founts of highest heaven;
Philosophers, to whom earth's science lies,
When loftiest, infinitely low; whose mind,
Not creeping step by step, like man's, but quick

And piercing, like the light, flashes on truth
And knowledge; and whose love of excellence,
Unsullied by the low desires and tastes
Of earth, is ever active, vigilant, and free.

* * * * * * * *

This is my present dream — my last, best dream.
A dream? No — not of that false progeny,
Engendered when the mind has shut its eye
To all things real, and in darkness dwells
With unsubstantial phantoms — not a dream —
A *faithful vision*, based on promises
Which reason knows substantial, wrought in light
On nature's broadest page, and spoke in words
By the strong utterance of a prophet's voice,
From the tomb ringing. It is Faith that pours
Its radiant flood of glory on my soul,
And lights the future with a steadfast ray
That cannot lead aside. Have I not seen
The very flowers beneath my foot decay
And live? the worm upon the summer bough
Entombed and raised? the forest fade? the field
Lie dead, and Nature in her cold, white shroud —
Yet summoned back to life? and tell me why,
Except as teachers to immortal man.
Have I not heard the marvels of thy name,
Great Prince of Judah? seen the powers of Heaven
Poured lavish on thy head? and by thy word
Felt the creation of another life
Burst in upon my mind? and from the cave
Hast thou not risen victorious over death,
To tell misdoubting man that he shall live?
I slept, — but now I wake; my opened eyes
Have dropped their earthly scales, and see how all

This sublunary scene is but a dream.
The sun of Faith reveals realities —
Truth sheds her light — Delusion reigns no more.

* * * * * * * *

Not in the city — though the solemn tower
Of ancient and most reverend minster cast
Its holy shadow on the sleeper's bed,
And, with the anthems of its daily choir
And deep-toned worship of its holy bells,
Utter perpetual requiem — works of man,
Though consecrate to Heaven, are human still —
And I would rest my dust with God. No tower
Of mystic grandeur, anthem-peal, or chime
Of sacred bell, can hallow what the foot
Of vulgar crowds, on boisterous toil intent,
Or wealthy pleasure rolling constant by,
Shaking the very tombs, must desecrate.
Even sacred night is sacred there no more;
And weeping love in vain desires the hour
To see the spot where buried friendship lies,
And nourish heavenward thought upon its grave.
Not in the city's churchyard lay me down —
Whose trodden paths lead to no quiet spot
For holy contemplation, and the hour
Of solitary thought, that soothes the soul,
Purges from earth, exalts, and fits for heaven —
But bear me far away from man's domain,
And lay me down in nature's; where, alike
By day or night, the tearful friend may sit
Unnoticed by, and quite forget the world.

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